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THE  
STREETS OF LONDON,

Anecdotes of their more Celebrated Residents.

By JOHN THOMAS SMITH,

LATE KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM;  
AUTHOR OF "NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES,"  
AND "A BOOK FOR A RAINY DAY."

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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FEW persons, it may be asserted, have ever been so well qualified for the task of depicting the characteristic peculiarities, and of reviving associations, historical and anecdotal, of the more remarkable London localities, as the Author of the following Work.

Amongst other pursuits, he was engaged with zealous industry, for a very long period, in collecting materials for it, which cherished project, although nearly completed by him, he did not live to see published. The duties of his situation as Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, while they furnished him with unusual facilities for improving and extending his design, interfered no doubt with the progress of its completion.

Residing for the greater part of his life in London, his extensive local knowledge, the result of an ardent love of antiquarian and biographical study, was constantly enriched by the communications of kindred spirits, prompted by his pleasant gossiping humour and rich fund of anecdote to aid him in this his "labour of love." His Sketches and Recollections of the Streets of London, accordingly, will be found to contain a fulness and variety of illustrative matter conveyed in an easy original style, rarely met with in similar works.

Probably no city in the world possesses such an extent and variety of interest as the metropolis of England ; yet how little is it known to the vast majority of its in-dwellers ! Most of the proud names, however, which have exalted the genius of Britain, are connected with the "Streets of London." Who can perambulate the spots made familiar by Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Steele, Fielding, Gay, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Hogarth and Reynolds, without a keener relish, and a better appreciation of the great poets, wits, artists, and philosophers who have identified their names with these scenes ? To readers imbued with a knowledge of English history and literature, this work, it is hoped, will prove very acceptable ; while the more numerous class of less-informed observers cannot fail to derive instruction, under the pleasant guise of entertainment, from a perusal of its pages.

THE EDITOR.

*London, November, 1849.*

# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

London, variety of its inhabitants—Romance and entertainment of its streets—Apsley House—Duke of Wellington's equestrian statue—Hyde Park Corner a century ago; its suttling-house and itinerant barbers—Anecdote of Sir Richard Steele and Richard Savage—London fortified in 1642—Roundhead enthusiasm—The Elgin marbles, and Byron's indignation at their removal—George III. a designer of edifices—May Fair, its performers and performances—Duck-hunting—Shepherd's Market—Pulteney Hotel—Van Nost, the manufacturer of leaden figures—Bath House, its magnificence—Clarges Street—Mansion of Sir Francis Burdett—Berkeley House (on its site Devonshire House), account of the mansion, *temp.* Charles II.—Hay Hill, encounter between Cavaliers and Roundheads on—Clarendon House—Burlington House commemorated by Gay—The Albany (York House)—Paintings in St. James's Vestry-room—Artists buried in St. James's Churchyard—The Egyptian Hall—Anecdotes connected with the "White Bear"—Winstanley's Water Theatre: Bills of Performances—Windmill Street—Pickadill, definition of the term—Piccadilly—Remarkable houses in the Haymarket—The Little Theatre, anecdotes connected with it—Broughton, the pugilist—Colley Cibber, an amateur—Fight between Johnson and Sherlock . . . . . 1

## CHAPTER II.

The Italian Opera House—Nature of this theatre and its destruction—The new theatre—Mansion of the Duke of St. Albans—Market in St. James's Fields—Mrs. Oldfield, the actress—The Mulberry Gardens; Dryden a frequenter of them—Ladies there in masks—Gaming-house—Celebrated residents of Arlington Street—St. James's Street—Attempted assassination of the Duke of Ormond—The celebrated Clubs of this street; Crockford's, the Conservative, White's, Boodle's (formerly the *Savoir Vivre*), Brookes's, Gillray, the caricaturist—Shakspeare Ireland—"The Bunch of Grapes"—Political Betty—Addison—Wilkes—Samuel Rogers—Lord Guildford—Lord Spencer—Gibbon, the historian—The Thatched House Tavern; pictures there—Cleveland House—Sutherland House—St. James's Palace, anecdotes connected with . . . . . 24

## CHAPTER III.

St. James's Square—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson and Richard Savage—Stone conduit in the centre—Nerot's Hotel—Almack's—The origin of the names of neighbouring streets—Fireworks and bonfires used for rejoicing before illuminating lamps—Rejoicings at the Earl of Romney's—Public entry of Count Tallard—William III.'s triumphal entry into the City—Fountains in St. James's Square—Cannons used as posts—Noble residents in St. James's Square—King George III. born there—The Prince Regent—Sir Philip Francis—Queen Caroline—Lord Castlereagh's mansion; his death—Pall Mall, *temp.* Charles II.—Runaway slave—Dr. Sydenham—Marlborough House—The Oxford and Cambridge Club, the Carlton, the Reform, Athenæum, and Travellers' Clubs—Defoe's account of Pall Mall—Schomberg House—The Bowyer Gallery—Carlton House—Sir Walter Scott's visit to the Regent there—The British Institute—The Angerstein Gallery—Gainsborough—Attack on George III. there in 1795—Tradesmen's tokens—Tradesmen's hand-bills—Pall Mall early in the eighteenth century—Gay's account of it—Sedan-chairs—Duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth . . . . . 39

## CHAPTER IV.

The York Column—Buckingham Palace—Tart Hall—Popular frenzy during supposed Popish plot—Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham—Pimlico, as described by Ben Jonson—Drunkenness, a national vice—Strong-water shops—"Aniseed Robin"—Curious public-houses in Bird-cage Walk—The Cock—Tothill Fields—St. James's Park drained by Henry VIII.—Anecdote of Charles I. at St. James's Palace—Queen Henrietta Maria's guests and ladies dismissed—Park planted by Charles II.—Affability of some continental sovereigns—Duck Island—Mall founded by Charles II.—Stocked with fowl—Evelyn's account of the Mall—Public shoe-cleaners driven from—Hyde Park—Parade at the Horse Guards—The Decoy—Anecdotes of Charles II. and the Popish Plot—Cure wrought by royal touch—The courtly Waller—Duke Street Chapel—Judge Jeffreys—Rosamond's Pond—The Wellington Barracks—The Enclosure—National festival on the peace of 1814—Park first lighted with gas—Pieces of ordnance on the Parade . . . . . 50

## CHAPTER V.

Wyatt's equestrian statue of George III.—Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street—Royal College of Physicians—The celebrated Miss Van Homrigh and Dean Swift—The Calves' Head Club—Lord Middlesex's account of their proceedings, in 1735—Hedge Lane—Anecdote of Sir Richard Steele and Budgell—Coventry Street, Coventry House—Bowling-green and house of entertainment there, the resort of the nobility—Gaming-houses in the neighbourhood—Anecdote of a Jew bullion-dealer—Sydney Alley—Leicester Square; the Sydney family and the Queen of Bohemia resided here—



Death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, here—Sir Asheton Lever's Museum—Saville House—His house gutted by the mad mob during the No Popery Riots—Miss Linwood's Exhibition—Leicester Fields in 1760—Marriage of Honourable John Spencer, and State procession to the Court—Jewels of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—Houses of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth—Other distinguished residents—Lord Carmarthen's ball there to Peter the Great—Intemperate habits of William III.—Leicester House—Equestrian statue in the centre of the square—The resort of foreigners 62

## CHAPTER VI.

Anecdotes connected with Gerrard Street—Death of Dryden, and disgraceful scene connected with his funeral—Theodore Gardelle, the murderer—Sir Isaac Newton's house—Cranbourne Alley; the bonnet trade—Rupert Street; the birthplace of Horne Tooke, and Vivares, the engraver—Head-quarters of artists—Old Slaughter's—Royal Academy of Art—Tradesmen's tokens—St. Martin's Church—Public funeral of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey—Trafalgar Square—The King's Mews, Geoffrey Chaucer connected with—Colonel Joyce arrested and imprisoned there—The National Gallery—The Nelson Monument—Spring Gardens; Prince Rupert and Mrs. Centlivre resided here—Anecdote of the latter . . . . 74

## CHAPTER VII.

Charing Cross—Demolition of the Cross—"The Downfall of Charing Cross"—Equestrian statue of Charles I., Sutton Nicholls' print of—Epigrams on the statue of George I. on Bloomsbury Church—Pillory in Charing Cross—Titus Oates exhibited there—Cruel punishment of Japhet Crook there—Execution of Hugh Peters, Harrison, and other regicides there—Number of Taverns here, the resort of wits and *litterati* in the seventeenth century—Anecdotes connected with Sir George Etherege—The Rummer Tavern; anecdote of Matthew Prior and the Earl of Dorset—Robinson's Coffee House; anecdote of Richard Savage; his trial—Anecdote of Ben Jonson—Thomson, the poet—Sir Nicholas Bacon—King Street, the residence of Oliver Cromwell—Cromwell's guards—Hogarth's print of "Night"—Wallingford House (site, now the Admiralty), anecdotes connected with—Residence of General Fleetwood, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—Anecdote of the Duke—Scotland Yard—Palace formerly there for the Scottish Kings—Attempted assassination of Lord Herbert of Cherbury—Vanbrugh's House—Neighbourhood teems with "memories" of the Tudors and the Stuarts—Mansion of Hubert de Burgh, then York Place, the Palace of Cardinal Wolsey, afterwards Whitehall—The great man who "flitted about this palace," *temp.* Henry VIII.—Pageants there in the time of Elizabeth, and Revels in those of King James I.—Execution of King Charles I.—Cromwell lived and died here—Events here during Cromwell's reign—The residence of Richard Cromwell—The "Merry Court" of Charles II. here—His death—The residence of James II.—Nearly destroyed by fire—Converted into a chapel . . . . 82

## CHAPTER VIII.

Privy Gardens—Whitehall Place—Richmond Terrace; distinguished residents in these places—The Tilt Yard—Horse Guards—Melbourne House, formerly occupied by the Duke of York—The Treasury—The Cockpit—Anecdote of Admiral M'Bride—Amusements of Queen Elizabeth—Downing Street—Procession of Kings, and Queens, and Oliver Cromwell, through King Street, to the Houses of Parliament—Letter of Oliver Cromwell—Earl of Dorset resided here—Carew, the poet—Davenant's verses on—Ignatius Sancho—Westminster Abbey; the Queen of Edward IV. took sanctuary here—Masques and revels for the Duke of Anjou near the Abbey—Cruel punishment inflicted in the days of good Queen Bess—The Almshouse—Attempt of the proud Protector Somerset to demolish St. Margaret's Church—Restored by Sir Christopher Wren—Reflections suggested by a walk in the Cloisters—Royal Tombs in the Abbey—Monuments of celebrated Characters—The Coronation Stone—St. Margaret's Church—Old Palace Yard—Westminster Hall—Clock-tower on Westminster Bridge—Richard Lovelace, the poet, confined therein—Sir Walter Raleigh's execution there—Tokens of Tradesmen—Courts of Law in Westminster Hall—The House of Lords—House of Commons—Painted Chamber—The New Houses of Parliament—St. Stephen's Chapel—Destruction by fire of the Parliament Houses—The Star Chamber, origin of its name . . . . . 107

## CHAPTER IX.

The Strand in 1560—St. Catherine's Chapel—St. Mary Ronceval, the site of Suffolk House, afterwards Northumberland House—Important events connected with—Whimsical occurrence there—Benjamin Franklin—James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses"—Hungerford Market and Suspension Bridge—York House; Lord Bacon and its other celebrated occupants—York or Buckingham Stairs—York Buildings—Peter the Great resided here—Durham House (site now the Adelphi)—Sumptuous repast given at, by Henry VIII.—Residence of Lady Jane Grey—Given to Toby Matthew, Bishop of Durham—Millinery Exchange, then "Britain's Bourse"—Murder committed there—The White Milliner—Anecdote of Mrs. Garrick—The King of the Sandwich Islands (the King of the Cannibal Islands) resident in the Adelphi—Society of Arts—Salisbury House—Partridge, the almanack maker—The Middle Exchange, the resort of abandoned characters—Ivy Bridge, the boundary between the Duchy of Lancaster and the City of Westminster—Old, Old Parr—Exeter Change, site of Exeter House—Cecil House—Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth—Lord Burleigh's household—Exeter Hall—Worcester House and its destruction by fire—The Savoy Palace, successive possessors of it—Anecdote of John of Gaunt—Chaucer composed some of his poems here—Wat Tyler—Palace destroyed by the rebels—Hospital built on its site—Cowley's complaint—Church of St. John the Baptist—Monuments in—Clandestine marriages in the Savoy . . . . . 132



## CHAPTER X.

Covent Garden Theatre—The neighbourhood, the resort of wits and poets—St. Paul's, Covent Garden—Anecdotes of celebrated persons buried there—Anecdote of Butler, author of "Hudibras"—His monument—Anecdote of Sir Peter Lely—Sale of his prints and drawings—Covent Garden famous for the game of foot-ball—Celebrated taverns in its vicinity—Quarrel between Hogarth and Churchill—Shuter—Anecdote of Moll King—Tom's, and its distinguished visitors—Button's fate of the Lion's Head—Anecdote of Addison and Pope—Colley Cibber—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and Tom Davies—Bow Street formerly the most fashionable street in London . . . . . 153

## CHAPTER XI.

Jacob Tonson; and anecdote of Dryden—Wycherley's courtship and marriage—The "Cock Tavern"—Infamous frolic of Sir Charles Sedley there—Pickpockets abounded there—Costly wigs—Will's Coffee House—Frequented by Dryden, head-quarters of envy and slander—Dryden attacked by bravoës—Covent Garden Theatre erected, burnt, new theatre erected—O.P. Riots—Compromise effected—Long Acre—Anecdote of Taylor, the water poet—Mug-house Clubs—Anecdote of Prior—Paul Whitehead—Mrs. Clive—Garrick—The mysterious lady—Dr. Arne—Voltaire resided there when in England—Great Queen Street, fashionable in the time of the Stuarts—Anecdote of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who resided here—Earl of Bristol's mansion—Anecdote of Sir Godfrey Kneller—Freemasons' Tavern—Literary Fund—Sir John Soane's Museum—Whetstone Park; murder committed there by three dukes—Infamous neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Square, *temp.* Charles II.—Proclamation against increase of buildings—Lincoln's Inn Fields—Inigo Jones's plan for, and anecdote of—Ben Jonson—Royal College of Surgeons—Burial-place of Joe Miller—Burial-grounds, their filthy state—Portugal Street; Sir William Davenant's theatre there—Anecdotes connected with—First female performer acted here—Anecdote of Kynaston, who performed female characters 163

## CHAPTER XII.

Execution of Lord William Russell—Catholic Chapel, Duke Street, and the "No Popery" Riots—Anecdote of Benjamin Franklin—Clare Market—Scene of Orator Henley's eloquence—Announcements of several of his sermons and anecdotes of him—Drury Lane—Sir William Drury—Sir Robert Drury, the friend of Dr. Donne—Anecdote of Dr. Donne—Tradesmen's handbills—The first Lord Craven, proprietor of Drury House—Account of his death—Residence of the Queen of Bohemia—Olympic Pavilion—

Anecdote of Nan Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle—Nell Gwynne resided here—Drury Lane, the Grubb Street of Queen Anne's reign—The plague year in Drury Lane—Successive theatres in Drury Lane . . . 185

## CHAPTER XIII.

The Sans Pareil Theatre—The English Opera House—Somerset House—The Protector Somerset and his Execution—Somerset House the residence of the Queen Mother—Queen Henrietta's retinue dismissed by Charles I.—Anecdote of Charles II.—Scene of the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey—Royal apartment in Somerset House—Royal Society—Anecdote of Charles II.—Society of Antiquaries—Death of Dr. W. King—The Maypole in the Strand—Account of a duel here . . . 200

## CHAPTER XIV

St. Mary-le-Strand Church—Fatal accident near—Introduction of hackney-coaches—Proclamation to restrain the abuses of hackney-coaches—Holywell Street, the resort of Jew clothes-dealers—St. Clement Danes, inscription in—Frequented by Dr. Johnson—Clement's Inn—New Inn—Butcher Row—Clifton's Eating-house in Butcher Row—Death of Nat Lee—The celebrated Daniel Burgess—Bath's Inn—Career of Lord Seymour—Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth—Residence of the Great Minister Sully—Arundel House—William Penn, the Quaker—Mrs. Bracegirdle—Particulars of the murder of Mr. Mountford—The Czar Peter—Palace of the Bishop of Exeter, who was murdered there, *temp.* Edward II.—Exeter Place (afterwards Paget House)—Sir William Paget—Norfolk House—Execution of the Duke of Norfolk—Dudley, Earl of Leicester—Devereux, Earl of Essex, his Trial and Execution—Sir Philip Sidney—Essex, the Parliamentarian General—Club at the Essex Head—The Kit-Cat Club—Tonson expelled from it. . . . . 212

## CHAPTER XV.

Temple Bar—Heads of the Scotch Stuart adherents affixed to—Civic ceremonies performed at—Fleet Street, memorabilia connected with; Wynkyn de Worde, Isaac Walton, Ben Jonson, and Dr. Johnson—The Devil Tavern—Celebrated coffee-houses in the neighbourhood—The Temple—Treasury of the Templars robbed—The Master of the Temple—Persecution of the Knights Templars—The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem—Lawyers first settled there—Depredations committed by Jack Cade's rioters—The Temple Gardens—Grand chivalric entertainment in Queen Elizabeth's reign—Celebrated residents in the Temple—Boswell's introduction to Dr. Johnson—Witty lines on the Armorial Bearings of the Temple—The Round Church—Effigies of the Knights Templars there—Inner Temple Hall—Middle Temple Hall—King's Bench Walk. . . 239

## CHAPTER XVI.

Whitefriars (Alsatia); Convent first there—Sir Richard Grey—Shadwell's "Squire of Alsatia"—Sanctuary in Whitefriars—Sanctuary abolished—Theatre in Dorset Gardens; performances at—Richardson's House—Mug-house riots in Salisbury Court—Ballad in praise of the Mug—Chancery Lane—Isaac Walton's House—Serjeants' Inn—Privileges and Ceremonies of Serjeants-at-Law—Splendid entertainment to the Judges—Contest for precedence between the Lord Mayor and Lord Treasurer—"Serjeants choosing their pillars"—Cowley's house in Fleet Street—St. Dunstan's in the West—Statue of Queen Elizabeth there—The celebrated Romaine—Clifford's Inn—Fetter Lane—"Praise-God Barebones"—Fleur-de-Lys Court—Mrs. Brownrigg's execution for murder—Moravian Chapel—Destruction of Meeting-house by the Sacheverel rioters—Conduit in Fleet Street—Queen Anne Boleyn's triumphal procession through the City—Shoe Lane in the time of Queen Elizabeth—Bishop of Bangor's Palace—St. Andrew's Church—Chatterton's Grave—Anecdote of Dean Swift and Dr. Sacheverel—The learned Whiston—Gunpowder Alley—Death of Lovelace, the Poet—Lilly, the Astrologer—Dr. Forman, the Quack . . . . . 251

## CHAPTER XVII.

New Fleet Market—Bolt Court and Dr. Johnson—Cobbett—The Scottish Hospital—The Meal-Tub Plot—Procession of the Burning of the Pope; Charles II.'s attempt to suppress—Guy Fawkes' Day—Steeple of St. Bride's Church—Fatal accident in the Churchyard—Milton's House—The Palace of Bridewell—Residence of Henry VIII.—His speech to Cardinal Campeius in relation to the King's Divorce—The Palace granted to the City—Bridewell Boys—The Old Palace destroyed—Disgraceful state of Fleet Ditch—The Old Bourne—Fleet Market—Course of River Fleet—Fleet Prison—Atrocious treatment of the Prisoners formerly—Cruelties practised on Jacob Mendez Solas and Captain John McPhedris—Fleet Marriages . . . . . 271

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Blackfriars Bridge—Order of the Black Friars—Queen Katherine's Trial and her Defence—The fatal Vespers in Blackfriars—Theatre in Blackfriars—Ludgate Hill—Bowyers' Row—Lud's Gate—Romantic incident in the Life of Sir Stephen Forster—La Belle Sauvage—Sir Thomas Wyatt captured there—The Old Bailey—Sydney House there—Newgate Prison—Sir Richard Whittington—Howard the Philanthropist—Horrible state of this Prison formerly—The New Prison—Its improved condition—Awful calamity at the execution of Holloway and Haggarty—Oliver Goldsmith in Green Arbour Court—St. Sepulchre's Church—Its churchyard—John Smith, Governor of Virginia—Singular bequest to the Sexton—The Sexton's exhortation to dying criminals—Giltspur Street Compter . . . . . 286

## CHAPTER XIX.

Smithfield in the Olden Time—As a place of execution ; as a market ; as a scene of chivalry ; as a merry fair—Murders committed there in Queen Elizabeth's reign—Riots between the Londoners and the men of Westminster—Hubert de Burgh's severities in consequence—Wat Tyler's Insurrection—The resort of hired bravos, fighting-men, &c.—Murders committed by them—Tournament held here by Edward III. and Richard II.—Ordeal combats there—Bartholomew Fair—Origin of the famous Fair—The Minstrel Rahere—Lady Holland's mob—The great Cattle Market—Popular delusions as to the end of the World, and extraordinary proceedings in consequence—Astrologers not at fault . . . 304

## CHAPTER XX.

Founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital—Long Lane, acts of incendiarism plotted there—The Barbican—Noble mansions there formerly—Chapel founded in Red-cross Street—Prince Rupert's house there—Newgate Street—Bagnio Court—Account of Christ's Hospital, or Blue Coat School—Navigation School founded there by Charles II.—Munificence of Sir Robert Clayton to this foundation—The New Hall—Scholarships from—Public suppers—Founder's intention now defeated—The Cock of Westminster—Christ Church, a remnant of the monastery of Grey Friars—Library founded by Sir Richard Whittington—The Spital Sermons—Magnificent monuments formerly in the Church of the Grey Friars—The burial-place of Baxter ; of Sir John Mortimer, a victim to the House of Lancaster ; of an ancestor of Sir Francis Burdett, tyrannically murdered ; of a murderess—Pontack's, the first genteel metropolis eating-house—The Queen's Arms Tavern—Warwick Lane, site of the mansion of King-making Warwick . . . . . 313

## CHAPTER XXI.

The Old College of Physicians—Ivy Lane—Lovell's Court ; Richardson wrote some of his works there—Panyer Alley, the highest spot in the city—Newgate Market—St. Nicholas, Shambles—Bladder Street—Mount Goddard Street—The Sanctuary in St. Martin's-le-Grand—The Curfew Bell—Rescue of a prisoner, and flight to the Sanctuary—The Sanctuary broken by the Sheriff of London, and important consequences detailed—Manufacture here of counterfeit plate—New Post Office—Origin and progress of the General Post Office—Paternoster Row, the great mart of the Booksellers, anciently for Mercers—Little Britain, formerly the headquarters of literature—John Dunton—Ave-Maria Lane—Stationers' Hall, on the site of the palace of the Duke of Bretagne—Stationers' Company incorporated—Grant of James I. to the Stationers' Company—Concerts and other entertainments given in their Hall . . . . . 321



## CHAPTER XXII.

St. Paul's Cathedral—Some account of the old church—The Lollards' Tower there—Murder committed by a churchman—Illustrious men buried in the old church; their mean tombs—Anecdote of Dr. Donne—Magnificence of the high altar and the shrines—Costly offerings of King John of France and others—Indulgence of forty days—Singular offering—Mysteries acted by the boys of St. Paul's School—The Boy-Bishop—St. Faith, under St. Paul's—The Great Bell of St. Paul's—Frequenters of Paul's Walk—Eminent persons buried there—The citation of Wickliffe, and riots in consequence—Paul's Cross—City magistrates formerly elected there, and public meetings held—Some account of Jane Shore; does penance there—The Pope attacked there in sermons, by order of Henry VIII.—Successive preachers there during the reigns of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth—Devotions stopped for a sudden levy of men—Last sermon preached there—London House—Pardon-Church-Haugh; the Dance of Death painted in the cloister of—Windmill Hill—The new Cathedral of St. Paul's—Difficulties of Sir Christopher Wren with the Commissioners appointed by the Government—Public monuments in the Cathedral . . . . . 332

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Doctors' Commons; College for students of Civil Law—The Prerogative Office—Causes of which the Court take cognizance—Heralds' College, the record of the blood of all the families of England—Kings and Pursuivants—Derivation of the term Herald—Anecdote of the King-at-arms of Ireland—Apothecaries' Hall—Castle of Mountfichet—Castle Baynard—The Chronicle of Dunmow—Anecdote of King John and the Baron Fitzwalter—Curious royal grant to Fitzwalter of Castle Baynard—King Richard III. resided there—Noble possessors of this castle—Legat's Inn—Diana's Chamber—Puddle Dock—Thames Street—Printing-house Square; the Times newspaper—St. Andrew's-by-the-Wardrobe—The King's wardrobe—Account of St. Paul's School and its founder, Dean Colet—Illustrious men and eminent scholars educated there; among many others, Milton, the Duke of Marlborough, &c.—Curious custom of the boys on St. Bartholomew's Eve—Cheapside—Bow Church—Murder of the Bishop of Exeter and others there by rioters—Tournament in Cheapside, and its consequences—Contest between the Fishmongers' and Skinners' Companies, and severe punishment of the offenders . . . . . 345

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Wat Tyler and Jack Cade's riots in Cheapside—Outrage on an Italian, and riots of the London Apprentices—Execution of Walter Walker—Henry VIII.'s visit to Cheapside in disguise—The Grand Civic Procession described—"Evil May Day;" riots which gave rise to this term—The

Standard in Cheapside; penance performed at, by the wife of the Duke of Gloucester—Execution of Margery Jourdain, the “Witch of Eye”—The Conduit in Cheapside—manner in which the city was anciently supplied with water—The New River—The Cross in Cheapside—St. Mary-le-Bow; sanctuary there—Outrage committed there—The Sildam—Romantic tradition connected with the church—Richard Whittington—Lydgate’s “London Lack-penny”—The Poultry—Bucklersbury—Melancholy death of Buckle—Mercers’ Hall, on the site of the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon—The Old Jewry—Great Synagogue there—Milton’s birthplace in Bread Street; Sir Thomas More’s in Milk Street—Allhallows Church; quarrel of the priests there—Basing Lane—Sopar Lane; origin of the name . . . . . 361

## CHAPTER XXV.

Southwark Iron Bridge—Watling Street; course of this Roman Way—Sermon Lane, its original name—Labour-in-Vain Hill—Mansion of Mount Alto of Norfolk—Cordwainer’s Hall—Broken Wharf; residence of the Earls of Norfolk, and mansion of the Abbots of Chertsey—St. Peter the Little, English Liturgy used there in Cromwell’s time—Sir Thomas Ladbroke’s mansion—Beaumont’s Inn, afterward’s Huntingdon House—Mosaic pavement discovered—Anecdote of Sir William Littlebury—Skinners’ Hall—Festival of Corpus Christi—Walbrook—The Three Cranes in the Vintry—The Painted Tavern—Sumptuous Entertainment in the Vintry to the French and English Monarchs by the Lord Mayor—Dowgate Hill—The old Roman Wall—The Tower Royal; the Queen’s Wardrobe—Queen Joan retired there on Wat Tyler’s insurrection—Richard III. there; entertains there the King of Armenia—Queen Hithe, origin of the name—Cannon Street, its original name—The London Stone, incidents connected with . . . . . 376

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Injustice of historians to Jack Cade; passport granted by him; progress of his insurrection—St. Alban, Wood Street—Company of Parish Clerks; their privileges—Silver Street, formerly the resort of Silversmiths—Guildhall, money subscribed for building this edifice—The late improvements in it—Courts held here—Seat of the Municipal Government of London—The Lord Mayor, his duties, &c.—The Aldermen, Governors of the Wards—The Common Council—Common Hall—The Sheriffs—Office of Recorder—The Chamberlain—The Common Serjeant, and other officers—London Companies—Gog and Magog—Cenotaphs in Guildhall—Royal visits to the City—Banquet to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814—Statue in Stock’s Market—Some account of the Mansion House—St. Stephen’s, Walbrook—Lombard Street; Sir Thomas Gresham resided there—Pope born there—Roman Antiquities found there—Birchin Lane; mansion there of William de la Pole—The King’s Merchant—Royal jewels pawned—Quaker meeting—John Moore, compounder of the Worm-powder—Fortington Inn—Residences of Empson and Dudley—Their Trial and Execution—Roman Antiquities discovered—St. Michael’s, Crooked Lane; panic during a Sermon there—The Boar’s Head; reminiscences of this celebrated Tavern . . . . . 383

## CHAPTER XXVII.

London Bridge—Some account of the New Bridge—The ancient bridge—Houses built on—Tradition connected with it—Gates at each end—Dreadful calamity there—Inconvenience of the ancient bridge—Grand Tournament on it—Grand displays on it in the olden time—Battle on it between Jack Cade's rioters and the citizens—Attacked by ruffians—Attack on it by the Bastard of Falconbridge—Heads of great victims exhibited there—Hall's account of the exhibition of Bishop Fisher's head—Hentzner's account of the number of these heads—Romantic story—Hans Holbein, a resident here—Fishmongers' Hall described—The old Hall—Short account of this Company . . . . . 399

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Monument described—Account of the Fire of London—Plans for rebuilding—Origin of the Fire—Suicides committed from the Monument—Billingsgate and its neighbourhood, formerly the chief place for eating-houses—A harbour for vessels—The first Custom House—The New Custom House—The Tower; some account of the ancient fortress—Fatal result of the attempted escape of the son of the Prince of Wales—Escape of Roger Mortimer—Execution there of Sir John Mortimer—Sir William Wallace a prisoner here; his execution—Brutal excesses by the Wat Tyler rioters; murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Saye murdered—Gallant defence of this fortress by Lord Scales; Henry VI. a prisoner here—Duke of Clarence and Lord Hastings imprisoned here: their deaths—Murder of the young Princes—Execution of Sir William Stanley, and other partizans of Perkin Warbeck—Melancholy fate of the Earl of Warwick—Execution of Empson and Dudley—Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, his trial and execution . . . . . 411

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Trial and death of Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn—Imprisonment of two noble lovers—Severities towards those engaged in the "Pilgrimage of Grace"—Trial and execution of the Marquis of Exeter and others—Trial and execution of Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington—Cruel fate of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury—Trial and execution of Cromwell, Earl of Essex—Heretics tried and executed by order of Henry VIII.—Trial and acquittal of Sir Robert Wyatt, the poet—Trial and execution of Queen Catherine Howard—Sir Arthur Plantagenet's death there—Queen Catherine Parr—Trial and execution of the Earl of Surrey—Execution of Lord Seymour, of Dudley—Imprisonment there of Bishop Gardiner—Fatal accident at the execution of the Protector Somerset—Execution of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland—Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion—Execution of Lady Jane Grey—Wholesale butchery in suppression of that rebellion—Trial and acquittal of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton—Illustrious Martyrs imprisoned in the Tower—Imprisonment of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk—Horrible tortures used there, and public indignation at—The Rack—Declaration put forth by the Govern-

ment—Imprisonment of Secretary Davison—cruel fate of Sir John Perrot—Imprisonment of Lady Arabella Stuart—Trial and execution of adherents to her cause—The Conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot—The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—Trial and execution of the base instruments in this atrocity—Execution of the Earl of Somerset—Other principal prisoners during King James's reign—Warm altercation between Lord Arundel and Lord Spencer in the House of Lords—Imprisonment of Lord Arundel in Charles I.'s reign—Early asserters of the liberty of England imprisoned there by him—Sir John Hotham and his son executed—Other illustrious prisoners and victims—The Regicides—Imprisonment there of the Bishops by James II.—Judge Jeffreys imprisoned there—Lord Mohun, the Stuart rebels of 1715, Earl Ferrers, John Wilkes, &c.—The bulwarks of the Tower . . . . . 428



# A RAMBLE

IN

## THE STREETS OF LONDON.

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London; variety of its inhabitants—Romance and entertainment of its streets—Apsley House—Duke of Wellington's equestrian statue—Hyde Park Corner a century ago; its suttling-house and itinerant barbers—Anecdote of Sir Richard Steele and Richard Savage—London fortified in 1642—Roundhead enthusiasm—The Elgin marbles, and Byron's indignation at their removal—George III. a designer of edifices—May Fair, its performers and performances—Duck-hunting—Shepherd's Market—Pulteney Hotel—Van Nost, the manufacturer of leaden figures—Bath House, its magnificence—Clarges Street—Mansion of Sir Francis Burdett—Berkeley House (on its site Devonshire House), account of the mansion, *temp.* Charles II.—Hay Hill, encounter between Cavaliers and Roundheads on—Clarendon House—Burlington House commemorated by Gay—The Albany (York House)—Paintings in St. James's Vestry-room—Artists buried in St. James's Churchyard—The Egyptian Hall—Anecdotes connected with the "White Bear"—Winstanley's Water Theatre: Bills of Performances—Windmill Street—Pickadill, definition of the term—Piccadilly—Remarkable houses in the Haymarket—The Little Theatre, anecdotes connected with it—Broughton, the pugilist—Colley Cibber, an amateur—Fight between Johnson and Sherlock.

THE great Poet has said that the contemplative man can find "sermons in stones and good in everything." The averment has never been disputed; all the world admits its truth, and it is only brought forward here that we may claim for London stones more capabilities of instruction than stones in general afford. To the contemplative man who walks over the wide-extending leagues of pavement of this busy city, and who remembers something of the history of each street as he passes it, what a vast amount of amusement and instruction is spread out! As he loiters along,

to all the world apparently an idle and unconcerned spectator, how his fancy may be charmed, his sensibility awakened, his emulation excited, and his patriotism warmed by the recollection, that here in this alley lived a poet; there in that lane a great man died in want and sorrow; here in this street another great man surmounted difficulties that to weaker minds would have been insurmountable; and here in this square lived the friend of his country and of his kind, whose name is a household word of love and admiration.

To the man who strolls through London in this spirit, the great city becomes, indeed, a world of itself, and he may travel over it with more delight and instruction than many gather in the whole of Europe, by railroads, remembering nothing but that they have gone over a certain number of leagues, and seen a certain number of capital cities, and returning home again with the same quantity of ideas with which they set out.

The inhabitant of this great city, who looks a little deeper than the surface of things, need never lack amusement in his leisure hours. He has only to extend his map before him, and consider the various tribes and nations who inhabit his little world, and then take a journey among them, and study the difference of their manners, appearance, mode of life, and even language, and he will be surprised at the immense variety. There is scarcely more difference between Englishmen and Frenchmen than there is between the inhabitants of St. James's and White-chapel, St. Giles's and Spitalfields, Islington and Gravel Lane: and then the history of those various regions—their separate laws, religions, characteristics, occupations, amusements:—why, it is like studying the geography of a continent!

What a fearful romance is a great city! Could we get at the secrets of each house, whether of the past or the present, what pictures of human strife, misery, cruelty, self-immolation, madness, and despair, we might unfold! How many, too, of a brighter aspect we might discover;—pictures of ardent struggle for the right, of patient suffering, of virtue strong amid temptation, of unwearying benevolence, and of Christian loving-kindness! But without endeavouring to penetrate so far, we purpose to make a few journeys of discovery through some of the principal thoroughfares or arteries of this "mighty heart of England;" noting, as we pass, the various memorabilia of each spot, conjuring up reminiscences of the great and the good, the wise and the witty of former ages; remarking the physical changes each spot has undergone, and comparing the elegance

and civilization of the present with those of the past; gaining amusement now, and now wisdom, and sometimes both combined.

Boswell, speaking of the entertainment the streets afforded him, remarks, "I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it only as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatic enthusiast as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure as an assemblage of taverns, &c.; but the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." To all the classes thus enumerated by the Laird of Auchinleck, and to many others, we shall address ourselves, or rather, to the last only, which comprises in its wide extent man of every grade and profession; not only politician, grazier, merchant, dramatist, and man of pleasure, but the poet, the man of letters, the painter, the musician, the divine, the soldier, the sailor, and the lawyer. We shall be less exclusive than Boswell, and look for the intellectual without reference to profession. Our first journey shall be from

#### HYDE PARK CORNER TO CHARING CROSS.

But first, although we confess to a predilection for the antiquities of the metropolis, we must cast a moment's glance at Apsley House, the mansion of the Duke of Wellington.

This mansion, which since its enlargement has been extolled at least as highly as it deserves, was in the first instance built from a design furnished by the Messrs. Adams for Lord Chancellor Apsley. When, in 1828, it came into possession of "The Duke," the taste of Sir Geoffrey Wyattville was called into requisition. From his designs, and under his superintendence, Apsley House was wholly remodelled and greatly enlarged; and the result is a substantial building, which cannot offend the most fastidious taste, but which will not extort any great amount of admiration. It has a rusticated basement: and the principal front offers to the eye a pediment supported by four Corinthian columns. The interior is very splendid. The picture-gallery and the ball-room, which extends the whole depth of the building, are extremely beautiful.

Apsley House is interesting, as being the residence of the greatest captain and one of the greatest men of this or of any former age. Time, which must make it venerable, will confer more and more lustre upon it; and a century hence, what we now look upon with curiosity will be regarded with reverence.

The architectural taste of Mr. Decimus Burton is shown conspicuously in the entrance to Hyde Park, which was completed in 1828. The frontage of this beautiful building is 107 feet in length. It consists of a screen of fluted Ionic columns, with three arches for carriages, and two entrances for foot-passengers. Four handsome columns sustain the entablature of the central gateway. Above this is a frieze, which runs round the four sides of the building. This frieze bears testimony to the genius and skill of Mr. Archibald Henning, a worthy son of the highly ingenious and ill-requited John Henning. It represents a naval and military triumphal procession. The side gateways are ornamented by two insulated Ionic columns. Messrs. Bramah manufactured the gates, which are exquisite specimens of bronzed iron-work.

The other, commonly called the triumphal arch, is of the Corinthian order, and was built about the same time as the one we have just described. Four columns, two on each side of the arch, sustain the portico. Six Corinthian pilasters adorn the arch itself. The front towards the Green Park presents exactly the same appearance as the other. The vaulted roof in the centre is wrought into elegantly sculptured compartments. There is a chamber within for the porter; and a small stair-case leads to the summit. G. R. and the royal arms are disposed alternately along the entablature. The gates of this arch, equally beautiful with those of its opposite neighbour, were likewise manufactured by Messrs. Bramah.

Some years ago, as our readers are probably aware, it was decided to commemorate the achievements of the Duke of Wellington by a testimonial. The execution of this work was confided to the competent genius of Mr. Wyatt. That gentleman entered upon his grateful task, and completed, undoubtedly, the largest equestrian statue in the world. The work finished, it became a grave question where it was to be placed. A committee of noblemen and gentlemen of reputed taste was accordingly formed, to take into consideration at what spot, or on what eminence this mighty man and horse might most worthily be stationed. The committee (having obtained Her Majesty's sanction and approval) at length decided that the top of the triumphal arch was the place of all others to show to admiration



the beauty of Mr. Wyatt's magnificent statue, and in accordance with this decision it has been since erected there.

This district, now covered by many noble mansions, including those of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, the late Duchess Countess of Sutherland, the Earl of Cork, and others; and including Hamilton Place, and the other streets towards Bath-House, was, a century ago, one of the most deplorable in the neighbourhood of London, and swarmed with low public-houses, bearing the following signs, viz.: "The Pillars of Hercules," "The Golden Lion," "The Triumphant Car," "The Horse Shoe," "The Red Lion," "The Running Horse," "The Swan," "The Barley-Mow," "The White Horse," and "The Half Moon." The two last gave names to streets.

These public-houses, about the middle of the last century, were much visited on Sundays; but those contiguous to Hyde Park were chiefly resorted to by soldiers, particularly on review-days, when there were long wooden seats fixed in the street before the houses for the accommodation of six or seven barbers, who were employed on field-days in powdering those youths who were not adroit enough to dress each other. Yet it was not unusual for twenty or thirty of the elder soldiers to bestride a form in the open air, where each combed, soaped, powdered, and tied the hair of his comrade, and afterwards underwent the same operation himself.

It was to one of these low public-houses that Sir Richard Steele and the unfortunate poet, Savage, retired to order a dinner without the money to pay for it, and where the former remained some hours in pawn, as it were. Johnson, in his affecting *Life of Savage*, relates, "That one day he was desired by Sir Richard, with an air of the utmost importance, to come very early to his house the next morning. Savage went accordingly, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire. The coachman was ordered to drive on, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to their work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote till the dinner that was ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for some

wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then imagined his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but he was deceived in his expectations, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for. Savage was, therefore, obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning."

Before proceeding further from Hyde Park Corner, we should not omit to mention that in the year 1642, when London was fortified against the Royal Army, a large fort with four bastions was erected close to the spot where the noble arch now stands. Men, women, and children alike took part, such was the enthusiasm of the Roundheads against the Cavaliers, in erecting these fortresses all round both London and Southwark. As Butler sings in his *Hudibras*,

"From ladies down to oyster-wenches,  
Laboured like pioneers in trenches,  
Fell to their pickaxes and tools,  
And helped the men to dig like moles."

The now aristocratic thoroughfare, known as Park Lane, was called formerly Tyburn Lane. The large house at the south-west corner, now inhabited by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, was formerly in the occupation of the Earl of Elgin. Here were first exhibited the famous marbles which will ever bear his Lordship's name. Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," written at a time when he felt inclined to sneer and carp at everything, calls this house "a stone shop," and

"General mart  
For all the mutilated blocks of art."

Three years afterwards, in 1811, Byron's indignation against Lord Elgin for the spoliation of Greece still enduring, he wrote his bitter "Curse of Minerva," in which the Goddess, addressing Britain, exclaims,

"'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,  
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both."

Survey this vacant, violated fane,  
 Recount the relics torn that yet remain;  
 These Cecrops placed, this Pericles adorn'd;  
 That Adrian reared when drooping science mourn'd.  
 What more I owe, let gratitude attest.  
 Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest."

In the year 1816, Parliament voted the sum of £35,000 for the purchase of the marbles, and they were removed from their former place of exhibition to the British Museum, where they remain, fine studies, accessible to English artists; but enduring mementos of a very unworthy cupidity,

The house No. 133, Piccadilly, was built by the late Duke of Queensberry for the celebrated Kitty Frederick. The first house on the right hand was, it is said, designed by George III., to whom are also attributed the designs for the Trinity House on Tower Hill, and the Office of Ordnance, which formerly stood in Margaret Street, at the east end of St. Margaret's Church, but which was demolished during the alterations completed in that part of Westminster about the year 1822.

The ground behind the opposite houses, between the back of Lord Coventry's, No. 106, and the south side wall of the Earl of Chesterfield's garden, in Curzon Street, was, in 1722, an irregular space; "May-fair Row" and "Hay-hill Row" being at that time the only regular buildings. There was, within memory, on the western portion, partly on the site of Hertford Street, an old wooden public-house, one of the original signs of the "Dog and Duck," behind which, towards the north, was a sheet of clear water, nearly two hundred feet square, surrounded by a gravel walk of about ten feet in width, boarded up knee-high, and shaded all round by willows. This pond was notorious for that cruel sport called "Duck Hunting," so long the delight of the English butchers. The ground upon which Hertford Street, Curzon Street, Shepherd's Market, &c., stand, was annually for many years covered with booths during the period of May Fair. The following copies of a few of the original show-bills may afford some entertainment for the lovers of the Drama,

WILLIAM REX.

MAY-FAIR.

MILLER'S

OR THE LOYAL ASSOCIATION BOOTH,

AT THE UPPER END OF

BROOK-FIELD MARKET,

NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER.

---

DURING THE TIME OF MAY-FAIR WILL BE PRESENTED  
 AN EXCELLENT DROLL, CALLED  
 KING WILLIAM'S HAPPY DELIVERANCE  
 AND GLORIOUS TRIUMPH OVER HIS ENEMIES,  
 OR THE CONSULTATION OF THE  
 POPE, DEVIL, FRENCH KING, and the GRAND TURK,  
 WITH THE WHOLE FORM OF THE SIEGE OF NAMUR,  
 AND THE HUMOURS OF A RENEGADE FRENCH MAN  
 AND BRANDY JEAN,  
 WITH THE CONCEITS OF SCARAMOUCH AND HARLEQUIN,  
 TOGETHER WITH THE BEST SINGING AND DANCING THAT WAS  
 EVER SEEN IN A FAIR, ALSO A DIALOGUE SONG.  
 VIVAT REX.

---

HUSBAND'S BOOTH,  
 AT THE UPPER END OF BROOKFIELD MARKET,  
 NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER.  
 DURING THE TIME OF THE FAIR WILL BE PRESENTED  
 AN EXCELLENT DROLL, CALL'D THE FAIRY QUEEN, OR  
 LOVE FOR LOVE,  
 AND THE HUMOURS OF THE HUNGRY CLOWN,  
 TOGETHER WITH THAT EXCELLENT ART OF  
 VAULTING ON THE MANAGED HORSE,  
 PERFORMED BY THOMAS SIMPSON, THE FAMOUS  
 VAULTING MASTER OF ENGLAND,  
 WITH SONGS AND DANCES, SCENES, FLYINGS AND MASHEENS,  
 THE LIKE NEVER SEEN IN THE FAIR BEFORE.  
 VIVAT REX.

---

ANNE REGINA.  
 AT MR. FINLEY'S AND MRS. BARNES'S BOOTH,  
 STANDING ON THE SAME GROUND AS IT DID LAST YEAR,  
 DURING THE TIME OF MAY FAIR,  
 ARE TO BE SEEN  
 THE FAMOUS ROPE DANCERS OF EUROPE.  
 VIVAT REGINA.



---

AT JOHN SLEEP'S MUSICK BOOTH, FROM  
 (TURNMILL STREET),  
 IN BROOK-FIELD MARKET, AT THE SIGN OF  
 THE STAR MUSICK-BOOTH,  
 DURING THE SIXTEEN DAYS OF MAY FAIR,  
 ALL GENTLEFOLKS AND OTHERS WILL BE ENTERTAINED  
 WITH VARIETY OF ALL SORTS OF  
 MUSICK, SINGING, DANCING,  
 AND OTHER PLEASANT PASTIMES.  
 VIVAT REGINA.

---

THE DROLL  
 INTERMINGLED WITH A MOST  
 DELIGHTFUL MERRY  
 COMEDY  
 AFTER THE MANNER OF AN  
 OPERA,  
 WITH EXTRAORDINARY VARIETIES OF  
 SINGING AND DANCING,  
 BY  
 HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOUTHAMPTON'S  
 SERVANTS.  
 VIVAT REGINA.

It appears from other May Fair bills of the same period, that Sorias as Scaramouch; Baxter as Harlequin; and Evans as an Equestrian, were for their respective talents the favourite performers of their time.

The following extract is from No. 597 of "The Postman," for April 6th, 1699:—

"These are to give notice, that on the first day of May next will begin the Fair at the east end of Hide Park, near Bartlet House, and continue for fifteen days after. The two first days of which will be for the sale of Leather and live Cattle; and care is and will be taken to make the ways leading to it, as well as the ground on which it is kept, much more convenient than formerly for persons of quality that are pleased to resort thither."

May Fair was granted by King James II., in the fourth year of his reign, to Sir John Coell and his heirs for ever, in trust for Henry Lord Dover, and his heirs for ever. It was held in

Brook-field, commenced on the 1st of May, and lasted fifteen days, but was finally put down in 1708.

In 1703, one Cork, a butcher, was executed at Tyburn for killing a peace-officer in May Fair.

Shepherd's Market, still in use, was named after the ground landlord, who built and resided in that long white mansion on the north side of Curzon Street, for many years inhabited by Lady Fane, and afterwards by Lady Reade, who died in it. The surrounding ground, now so completely covered by the houses of the noble and the wealthy, was in 1750 so little esteemed, that Mr. Shepherd offered his freehold mansion, just alluded to, and gardens for the small sum of £500. However, after the death of Lady Reade, this house and gardens were purchased by Lord Carhampton for about £500; and his Lordship, after making considerable improvements, sold it to the late Lord Wharncliffe, then Mr. Stuart Wortley, the member for the county of York, for the sum of £12,000.

Much about the middle of the last century, when marriage ceremonies were performed at a minute's notice, a person of the name of Keith, who had a chapel in the Fleet Prison, also officiated on the ground opposite to Lord Wharncliffe's house, where Curzon Street Chapel now stands; and this spot, at the time of May Fair, was much frequented for that purpose; but this disgraceful custom was only practised by profligate and ruined characters, and was entirely abolished by the Marriage Act in 1754.

The house on the left in Piccadilly was built by Novosichki for the late Earl of Barrymore, but was unfinished at his death, and remained so for many years, until it was taken as an hotel. It has been rendered memorable ever since the royal visitors, the Emperor of Russia and the late Queen of Wirtemberg, then Duchess of Oldenburg, resided in it during their stay in London. It was then kept by Escudier, and is now styled, "The Pulteney and Russian Imperial Hotel."

On the site of the houses east of the Pulteney Hotel, including that now No. 102, the residence of the late Earl of Mexborough, stood the original leaden figure yard, founded by John Van Nost, a Dutch sculptor who came to England with King William III. His effects were sold March 1, 1711, after his death, and the premises were advertised as standing near "The Queen's Mead-house" in Hyde Park Road.

It appears from a plan taken by John Mackay, senior and junior, mathematicians of St. James's Westminster, of the parish

of St. George's Hanover Square, hanging in the vestry-room, that in March, 1725, the time it was drawn, the reservoir in the Green Park opposite to the houses described above had two rows of trees closely planted all round it; a few of these now remain at either end on the north side. This plan also displays ice-houses as then standing in the Green Park.

In Mortimer's Universal Directory, published in 1763, mention is made of a John Van Nost as following the profession of a statuary in St. Martin's Lane, opposite to May's Buildings, probably a descendant of the original vendor of the leaden figures. Van Nost's business was taken in 1739 by Mr. John Chere, who served his time to his brother, Sir Henry Chere, the statuary who executed several monuments in Westminster Abbey. This despicable manufactory must still be within memory, as the attention of nine persons in ten was arrested by these garden ornaments. The figures were cast in lead as large as life, and frequently painted with an intention to resemble nature. They consisted of Punch, Harlequin, Columbine, and other pantomimical characters; mowers whetting their scythes; hay-makers resting on their rakes; game-keepers in the act of shooting, and *Roman* soldiers with *firelocks*; but, above all, that of an African kneeling with a sun-dial upon his head found the most extensive sale.

For this sort of decoration there were three other manufactories in Piccadilly, viz., Dickenson's, which stood on the site of the Duke of Gloucester's house, before mentioned; Manning's, at the west corner of White Horse Street, the site of which is occupied by Mrs. Dumerg's, No. 96; and Carpenter's, that stood where Egremont House was afterwards erected. Egremont House was the residence of the late Marquis of Cholmondeley. All the above four figure yards were in high vogue about the year 1740. They certainly had casts from some of the finest works of art, viz., the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medici, &c.; but these leaden productions, although they found numerous admirers and purchasers, were never countenanced by men of true taste; for it is well known, that when applications were made to the Earl of Burlington for his sanction, he always spoke of them with sovereign contempt, observing that the uplifted arms of leaden figures, in consequence of the pliability and weight of the material, would in course of time appear little better than crooked billets.

There has not been a leaden figure manufactory in London since the year 1787, when Mr. Chere died. Not that the public

taste improved with their disappearance. One absurdity only gave place to another. As late as the year 1826 or 1827, painted cats and parrots, and plaster casts of the most inferior description, were hawked about the town, and met with an extensive sale. Within the last few years, however, public taste has improved considerably. All these have disappeared, and busts of poets, painters, musicians, and illustrious men, very beautifully executed, are alone seen on the boards of the Italian dealers, with copies of some of the finest models of the Antique.

Half Moon Street was built in 1730, as appears by that date on the south-west corner house. Its name, as already observed, was taken from the Half Moon public-house, which stood at the corner. Clarges Street, originally called "Clarges Street, in Hay-hill Row," was built by Sir Walter Clarges. The family had a house nearly opposite St. James's Church, which, in 1708, was occupied by the Venetian Ambassador.

Few persons, from the appearance of the Piccadilly front, could have been aware of the extensive premises of Bath House, standing, until the year 1821, at the south-west corner of Bolton Row. It contained upwards of fifty excellent rooms, besides numerous servants' offices and capacious cellars. The ceiling of the library was richly carved with foliage, and most splendidly gilt; its chimney-piece could not have cost less than between £600 and £700; it was of the finest Carrara marble, and was profusely decorated with fruit and flowers. The foliated panels of the staircase were adorned with busts of Homer, Cicero, Seneca, &c. At the end of the garden, which extended nearly into Curzon Street, there was a large stone base of water, in the centre of which, upon a lofty pedestal, was placed a copy of the Venus de Medici, as large as the original.

The late Sir William Pulteney was a solitary inhabitant of this immense house for many years, at whose death it was let to the Duke of Portland for eight years.

This mansion was taken down in 1821, and a most substantial house erected upon its site for the present Lord Ashburton, then Mr. Baring.

Among the advertisements of sales by auction in the original edition of the "Spectator," in folio, published in 1711, the mansion of Streeter, Jun., is advertised as *his country house*, being near Bolton Row, in Piccadilly; his town residence was in Gerrard Street, Soho. The next house is of political notoriety, No. 80; it is now the residence of Lady Guildford, and was inhabited by the late Sir Francis Burdett in 1810, at the time the Baronet was committed to the Tower. It was here that he was taken into



custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms, after a resistance of four days.

Stratton Street was so named in compliment to the Stratton line of the Berkeleys, on whose estate it was built. The large house at the corner was for many years the residence of the well-know Mrs. Coutts, the widow of the rich banker, and the wife afterwards of the Duke of St. Albans. Evelyn, in his "Memoirs," states that on September 25, 1672, he visited Lord John Berkeley in his stately new house, which it was reported had cost him near £30,000. The staircase was of cedar.

Evelyn speaks of the gardens as incomparable, and states that he advised the planting of the holly-hedges on the terrace, and that Mr. Hugh May was his Lordship's architect.

In "The Postman," No. 94, in the year 1695, a silver cistern is advertised, valued at £750, the property of the Prince and Princess of Denmark; it was stolen out of Berkeley House, and was shortly afterwards discovered at Twickenham, in the possession of a distiller there, who was tried, cast, and condemned. It would appear from this, that Queen Anne and her spouse resided in Berkeley House.

In "The Post Boy," for March 30, 1697, appears the following notice:—"To-morrow His Majesty is to dine with His Grace the Duke of Devonshire at Berkeley House." His Majesty did dine there, as may be seen from the papers of the following day.

After a fire, which burnt the house to the ground, the present mansion was erected from a design by Kent, and is now inhabited by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Here are given those magnificent balls and fêtes which excite the admiration of half the fashionable world that are invited to them, and the envy of the other half that are excluded. His Grace is the leader of the fashion, and enjoys in the age of Victoria as great a renown for dancing as Sir Christopher Hatton did in the age of Elizabeth.

Diverging a little from the straight path, we traverse a narrow dirty street, by the wall of His Grace's garden, which leads us on into Berkeley Square, which, some fifty or a hundred years hence, will be visited by multitudes, eager to see the house once inhabited by so remarkable a man as Lord Brougham; it is a large house on the west side, marked No. 48.

Proceeding a little onwards in the same district, and returning to the east end of the square, we ascend Hay Hill, where the severe skirmish was fought in the year 1554, between a party of the troops of Queen Mary and the insurgents under Sir Thomas Wyatt, and where the latter were defeated with considerable

loss. Sir Thomas, who was the son of the elegant poet of the same name, the friend of the Earl of Surrey, was afterwards committed to the Tower, and, being found guilty of high treason, he was executed; his head was affixed to a pole on the summit of Hay Hill, his legs upon London Bridge, and his arms in another part of the capital. Three of his companions were also hanged on Hay Hill. The place was then, and indeed for a hundred and fifty years afterwards, an open field, a considerable distance from any house.

The following notices may be acceptable, as they settle the periods of the commencement and destruction of that princely edifice which stood on the site of the south end of Albemarle street, Clarendon House:—

Evelyn,\* states that on the 28th of November, 1666, he went to see Clarendon House, which was nearly completed.

Bishop Burnet, speaking of the Earl of Clarendon, in 1667, says, "The king had granted him a large piece of ground, near St. James's, to build a house on; he intended a good, ordinary house, but, not understanding those matters himself, he put the managing of that into the hands of others, who run him into a vast charge of about £50,000, three times as much as he had designed to lay out upon it. During the war, and in the plague year, he had about three hundred men at work, which he thought would have been an acceptable thing, when so many men were kept at work, and so much money, as was duly paid, circulated about. But it had a contrary effect: it raised a great outcry against him; some called it 'Dunkirk House,' intimating that it was built by his share of the price of Dunkirk; others called it 'Holland House,' because he was believed to be no friend to the war. So it was given out that he had the money from the Dutch. It was visible, that, in a time of public calamity, he was building a very noble palace. Another accident was, that before the war there were some designs on foot for the repairing of St. Paul's, and many stones were brought thither. That project was laid aside during the war: he upon that bought the stones, and made use of them in building his own house. This, how slight soever it may seem to be, yet had a great effect by the management of his enemies."

Evelyn, again, observes that, on the 26th of April, 1667, he saw the house finished. Again, December 9th, 1667, he

\* In his "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 380.

visited the late Lord Chancellor, who was sitting in his "gowt wheele-chayre," and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields, and that the next morning he heard he was gone. Again, on the 20th of December, 1668, Evelyn says he dined at Lord Cornbury's at Clarendon House, and saw pictures of most of our ancient and modern wits.

In 1683, after the Chancellor's death, Evelyn says, the Earl his successor sold that which cost £50,000 to the young Duke of Albemarle for £25,000; however, in consequence of his extravagance since the old duke's death, he sold it, including the ground about it, for £35,000; and it was pulled down, to make way for Albemarle Street, Stafford Street, &c.

The earliest date now to be found upon the site of Clarendon House is cut in stone, and let into the south wall of a public-house, the sign of "The Duke of Albemarle," in Dover Street, thus; "This is Stafford Street, 1686." In a plan of London etched by Hollar, in 1666, it is evident that the centre of Clarendon House must have occupied the whole of the site of Stafford Street.

September 21st, 1699. "The French ambassador has taken Sir Thomas Bond's House in Piccadilly." Sir Thomas was Comptroller of the Household to King Charles the Second. To the east of Bond Street, which probably was so named after that family, stands Burlington House, the gates of which will be memorable as long as Hogarth's satirical print of it remains. The hall and ceilings were painted by Sebastian Ricci. Whatever objections may have been made to its lofty wall, the beautiful arcade within will always be admired.

To the honour of Burlington House and the noble earl, it must be recollected that when Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and others crowded here, Handel was one of its resident visitors for the space of three years, before he lived in the house, now Mr. Partington's, No. 57, on the south side of Brook Street, four doors from Bond Street, and two from the gateway.

Queensberry House, in Burlington Gardens, the residence of Gay's noble patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, was the house where this amiable poet breathed his last. He died on the 4th of December, 1732. After the performance of his "Beggars' Opera" had been prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, he was taken into the house of the duke and duchess, who paid him, says Johnson, the most affectionate attention for the remaining part of his life. The duke, considering his want of economy, undertook the management of his money, and gave

it him as he wanted it. "But it is supposed," continues Johnson, "that the discountenance of the court sank deep into his heart, and gave him more discontent than the applauses or tenderness of his friends could overpower. He soon fell into his old distemper—an habitual colic; and languished, though with many intervals of ease and cheerfulness, till a violent fit at last seized him, and hurried him to the grave, as Arbuthnot reported, with more precipitance than he had ever known." His body lay in state in Exeter Change in the Strand, and on the 23rd of December, was, at eight o'clock in the evening, buried in Poets' Corner. His pall was supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Domer, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope.

On the western part of Burlington House, the present Duke of Devonshire, then the noble owner, not only sheltered the Elgin Marbles during the debates in Parliament respecting them, but made accommodation for the students to study from them.

This magnificent mansion, which has been for thirty years the residence of the late Duke of Portland, was sold by the present Duke of Devonshire to his uncle, Lord George Cavendish, who has improved it in a spirited and princely manner.

That most comfortable, quiet, and well-regulated set of chambers, now under the denomination of the Albany, stand partly on the site of two houses and long gardens, which originally reached as far as Vigo Lane. The first was inhabited in the year 1715, by Sir John Clarges, and the one toward the east by Lady Stanhope; they were taken down, and another mansion erected, which in 1725, according to the plans in St. George's Vestry-room, was inhabited by the Earl of Sunderland. The first Lord Melbourne, father of our late Whig Premier, expended vast sums upon this spot; his lordship had the ceiling of the ball-room painted by Cipriani, and those of the other best rooms by Wheatley and Rebecca. The Duke of York, who had much improved Lord Amherst's house at Whitehall, exchanged houses with Lord Melbourne; it then received the appellation of York House, and when his Royal Highness left it, the house was divided into chambers, the garden built upon, and, in compliment to its last Royal owner, received the name of his Scottish dukedom of Albany.

In the vestry of St. James's Church are carefully preserved the portraits of the eminent prelates, Tenison, Clarke, Secker, and Parker.



On the south wall of this church, near the communion-table, is an appropriate little monument to Dodsley, the bookseller. On the western wall of the paved church-yard will be found the following epitaph to the memory of a favourite musical composer:—"Here lieth interred the remains of Mr. Mathias Vento. He departed this life the 22nd of November, 1776, aged 40." A small stone let into the south wall of the tower presents the following inscription: "TOM D'URFEY, died Feb. y<sup>e</sup> 26th, 1723." D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy" were published in the year 1720. On a flat stone on the west side of the parsonage-house is inscribed, "In memory of Mr. James Gillray, the caricaturist, who departed this life 1st of June 1815, aged 58 years."

The Egyptian Hall, nearly opposite to Bond Street, is a spacious building, designed by Robinson and decorated by L. Gahagan, with the figures of Isis and Osiris, at the expense of £16,000, independent of an annual ground-rent of £300, payable to Government.

At the east end of Piccadilly stood for many years the two inns, "The Black Bear" and "The White Bear" (formerly the Fleece Inn), nearly opposite to each other; the former of which was taken down (1820), to make way for the north side of the Regent Circus; the latter still remains, and stands on Crown land.

It was at the White Bear that Luke Sullivan, the engraver, died. He engraved, among several others, that very interesting print, "The March to Finchley," from Hogarth's picture, now in the Foundling Hospital. It was in this inn that Chatelain, the engraver, also breathed his last.

He had taken his lodging here only the night previous, and was so much reduced in his circumstances that Mr. Panton Betew, a silversmith, then of Old Compton Street, a well-known friend to Brooking, Tull, Gainsborough, and other artists, Mr. Vivares, the engraver, for whom Chatelain had formerly worked as an etcher of landscapes, and several other old friends, buried him in the poor-ground of St. James's Workhouse, Poland Street.

It is also worth commemorating that the late President of the Royal Academy, Mr. West, in consequence of there being no other nightly lodging-house in London, for there were no Hummums at that time, lodged at the White Bear the first night of his arrival from America.

Near the lower part of this street, called Piccadilly, stood

"Winstanley's Water Theatre," as appears by the following advertisement given in the folio edition of "The Spectator," in the paper for July 23, 1711:—

"AT THE REQUEST OF SEVERAL PERSONS OF QUALITY. The famous Water Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winstanley will continue to be shown for one fortnight, and no longer, this season. There is the greatest curiosities in works, the like was never performed by any. It is shown for the benefit of his widow every evening, between 5 and 6 of the clock, with several new additions made this summer; as three new stages, sea-gods and goddesses, nymphs, mermaids, and satyrs, all of them playing of water as suitable, and some with fire mingling with water, and a sea-triumph round the barrel that plays so many liquors, all which is taken away after it hath performed its part, and the barrel is broken in pieces before the spectators. Boxes are 2s. 6d., pit 1s. 6d., first gallery 1s., upper gallery 6d. It is at the lower end of Pickadilly, and is known by the wind-mill on the top of it."

Similar advertisements are to be found in the folio editions of "The Guardian" and "The Englishman," published in 1713 in which it appears the performances were varied, and rendered more attractive by the additions of "flying dragons, with their mouths filled with fire, water, and perfumes."

In Windmill Street, so called from a windmill which formerly stood on that spot, at the sign of the "Coachmakers' Arms," one of the early concerts was held, admittance to which was only sixpence; the others were performed at Lambeth Wells; the "Blacksmith's Arms," on Lambeth Hill, behind St. Paul's; the "Cock and Lion," in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill; and the "Unicorn," at Hoxton, as may be seen from "The London Spy," published in 1695.

In Aggas's plan of London, supposed to have been published about the year 1560, the western road, which commences at the top of the Haymarket, is inscribed "*The waye to Readinge.*"

The following are various notices of Piccadilly:—In Blount's "Glossography," published 1656, the term Pickadill is thus defined:—"The round hem of a garment, or other thing; also a kinde of stiff collar, made in fashion of a band." However, perhaps that famous Ordinary near St. James's, called Pickadilly, took denomination, because it was then the outmost or skirt house of the suburbs that way. Others say it took name from this, that one Higgin, a tailor, who built it, got most of his estate by Pickadilles, which, in the last age, were much worn in Eng-

land. However, the following account seems to be the earliest in which mention is made of Pickadilles. Stevens, in his curious little work, entitled " *Essayes and Characters*," published 1615, speaking of the dress of a plain country bridegroom, page 354, says,—“ The Taylor likewise must be a vexation to him, or his cloathes would never sit handsomely ; but (above all) a bridle in his mouth would serve better than a Pickadell ; for if you restrain him from his objects, &, the engine of his necke, you put him into the Pillory.”

The following notice of Piccadilly is curious at this distance of time :—In Gerard's " *Herbal*," published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1596), the author, talking of " the small wild buglosse," says this little flower " growes upon the drie ditch bankes about Pickadilla," from which it would appear that the name had been given to the place even at this early period.

In that extremely rare plan of London, published by Faithorne in 1658, the same spot is denominated Pickadilly Hall.

In the " *Memoirs of Evelyn*," this part of the town is mentioned July 13, 1662. He says he was one of the commissioners for reforming the buildings and streets of London, and that they ordered the paving of the road from St. James's North, " which was a quagmire," and likewise of the Haymarket about " *Pigudello*." In the 8th and 9th of William III., an act was made for paving and regulating the Haymarket in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, and St. James's within the Liberty of Westminster.

The following are inscriptions on tokens issued by tradesmen of Piccadilly :—“ Robert Beard, in (reverse) Pickadilla, 1662. God save the King.” This was two years after the restoration of King Charles the Second.

“ Richard Thorp Grocer, (reverse) in Pickadilly, 1666, his halfe penny.”

“ William Hill, 1670, (reverse) Piccadilly.”

In the reign of King Charles II. the street called Piccadilly only extended to the site of Swallow Street. The way from thence to the site of Devonshire House was called Portugal Street, probably in compliment to Queen Catherine of Portugal, consort of Charles II.; and from Devonshire House to Hyde Park Corner was called " the road to Exeter." The street denominated the Haymarket has, at all events, been a place for the sale of that commodity ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as it is under that appellation in Aggas's plan, and at that time evidently out of town, as there were hedge-rows on either

side, and few indications of houses nearer than the village of Charing, and the air was so clear that the washer-women conveyed their linen in tubs to spread it upon the grass in the fields, commencing on the site of the present Opera House.

The following inscription on a token in the British Museum may not only afford the name of an early tradesman of this place but one of the first venders of *Sea Coal*:—Nathaniel Robins, at the Sea Coale seller, 1666, (reverse) Hay Markett, in Pickadilla, his half penny."

Probably Henry Croke, the brother of Henry, Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College, was one of the first respectable inhabitants of the Haymarket, as the Professor died in his house in 1680, November 17.

The large house No. 17, on the south-west corner of James's Street, now inhabited by Hastings and White, chemists to Her Majesty, was evidently built in the reign of King Charles II.; and tradition says that that monarch and the Duke of York used to walk through it on the Tennis Court, behind which it still stands, bearing the date of 1673 on its front.

The next building of notoriety was the little theatre, originally called the French theatre. It was erected in 1720 by one Potter, with the design of letting it to a company of foreign performers. A new theatre on the same site was built by the celebrated Foote, which was opened in 1767. It is said that the most profitable performances ever carried on in this house were those of the famous Maddox, in 1770. A copy of a bill of fare is here introduced, announcing his first appearance in England:—

"At the Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market, on Monday next, the 10th instant, Mr. Maddox will, for the first time of his performing in England, exhibit several feats of activity, as under-mentioned.—1. He will swing and walk on the wire. 2. Balance a pipe on full swing to the extent of the wire. 3. A cross balance. 4. Takes a long pipe in his mouth, and places another on the small end whilst on full swing. 5. Balances an egg upon a straw on the wire. 6. A double cross balance. 7. Balances a straw on the edge of a glass, and kneels on the wire. 8. Places a long pipe on a harp, and puts a bunch of pipes into a bowl. 9. A triangular balance. 10. Balances a hat on the tip-end of a pipe several ways. 11. Stands with one foot on the wire, balances a straw upon the edge of a glass, and plays on the fiddle at the same time. 12. Plays several tricks with two forks and two apples. 13. Stands with one foot on the wire, balances a pipe on the top of a hoop, and beats a country-dance on a



drum at the same time. 14. Will set a table across the wire, and perform a table-dance with three pewter plates. 15. Stands on his head on the wire in full swing.

"Second part. Tosses and catches a straw on different parts of his face, and from his left to his right shoulder; from thence to his knees down to his feet; tosses it up again to his forehead, and from thence to his right heel; then holds a wine glass in his mouth, and tosses the straw with his heel into the glass; takes the straw with the ear downwards, and with a blast blows it topsy-turvy. Balances and blows the French horn, plays on the fiddle, and beats a drum, all at one time. He will balance two peacock's feathers, one on the edge of a glass, and the other on his nose; with many other performances too tedious to mention.

"Third part. He will perform several physical experiments, such as have never been seen in England. And the whole will conclude with a grand transparent scene, in which will be introduced a musical Dialogue between William and Mary, call'd LOVE and RESOLUTION; composed by Dr. Arne, and sung by Mr. Baker and Mrs. Beaumont.

"To which will be added a new ballad-dance, by Mr. Leppi. Between the different performances the audience will be entertained with singing and dancing. As Mr. Maddox has spared no expense to make the whole as entertaining as possible to the public, he hopes to meet with their approbation.

"As many have been deterred from going to see performances on the wire, merely from the apparent danger, Mr. Maddox does not purpose having his more than three feet from the stage.

"Boxes, 5s.; pit, 3s.; first gall., 2s.; upper gall., 1s.

"The doors to be opened at five o'clock, and to begin exactly at six. The house will be opened twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays."\*

The profits of this Strawman's agility in one season amounted to £11,000, being £2,500 more than Garrick's a few years previous, as may be seen from Davies's *Life of that great actor*.

A remarkable instance of credulity in connexion with this theatre remains to be stated. In the year 1749, an advertisement appeared in the newspaper, stating that on a certain evening a famous bottle-conjurer would perform. He undertook to elicit the music of any known instrument from the walking cane of any of the audience, after which he would walk into a quart bottle, placed

\* See "The Public Advertiser" for Saturday, December 8th, 1770.

upon a table in the middle of the stage, and sing in it. On the appointed night the house was crowded to suffocation, but, as the conjurer was tardy in making his appearance, the audience became impatient, and roared out for a return of their money. The stage-manager at last appeared; exhorted them to keep quiet, and promised that their money should be returned if no performance took place. Some person in the pit called out that, if the ladies and gentlemen who were impatient would pay double price, he would walk into a pint bottle! A burst of laughter followed the announcement; the spectators became sensible, for the first time, of their own folly, and a tremendous riot began. The discontented people of the pit and gallery tore up the benches, broke the lamps, and made a complete wreck of the inside of the theatre. They afterwards collected the spoils, and carried them into the open street, and made a bonfire of them.

It was not the present edifice that was honoured by the appearance of Foote and Garrick. That building was taken down in the year 1820, and the present elegant theatre erected from the designs of Mr. Nash. It was first opened on the 4th of July, 1821, when the performances were Sheridan's comedy of the "Rivals," and a new vaudeville, called "Peter and Paul," which was never suffered to become an old one.

Between this theatre and Cockspur Street, opposite to the present Opera House, Broughton, the Champion of England, as he called himself, in the reign of George II., kept a public-house, whose sign was that of his own portrait without his wig, as a bruiser. Underneath it was the following line from Virgil; (*Æ. V. 484.*)

"Hic victor Cæstus artemque repono."

In one of the numerous boxing-bills of the day, dated January 1st, 1742, Broughton commences the new year with proposals for erecting an amphitheatre for the manly exercise of boxing. This stage was erected within the premises of the "Adam and Eve" public-house, at the end of Tottenham Court Road. Hogarth has taken it into the left side of his picture of "The March to Finchley." Broughton also, on the 1st of February, 1747, proposed to open "A Boxing Academy" at his house in the Haymarket, for the instruction of gentlemen, "where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c., incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained."

Theophilus Cibber was a great amateur among the boxers, as



well as in the business of the play-house. He was frequently applied to for a vaunting bill, of which the following, for Broughton's theatre, is here introduced as a specimen:—

“ AT THE NEW THEATRE

“ IN THE HAY-MARKET, ON WEDNESDAY THE  
29TH OF THIS INSTANT APRIL.

“ The beauty of the Science of Defence will be shewn in a Trial of Skill between the following masters, viz.:—

“ Whereas, there was a battle fought on the 18th of March last, between MR. JOHNSON, from YORKSHIRE, and MR. SHERLOCK, from *Ireland*, in which engagement they came so near as to throw each other down. Since that rough battle, the said SHERLOCK has challenged JOHNSON to fight him, strapt down to the stage, for twenty pounds; to which the said JOHNSON has agreed; and they are to meet at the time and place above mentioned, and fight in the following manner, viz.: to have their left feet strapt down to the stage, within the reach of each other's right leg; and the most bleeding wounds to decide the wager. N. B. The undaunted young JAMES, who is thought the bravest of his age in the manly art of boxing, fights the stout-hearted GEORGE GRAY, for ten pounds, who values himself for fighting the famous GLOVER, at TOTTENHAM COURT. Attendance to be given at *ten*, and the masters mount at *twelve*. Cudgel-playing and boxing to divert the gentlemen till the battle begins.”

In one of these bills “ Frenchmen are requested to bring smelling-bottles.”

This Broughton lived to the age of eighty-five, and died in 1789. He was many years a Yeoman of the Guard.

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## CHAPTER II.

The Italian Opera House—Nature of this theatre and its destruction—The new theatre—Mansion of the Duke of St. Albans—Market in St. James's Fields—Mrs. Oldfield, the actress—The Mulberry Gardens; Dryden a frequenter of them—Ladies there in masks—Gaming-house—Celebrated residents of Arlington Street—St. James's Street—Attempted assassination of the Duke of Ormond—The celebrated Clubs of this street; Crockford's, the Conservative, White's, Boodle's (formerly the *Savoir Vivre*), Brookes's, —Gillray, the caricaturist—Shakspeare Ireland—"The Bunch of Grapes"—Political Betty—Addison—Wilkes—Samuel Rogers—Lord Guildford—Lord Spencer—Gibbon, the historian—The Thatched House Tavern; pictures there—Cleveland House—Sutherland House—St. James's Palace, anecdotes connected with.

RETRACING our steps on the other side of the street, that we may re-enter Piccadilly, and arrive at Pall Mall, by way of St. James's Street, the first object that solicits remarkable attention is the Italian Opera House, in the present reign the favourite resort of Majesty.

The first Opera House in the Haymarket was built by Sir John Vanbrugh. It was first opened in 1705, under the appellation of the Queen's Theatre, for the exclusive performance of Italian operas. In the year 1720, in consequence of the inadequate support received from the public, a fund of £50,000 was raised by subscription, of which King George I. contributed £1000, and the general management of the concern vested in a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty directors, under the name of the Royal Academy of Music. Owing to its inelegance and inconvenience, this building was continually under process of alteration and improvement. On the night of the 17th of June, 1789, a fire broke out in the theatre which, in the course of a few hours, laid it in ruins. Madame Ravelli, one of the performers, had a narrow escape from perishing in the flames. A small part of the wardrobe and a few other trifling articles were the only things saved. Pennant, in his "Itinerary," condemns the building, and says the fire was happily the means of removing it effectually. Preparations were immediately made for the erection of a new edifice, and the design of Mr. Novosichki having been adopted, the foundation-stone of the present building was laid on the 3rd of April, 1790, by the Earl of Buckinghamshire. It was never much admired when completed, and in general considered so gloomy and inelegant that Mr. Nash and Mr. G. Repton were employed, in 1820, to decorate and improve

it. Under their superintendence the colonnade on three sides of the building was erected, and the emblematical figures in basso-relievo, displaying the rise and progress of music, placed along the front. They are from the design of Mr. B. Bubb, the sculptor.

It is well known that the first hint of introducing Italian operas into England was given in the reign of Charles II., at the Duchess of Mazarin's, at Chelsea.

In Market Lane, which has given place to the Western Colonnade of the Opera House, lived Torre, the printseller; he was the principal and famous fire-worker at Mary-le-bone Gardens.

In St. Alban's Street, on the site of which the lower and western side of Waterloo Place now stands, stood the mansion of Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's. It was on the north-west corner of Charles Street, and is thus noticed in the "Historian's Guide," p. 57:—"On May 31, 1670, His Majesty and His Royal Highness were entertained at supper by the Prince of Tuscany at St. Alban's House, in St. James's Fields." This was the night before the Duke departed for Holland. The house afterwards was a tavern, and remained so until it was taken down for the improvements made in Regent Street in 1820 and 1821. The following inscription, though without date, was upon a token issued by one of its landlords:—"George Carter at ye St. Albans, (reverse) in St. Alban's Street, neere St. James Market."

Sept. 27, 1665, at the time of the plague, a market was proclaimed to be kept in St. James's Fields. The following inscription is upon a token of one of its early inhabitants:—"Richard Athy, 1668, (reverse) in St. James Markett-place, his halfe-peny."

Mrs. Anne Oldfield, the actress, so well known for her kindness to the poet Savage, who was born in Pall Mall in 1683, was, when in her sixteenth year, assistant to Mrs. Voss, keeper of the Mitre Tavern in this market. When she became celebrated in her profession, she resided in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, died in Grosvenor Street, Oct. 23, 1730, and, previously to her interment in Westminster Abbey, lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber.

It appears by an advertisement in "The Spectator," dated Sept. 14, 1711, that the keeper of the wine-vaults under this market, invited the public by stating that he constantly kept four fires, and accommodation of eatables. Jermyn and St. Alban's Streets were named after the proprietor of those and the neighbouring streets, Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, in compliment to

whom the armorial bearings of that family (sable a crescent between two mullets in pale argent) are displayed over the south entrance of St. James's Church.

It appears, by the Memoirs of Evelyn, that the mansion in which Mr. Secretary Bennet (afterwards Earl of Arlington) resided, was called Goring House and subsequently Arlington House. On this site was erected Buckingham Palace. Here formerly were the Mulberry Gardens, so famous as a place of public entertainment, until granted by patent, 24th Charles II. (1672), to the Earl of Arlington.

The king demised to Henry Earl of Arlington, at a rent of twenty shillings per annum, that whole piece or parcel of ground, called the Mulberry Gardens, situated in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, together with eight houses, with their appurtenances thereon, for ninety-nine years, from the Feast of St. John the Baptist, then last past, if there should be no former lease of the premises, to Walter Lord Aston, or any other person, undetermined; and if there should be any such lease undetermined, then, for ninety-nine years from the determination of such lease. This ground, probably about that time, ceased to be a place of public entertainment, and became part of the gardens of Arlington House.

Dryden used to frequent this garden; he ate tarts there with Mrs. Anne Reeve, his mistress, as we learn from a curious passage in his life by Malone, quoted from a contemporary writer, whose name is not given. From Sir Charles Sedley's (the Rake and Mohock) play of "The Mulberry Garden," published in 1668, it appears that the company assembled there in the evening, and that there were arbours in the gardens, in which they were regaled with cheesecakes, syllabubs, and wine sweetened with sugar. The ladies frequently went there in masks. In this comedy it is said, that he who wished to be considered a man of fashion, always drank wine and water at dinner, and a dish of tea afterwards. In act I., scene 2, of the same play, Ned Estridge observes to Harry Modish:—

"These country ladys, for the first month, take up their places in the mulberry-garden as early as a citizen's wife at a new play.

"*Harry Modish.*—And for the most part are as easily discovered. They have always somewhat on, that is just left off by the better sort.

"*Ned Estridge.*—They are the antipodes of the Court; for when a fashion sets there, it rises among them."

In "The Humorous Lovers," a comedy written by the Duke



of Newcastle, and published in 1677, the third scene of act I. is in the mulberry-garden. Baldman observes to Courtly, "'Tis a delicate plump wench; now a blessing on the hearts of them that were the contrivers of this garden; this wilderness is the prettiest convenient place to woo a Widow Courtly."

Evelyn, on March 29, 1665, went to Mr. Secretary Bennet's (Goring House): he observes it was ill-built, but that it might be much improved. On September 21, 1674, Evelyn laments Lord Arlington's loss by fire at Goring House, and states that it was "consumed to ye ground."

In 1708, Arlington Street was inhabited by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Guildford, Lord Kingston, Lord Brooke, and Lord Cholmondeley; in 1711 by the Earl of Stair; and in 1749 by the Earl of Middlesex, member for Old Sarum; Sir William Codrington, member for Beverley; John Pitt, Esq., member for Wareham; and Charles Horatio Walpole, member for Callington.

The Honourable Horace Walpole dated many of his letters from this street, in which he resided for several years before he went to Berkeley Square.

The illustrious Charles James Fox was also an inhabitant of this street, and the late Duke of York died in it in 1827, in the house of the Duke of Rutland.

The Marquis Camden's is one of the finest houses in the street. It stands in the recess on the right from Piccadilly. In this mansion there is a whole-length portrait of the late Lord Camden, seated; it was painted for Guildhall by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was obliged to paint another one in a standing position, as it was to be placed near the pictures of the late King and Queen, by Ramsay.

The houses on the south of the Marquis of Camden's are Lord Sefton's, the Marquis of Salisbury's, the Earl of Zetland's, and Lord Yarborough's. At the last-named mansion, in the gallery leading to the Hall, the late Lord placed the following busts of eminent men: they are all in marble from the hand of Nollekens, viz., Marquis of Rockingham, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, the late Duke of Devonshire, Lord C. Cavendish, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Milton, Francis Duke of Bedford, Sir G. Saville, Mr. C. Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Dudley Lord North, and Earl Fitzwilliam. In the hall there are busts of Pope and Sterne, also by Nollekens. Here his Lordship has placed the fine marble group of Neptune and Triton, by Bernini, purchased of the executors of Sir Joshua

Reynolds for the sum of £500. In this hall likewise stands Bacon's figure of Mars, larger than life, in marble.\*

St. James's Street was in 1670 called "The long street." It was in this street and not in Piccadilly, as has been often stated, that the infamous Colonel Blood, whose name is so well known for his daring attempt to rob the Tower of the regalia of England, set upon the Duke of Ormond, aided by four ruffians, and attempted to assassinate him on his way to Clarendon House. The object of the conspirators was not, however, the instantaneous murder of the Duke. They intended to carry him to Tyburn, and hang him on the stationary gibbet upon that spot, in revenge for a punishment inflicted upon some companions of theirs in Ireland during the Duke's administration of the affairs of that country. The Duke was dragged out of his carriage, and tied on a horse behind one of the villains, who was spurring his steed towards Tyburn. He managed, however, to disengage his hands and struggle with his assailant, until his domestics arrived to his rescue. The future favour shown by the Court to this sanguinary ruffian is a mystery which it is not easy to unravel. After his attempt upon the regalia, he received a pension of £500 per annum, was constantly seen in the purlieu of the Court and in the presence chamber, and was pardoned by the Duke of Ormond for his offence against him, at the earnest solicitation of the Court.

This street is known all over Europe for its clubs, the more noticeable of which we shall describe as we descend the hill towards St. James's Palace.

As we turn into St. James's Street from Piccadilly, we see to the right a very massive and imposing structure, which, however, presents at this moment an appearance of ominous blackness, suggestive of the name by which, in common with some of its fellows in the neighbourhood, it was popularly called. This edifice, which seems to have been "built in the eclipse," was, until lately, Crockford's, or the St. James's Club House.

"On entering from the street, a magnificent vestibule and staircase break upon the view; to the right and left of the hall are reading and dining rooms. The staircase is of a sinuous form, sustained in its landing by four columns of the Doric order,

\* These, however, form but a very small proportion of his Lordship's invaluable stores. The celebrated Niobe (attributed to Scopas) is in the Gallery at Brocklesby; and when we recollect that all the treasures of the "Museum Worsleianum" will all also be concentrated in the heir of this family, it is scarcely going too far to pronounce the collection unrivalled by that of any other individual in the country.



above which are a series of examples of the Ionic order, forming a quadrangle, with apertures to the chief apartments. Above the pillars is a covered ceiling perforated with luminous panels of stained glass, from which springs a dome of surpassing beauty; from the dome depends a lantern containing a magnificent chandelier.

“The state drawing-room next attracts attention,—a most noble apartment, baffling perfect description of its beauty, but decorated in the most florid style of the school of Louis Quatorze. The room presents a series of panels, containing subjects, in the style of Watteau, from the pencil of Mr. Martin, a relative of the celebrated historical painter of that name: these panels are alternated with splendid mirrors. A chandelier of exquisite workmanship hangs from the centre of the ceiling, and three large tables, beautifully carved and gilded, and covered with rich blue and crimson velvet, are placed in different parts of the room. The upholstery and decorative adjuncts are imitative of the gorgeous taste of George the Fourth. Royalty can scarcely be conceived to vie with the style and consummate splendour of this magnificent chamber.

“The lofty and capacious dining-room, supported by marble pillars, and furnished in the most substantial and aristocratic style of comfort, is equal to any arrangement of the kind in the most lordly mansions.

“The drawing-room is allowed to be one of the most elegant apartments in the kingdom.

“The sanctum-sanctorum, or play-room, is comparatively small, but handsomely furnished. In the centre of the apartment stands the all-attractive hazard-table, innocent and unpretending enough in its form and appearance, but fatally mischievous and destructive in its conjunctive influence with box and dice. On this table it may with truth be asserted that the greater portion, if not the whole, of Crockford’s immense wealth was achieved; and for this piece of plain, unassuming mahogany he had doubtless a more profound veneration than for the most costly piece of furniture that ever graced a palace. This bench of business is large, and of oval shape, well stuffed, and covered with fine green cloth, marked with yellow lines, denoting the different departments of speculation. Round these compartments are double lines, similarly marked, for the odds or proportions between what is technically known as the *main* and *chance*. In the centre on each side are indented positions for the croupiers, or persons engaged at the table in calling the main and chance, regulating the stakes,

and paying and receiving money as the events decisive of gain and loss occur.

“Over the table is suspended a three-light lamp, conveniently shaded, so as to throw its full luminous power on the cloth, and at the same time to protect the eyes of the croupiers from the light’s too strong effect. At another part of the room is fixed a writing-table or desk, where the Pluto of the place was wont to preside, to mete out loans on draft or other security, and to answer all demands by successful players. Chairs of easy make, dice-boxes, bowls for holding counters representing sums from £1 to £200, with small hand-rakes used by players to draw their counters from any inconvenient distance on the table, may be said to complete the furniture, machinery, and implements of this *great workshop*.”\*

This vast gaming-house was built in 1827, from designs by the Messrs. Wyatt.

Arthur’s, Graham’s, the Cocoa Tree, the Albion and the Colonial Clubs, do not call for any special notice.

The Conservative Club, recently completed, is a very handsome building, and, considered as a whole, deserves almost as much praise as has been bestowed upon it. Taken altogether, the façade is rich and imposing. Moreover, it has something unusual in its design. But this edifice has not escaped criticism. It has been objected that the striking novelties we see in it, so far from being among its merits, are, on the contrary, disagreeable whims and oddities. The entrance-porch and bay-windows, retreating within the building, are said to impart a weakness where solidity ought to have been most strongly expressed.

White’s is the next which claims attention. It was built from a design of James Wyatt. This is on the left hand from Piccadilly; the original White’s was more in the middle on the right hand. White’s Chocolate House is referred to in the folio edition of *the Spectator*, published in 1711. The following is an extract from Cole’s MSS., vol. xxxi., page 171, in the British Museum:—

“The following humorous address was supposed to be wrote by Colonel Lytelton, brother to Sir George Lytelton, in 1752, on his Majesty’s return from Hanover, when numberless addresses were presented. White’s Chocolate House, near St. James’s Palace, was the famous gaming-house, where most of the nobility had

\* From a popular periodical, written by one who evidently had had losses.

meetings and a Society. It was given to me December 8th, 1752, by Sir Robert Smyth, Baronet, at Horseth Hall.

“ THE GAMESTER’S ADDRESS TO THE KING.

“ Most righteous Sovereign :

“ May it please your Majesty,

“ We, the Lords, Knights, &c., of the Society of Whites, beg leave to throw ourselves at your Majesty’s feet (our honours and consciences lying under the *table*, &c., our fortunes being at stake), and congratulate your Majesty’s happy return to these Kingdoms, which assembles us together, to the great advantage of some, the ruin of others, and the unspeakable satisfaction of all—both us, our wives, and our children.

“ We beg leave to acknowledge your Majesty’s great goodness and lenity in allowing us to break those laws which we ourselves have made, and you have sanctified and confirmed ; while your Majesty alone religiously observes and regards them.

“ And we beg leave to assure your Majesty of our most unfeigned loyalty and attachment to your sacred person ; and that next to the Kings of Diamonds, Clubs, Spades, and Hearts, we love, honour, and adore you.”

“ To which his Majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer :—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ I return you my thanks for your loyal address : but whilst I have such rivals in your affection as you tell me, I can neither think it worth preserving or regarding. I look upon you yourselves as a *pack* of cards, and shall *deal* with you accordingly.”

The members of White’s consist of 1000, who pay each ten guineas a-year, and one guinea to the head waiter, who finds all the other attendants. The club pay for their own cards and dice. In the dining-room is a whole-length portrait of King George I. as large as life, presented by the late Earl of Besborough. On either side the chimney-piece is a picture by Canaletti, spiritedly painted. One is a view of London, taking in London Bridge when the houses were upon it, from old Somerset House Gardens ; the other is of Westminster, with the bridge just built, taken from the water, off Cuper’s Gardens, a place of public entertainment in the last century, in some respects similar to those of Vauxhall now.

John White died September 28, 1768.

In 1711, on one of the corners of Jermyn Street, stood “ The

Anchor Tavern," and in 1728 Ozanda kept a chocolate-house, which went by his name.

The subscription-house below Jermyn Street, on the left hand, now Boodle's, formerly called the "Savoir Vivre," consists of about 500 members. The one opposite to it, Brookes's, built after a design by Holland, consists of 550. Here are the portraits of the late Duke of Devonshire and of the Right Hon. C. J. Fox. There was a beginning of a portrait of Dudley North, but as it was in an unfinished state it was raffled for, and now is in private hands. In the adjoining street, Park Place, lived Sir Wm. Musgrave, Bart., from whose interesting collection of British portraits Bromley derived most of his materials for his catalogue: the house is now No. 9.

In the house No. 29, on the south, lived and died the famous Gillray; the shop for years was well known as Miss Humphrey's, the caricature printseller, sister of the conchologist, and the vender of his works. Gillray was first the pupil of the friendly Mr. Ashby, the celebrated writing engraver, of whom there is a portrait engraved. He afterwards studied under Bartolozzi, and engraved several portraits and other subjects in a steady mechanical way, but soon followed the genuine bent of his genius, though, it must be acknowledged, it was too often at the expense of honour and even common honesty. He would by his publications either divulge family secrets which ought to have been ever at rest, or expect favours for the plates which he destroyed. This talent, by which he made many worthy persons so uneasy, was inimitable; and his works, though time may destroy every point of their sting, will remain specimens of a rare power, both for character and composition.

Among numerous instances, he suffered himself to be the hireling against Samuel Ireland, the publisher of the pretended Shakspeare papers. Ireland had given away an etching, a portrait of himself. This print Gillray copied, and offered a few impressions publicly for sale in Miss Humphrey's shop-window, December 1, 1797.

Gillray was buried in the churchyard of St. James's, Piccadilly, as already stated.

The newspapers of 1711 state that, "At the 'Bunch of Grapes,' next door to the bagnio, in St. James's Street, was sold extraordinary good cask Florence wine, at 6s. per gallon." This must have been the next house to Pero's, now Fenton's on the right-hand side—a bagnio of old standing, as appears by the title of a catalogue of the valuable collection of pictures, the



property of the late Mr. Bartrum Aumailkey, *alias* Pero, who kept the bagnio previous to 1714. The Auction took place at the "Two Blue Flower-pots," in Dean-street, Soho, Jan. 5th, 1714. The first lot was Aumailkey's own portrait—a three-quarter's, and sold for 2s. 6d. The second portrait was of himself also—it was painted by Lutterel in crayons on copper, and was knocked down for 5s. And what is still more woeful, a portrait of Louis the Fourteenth, as large as life, by Sir Godfrey Kneller (who, according to Spence, was to make choice of any seat in heaven), brought the sum of 2s.!

The next house of notoriety is now No. 62, occupied by Lanriere, the jeweller. It was formerly held by an old lady, well known under the appellation of "Political Betty." Gentlemen took jellies there.

Every nook of St. James's-place can boast of its great inhabitants in the days of yore. Addison lodged in it before he married Lady Warwick. Mrs. Robinson, the actress, lived in the house now No. 13. And in a MS. letter, addressed by John Wilkes to his friend Mr. Dell, of Aylesbury, Sept. 11, 1756, he says, "Direct to me at Mrs. Murray's, in St. James's-place, where I am in very elegant lodgings."

Nor is this spot now less classic. The house No. 22 was built on the site of one inhabited by the late Duke of St. Alban's, for Samuel Rogers, Esq., author of "The Pleasures of Memory," &c. James Wyatt, R.A., was the architect, but much of its elegance depended on its worthy owner. Here are treasured some of the finest works of modern and ancient art. Flaxman designed the cornices and chimney-pieces; Stothard shines in vivid splendour in the decorations of a cabinet, designed by Mr. Rogers as a receptacle for his choice specimens of Italian art, among which are his matchless impressions of the Cartoons at Hampton Court: each print is produced by blocks of seventeen colours, and also with one block charged with silver, and another with gold. Among his pictures are nine by Sir Joshua Reynolds—three of the more noticeable of which are, Little Puck, Cupid and Psyche, the Sleeping Girl.

The house No. 25 was formerly inhabited by Lord Guildford, and by Sir Francis Burdett. The library is singularly elegant, being an octagon, surrounded on five sides by a gallery; the fittings up are of a beautiful wood called snake-wood, procured by Lord Guildford from Ceylon whilst he was Governor of that colony. In the dining-room is an ancient puteal, with most beautiful bas-

reliefs, and an alto-relievo of a Greek philosopher. The staircase is partly in imitation of the Temple of Pandrosos.

Earl Spencer's is the next to be noticed. It was designed by Vardy, in 1763; the figures on the top were executed by Michael Henry Spong, the Dane, before mentioned. The attractions of this house, as well as all the others possessed by the noble Earl, can never be equal to those of his lordship's library, for an account of which the reader is referred to the work of the Rev. Dr. Frognall Dibdin.

The reader will now return to St. James's Street, and notice the house No. 76, at the south corner of Little St. James's Street, which is remarkable as the spot where Gibbon the historian breathed his last.

The next object of notoriety is "The Thatched House Tavern," so called in 1711. From the appearance of the back of this house, so long known under the above appellation, it may reasonably be looked upon as one of the earliest structures built so near the Palace. It will long be remembered as the place of meeting of some of the first clubs for rank and talent in England.

A portrait of Lord Sandwich is at the south end of the room; he was founder and president of the Catch Club.

This room, which is spacious and the best in the house, has two chimneys on the west side, over the one at the north end of the room there are portraits of the following gentlemen all in one picture, a whole length canvas.

The late Lord Mulgrave; the late Lord Dundas;

Lord Seaforth; Hon. C. Greville; Charles Crowle, Esq.;

Sir Joseph Banks and the Duke of Leeds.

Sir Joseph Banks and the Duke of Leeds over the chimney at the south end of the room; in another, of the same dimensions, are portraits of the following gentlemen:—Sir William Hamilton, Sir Watkin William Wynn (grandfather of the present Baronet), Richard Thompson, Esq., Sir John Taylor, Payne Galway, Esq., John Smith, Esq., and Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq. Both these pictures are invaluable specimens of Sir Joshua, as they are now as fresh as when first painted.

Over the chimney of a back room, on the first floor, hangs another portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with spectacles on, similar to the one in the royal collection, engraved by Caroline Watson. This picture was presented by Sir Joshua, as the founder of THE CLUB, which commenced in 1764, at the "Turk's Head Tavern," in Gerrard Street, Soho, though the annals are



not earlier than April 7, 1775. The Club, which originally consisted of thirty members, on the 7th of May, 1780, was augmented to thirty-five, and not to exceed forty.

On the death of the landlord of the "Turk's Head," the Club moved, in 1783, to the sign of the "Prince," in Sackville Street, from thence to Baxter's, in Dover Street, and then, on January 17, 1792, to Parsloe's, in St. James's Street, and from thence, on February 26, 1799, to the "Thatched House," where it now remains.

After the death of Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart., the late Earl Spencer presided as the father of the Club.

The reader is now conducted to Cleveland Row. Berkshire House, afterwards Cleveland House, was inhabited by the Duchess of Cleveland, one of the many favourites of King Charles II. It originally belonged to the Howards, Earls of Berkshire, of whom it was purchased by Charles II. for the purpose of being presented to the beautiful Barbara. The Duchess, finding it more spacious than was necessary for her state, sold part of it, which was afterwards converted into two or three separate dwellings. It was long the residence of the late Duke of Sutherland, when Marquis of Stafford, who made various alterations and improvements in it. On this site a mansion is in course of erection for the Earl of Durham.

The large building which stands nearly opposite, over-topping considerably the mean-looking walls of the old palace of St. James, was built originally for the late Duke of York. After his death it was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, whose son, the present Duke of Sutherland, resides in it. The Duke, since his accession to the title, has added an additional story to the edifice. It is now known under the three several names of York House, Stafford House, and Sutherland House. The noble owner, however, dates from Sutherland House, and this should be considered the true name of it.

St. James's Palace next claims attention. The meanness of its exterior appearance has long been a jest. When the Czar, Peter the Great, was in England, he advised William III. to change dwellings with his old sailors, and give them St. James's for Greenwich. The late king, William IV., on visiting Greenwich, had a similar notion; for talking to an old sailor, whom he recognized as having served with him in his youth, he jocularly told him that he ought to think himself well off, for he had a much better house to live in than the King had.

On the site of this building stood originally an hospital, dedicated to St. James, for fourteen leprous women, founded before the Norman invasion. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry III. At the dissolution of the religious houses, Henry VIII., admiring the situation, pulled down the hospital, "and made," says Holinshed, "a fair mansion and a park." It is the same building which remains to this day. It was erected when Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was Grand Master of the Masons; in consequence, the design of the palace is, by many persons, attributed to him. It remained during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., a mere appendage to the palace of Whitehall. James I. presented it to his luckless and eldest son, Prince Henry, who resided in it till his death, in 1612, in a manner which has never been satisfactorily explained, but which there is every reason to suppose was by slow poison. It is hard to imagine what dangerous secrets there were between the king, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Sir Thomas Overbury, unless they had relation to this prince's death, or another crime—the dark shadow of which hangs upon the memory of those personages.

In the reign of Charles I. Mary de Medici, his mother-in-law, and queen-mother of France, resided for a period of three years in St. James's Palace. She was invited over in 1638, by her daughter the queen, that she might be safe from the machinations of Richelieu. She was no favourite with the people of London, and on the day of her arrival, as she was proceeding to the palace, a tumult took place, in which three persons were killed. The Earl of Holland, who was then Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex, gave orders that a guard of a hundred musqueteers of the militia should turn out for her protection, but the men replied that they might have better things to do than to wait upon a foreigner. They went, however, and brought the queen in safety to St. James's. Waller wrote a complimentary poem to her upon landing. She enjoyed a considerable pension while in England: it is said in the Notes to Waller's Poems, Edinburgh edition of 1777, to have amounted to £3000 a-month. Parliament, in 1641, petitioned for her removal out of the kingdom, and the Earl of Arundel was ordered to attend her to Cologne. The sum of £10,000 was voted as a provision for her journey.

Charles I., as we learn from Whitelock, was brought to this palace from Windsor by the army, preparatory to his trial, and here he passed the last three days of his melancholy life. After the restoration, Charles II. took a great fancy to this palace. He

refurnished and redecorated it, and made various improvements and alterations in the park, which will be hereafter noticed.

“James II., when the Prince of Orange had approached in force near the capital, sent a most necessitated invitation to that prince to take his lodgings in St. James’s. The prince accepted it, but at the same time intimated that he could brook no neighbour at Whitehall. The poor Queen, Mary D’Este, took her departure in an open wherry with her infant child, and was rowed across the Thames at midnight to Lambeth, amid the drenching of a most pitiless storm. On her landing, she remained crouched for an hour under the wall of St. Mary’s Church, awaiting the coach that was to convey her to Gravesend.”\*

The infant, afterwards so well known as the Pretender, was born in the Palace of St. James, in the room, called in Pennant’s time, the Old Bed-chamber, and used as an anti-chamber to the levee-room. A foolish story was long current about this child—that he was not the son of the Queen, but that, her infant having been still-born, the child of some underling of the palace, or of some poor person in the neighbourhood, was brought into the royal bed in a warming-pan. This absurdity has long lost its last believer.

In the reign of William III., St. James’s was fitted up as a residence for the Princess Anne and her husband Prince George of Denmark. On her accession, it became the constant residence of the Court, Whitehall Palace having been burned down in 1695. Every successive sovereign has continued to inhabit it, with the sole exception of her present Majesty, who prefers the Palace at Pimlico. Here, however, are invariably held all the levees and drawing rooms.

An interesting anecdote of the first arrival of George II., in the Palace of St. James, is related by Horace Walpole.† Sir Robert often complained to him in Latin—for the minister spoke no German, and the King no English—that the Hanoverians in his train were so venal and rapacious; to which His Majesty at once replied by giving an instance of the venality and rapacity of English servants, always on the look-out for vails. “This is a strange country,” said the King: “the first morning after my arrival at St. James’s, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, &c., which they told me were mine.

\* Pennant.

† See “Collective Edition” of the letters of this inimitable epistolary writer.

The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park."

The principal entrance to the Palace is through a lofty gate-house, on the Pall Mall side, which opens on a small quadrangular court, with a piazza on the right. Visitors are admitted here in the absence of the Sovereign, on the payment of a gratuity to the attendant. The first room they reach is the guard-room, which is a gallery formed into an armoury. In this room the Yeomen of the Guard attend on state occasions. Passing through various rooms which require no particular notice, the visitor reaches the State Apartments, which look towards the Park.

A fire broke out in the palace on the 21st of June, 1809, which did damage to the amount of nearly one hundred thousand pounds, and destroyed the whole of the east wing of the inner court yard.

The state apartments were fitted up in the most elegant manner by order of George IV. in 1824. They consist of a suite of three rooms, the innermost being the presence-chamber, and the other two drawing-rooms. In the first drawing-room are pictures of Tournay and Lisle, towns memorable in the annals of former wars, and a portrait of George II. in his robes. In the second are two sea-pieces, representing the victories of Howe and Nelson, and also a portrait of George III.

The presence-chamber is by far the most magnificent of the suite, and contains the throne, surmounted by a rich canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with broad gold lace, and embroidered with a star and crown in gold. This room also contains two large pictures, representing the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo.

Behind the presence-chamber is the Queen's closet, where her Majesty gives audience to her ministers.

When the Courts were held at St. James's Palace in the reign of George III., it was customary for the Marshalsmen to attend the nobility for a christmas-box, and to send in a ticket with their names. The following is a copy of one, used early in the late King's reign, preserved in a curious and interesting collection of similar things presented to the British Museum by Lady Banks.



## “HIS MAJESTY’S

## SIX MARSHALL’S MEN,

who attend the gates at St. James’s Palace to regulate and call up the coaches and servants, and conduct the chairs, &c.

VIZ.

Rob. Lee.

Thos. King.

Hen. Mackinder,

Will. Shipman.

Rich. Franklin.

Rob. Smith.”

The first tickets were without the royal arms before the marriage, and the latter number of marshalmen amounted to eight. This custom was discontinued in 1815, in consequence of the great disgust expressed at it by foreigners, at the time of the reception of the royal and imperial visitors in 1814.

## CHAPTER III.

St. James’s Square—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson and Richard Savage—Stone conduit in the centre—Nerot’s Hotel—Almack’s—The origin of the names of neighbouring streets—Fireworks and bonfires used for rejoicing before illuminating lamps—Rejoicings at the Earl of Romney’s—Public entry of Count Tallard—William III.’s triumphal entry into the City—Fountains in St. James’s Square—Cannons used as posts—Noble residents in St. James’s Square—King George III. born there—The Prince Regent—Sir Philip Francis—Queen Caroline—Lord Castlereagh’s mansion; his death—Pall Mall, *temp.* Charles II.—Runaway slave—Dr. Sydenham—Marlborough House—The Oxford and Cambridge Club, the Carlton, the Reform, Athenæum, and Travellers’ Clubs—Defoe’s account of Pall Mall—Schomberg House—The Bowyer Gallery—Carlton House—Sir Walter Scott’s visit to the Regent there—The British Institute—The Angerstein Gallery—Gainsborough—Attack on George III. there in 1795—Tradesmen’s tokens—Tradesmen’s hand-bills—Pall Mall early in the eighteenth century—Gay’s account of it—Sedan-chairs—Duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth.

BEFORE proceeding down Pall Mall, we must turn into St. James’s Square, that square around which Richard Savage and Samuel Johnson, ere their names became eminent in English literature, once paced the live-long night, when they had no money to procure a night’s lodging. Johnson himself mentioned the circumstance to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and added, that he and his companion were not at all depressed by their situation, but

in high spirits, and brimful of patriotism; and as they traversed the solitary square, inveighed against the minister, Sir Robert Walpole, and resolved they would stand by their country.

Conduct, after all, is fate. Johnson emerged from this obscurity, not by his superior talent, for Savage had that within him which was never properly brought out, but by his prudence and his perseverance, and his art in gaining friends, and keeping them. Savage, with even more genius, sank only the deeper into the slough of despond and ruin. He, too, could make friends, but he could not keep them, and was alike a prodigal of his time, his money, and his health. Many were the nights and the days, too, that he passed in the streets. When he was employed upon his tragedy of "Sir Thomas Overbury," "he was," says Johnson, "often without lodgings and often without meat, nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed him. There he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident." The sad unhappy records of literature have no distress deeper than this.

It appears by Godfrey's print, after a drawing made by Hollar, probably in the reign of Charles I., that a stone conduit stood on or near the spot now occupied by the equestrian bronze statue of King William III., executed by Bacon, in the centre of the square, and that the whole of Pall Mall was then clear of houses from the village of Charing to St. James's Palace.

Some persons of rank must have resided in that spacious mansion on the south side of King Street, for many years known as Nerot's Hotel, now No. 19. The premises are old, certainly of the time of King Charles II., as it is evident, by a large heavy carved staircase, the fashion of that time, the panels of which are adorned with nine historical pictures of Apollo and Daphne, &c., very ill done, and now much defaced. The house cannot easily be overlooked, as it has twenty-four windows in front.

Almack's, so well known for the brilliant balls which gather together all the combined nobility and beauty of Great Britain, was designed by Robert Milne, the architect of Blackfriars Bridge.

St. James's Square is built on the site of St. James's Fields, and the surrounding streets were named after King Charles II. and his royal brother the Duke of York; afterwards James II.—viz. King Street, Charles Street, Duke Street, and York Street.



This last was the first street in London that was paved for foot passengers.

It appears by the newspapers, published during the reign of King William III., that fireworks then were the amusement for the people, and that illumination lamps were not at that time in use.

The following extracts are from "The Flying Post," "The Post Boy," and "The Post Man," the most fashionable papers of the day :—

#### ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

"Yesterday being the day of thanksgiving appointed by the States-General for the peace, His Excellency the Dutch Ambassador made a very noble bonfire before his house in St. James's Square, consisting of about 140 pitch barrels placed perpendicularly on seven scaffolds, during which the trumpets sounded, and two hogsheads of wine were kept continually running amongst the common people."\*

"November 14, 1695. Last night His Majesty came to supper at the Earl of Romney's, in St. James's Square. Between seven and eight o'clock the fire-works were fired, which were as magnificent as any that ever were seen in England. There were several pyramids and figures with the king's crown in the middle, &c., the particulars whereof, for want of room, I cannot here relate.

"The King's Guards encompassed the square, and there was such a concourse of people, that never the like was seen, and they had untiled several houses to make room for the spectators."†

"Thursday, December 2, 1697. Thursday being appointed for the day of thanksgiving, the same was ushered in with ringing of bells. The king went to the Chapel Royal, where, &c.; and at night we had bonfires and illuminations. The fine fireworks in St. James's Square were lighted after this manner. About twelve o'clock the Foot Guards lined the avenues, the rockets and all things being fixed on the rails the day before. A little after six the king, attended by his guards, came to the Earl of Romney's house, from whence, soon after, a signal was given, by firing a rocket for the fire-works to go off, which were immediately lighted; the performance was extraordinary fine,

\* See No. 388 of "The Post Man."

† See No. 81 of "The Post Man."

and much applauded ; the same continued somewhat better than half an hour, and there were divers sorts of fire-works ; some had the king's name, others the arms of England ; in a word, they were very curious. There was a man and a woman unfortunately killed, and divers others hurt by the falling down of sticks. After half an hour after, His Majesty went to St. James's, there being a very fine ball."\*

"The same evening (Thursday, December 2), His Majesty went to the Earl of Romney's house in St. James's Square, and saw the fire-works, which were let off between six and seven. The streets were all illuminated, and particularly at a peruke-maker's in Russell Court : there was a prodigious candle, of sixteen pounds weight, set up in the window, with two others, of twelve pounds weight, on each side it, and on a table before the door were twelve candles of one pound each, at which sat several gentlemen drinking His Majesty's health, with all the demonstration of zeal and affection imaginable."†

"Yesterday (Monday, May 16), in the afternoon, Count Tallard, the French Ambassador, made his public entry. The Earl Marshal's men came first, then followed the Earl of Macclesfield's footmen, after them twenty of the Ambassador's footmen, in red liveries with gold lace ; then came two of the Ambassador's gentlemen and six pages on horseback ; next came two heralds before His Majesty's coach, in which was His Excellency the Ambassador, the Earl of Macclesfield, and some others of quality ; after them came three of His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark's coaches, and next three of the Ambassador's coaches, the first of them very rich, and drawn by eight horses ; then followed His Grace the Duke of Norfolk's coach, with about forty-seven more, drawn by six horses each. There was a splendid entertainment prepared for His Excellency at Ossulton House, in St. James's Square."‡

"About 10 o'clock at night (His Majesty), being accompanied by the Right Honourable the Earls of Portland and Selkirk, Lord Lexington, Lord Overkirk, &c., from Holland, besides such of the nobility, officers, &c., who met him on the road, he came through the City with a strong party of the Guards, two officers riding on each side close to the coach ; there being illuminations all over the City, with great crowds of people, loud acclamations, and there were two pyramids of candles, and an arch before the Bank

\* See No. 403 of "The Post Boy.

† See "The Post Man" for December 4, 1697.

‡ See "The Flying Post" for May 17, 1698.

of England, and the King's cipher and crown at his Grace the Duke of Bedford's. His Majesty went by the Horse Guards, through the Parks, and about 11 arrived at Kensington, where that night the Court was crowded with persons of quality, but much more yesterday."\*

It appears by Sutton Nicholl's print of St. James's Square, published in 1720, that there was then a fountain in the centre, which played to about the height of fifteen feet; that there was a pleasure-boat on the water, and that numerous posts were placed at a small distance from the houses all round the square.

It is said that Admiral Boscawen, who lived in the house now occupied by Lord Falmouth, was the first person who had cannons fixed into the earth as posts.

In 1684, the Duchess of Ormond died at her house in St. James's Square. From the "Post Boy," No. 411, published in 1698, it appears that this house was taken for the Count de Tallard, the French Ambassador. The rent paid by the Count was no less than £600 per annum—an enormous sum, even for a house in St. James's Square, at that period.

In 1708, the following noblemen resided in the square, viz., the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Pembroke, Lord Radnor, Lord Torrington, Lord Kent, and Lord Ossulston. Some of these houses in this year let for £500 per annum. In 1724, the Earl of Sunderland, the Duke of Kent, and Lord Bathurst resided in the Square.

On the 25th May, 1738 (4th of June, New Style), Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was delivered of the late King George III. at Norfolk House, St. James's Square. The room is remaining in which the princess was confined. The state-bed in which the birth took place is yet preserved by the Duke of Norfolk at Worksop. The young prince was privately baptized on the same day. On the 14th of March in the following year, the Princess of Wales, who still resided in Norfolk House, was delivered of another prince, who, on the 11th of April, was baptized by the names of Edward Augustus. He afterwards became Duke of York.

Next to Norfolk House is the official town residence of the Bishops of London, which was rebuilt about 1819 or 1820.

In the house at the north-west corner of this square, formerly belonging to Lord Ellenborough, the chief justice, the celebrated Roxburgh library was sold in the year 1812.

\* See "The Flying Post" for Monday, December 5th, 1698.

The house next to this on the western side from the Dowager Countess of Beauchamp's, was the residence of the late Lord Amherst whilst commander-in-chief.

The house two doors beyond it, in the direction of King Street, deserves to be particularly recorded. It was from the balcony in the front of this mansion that, on the night of Tuesday, the 20th June, 1815, George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, announced to the populace the news of the battle of Waterloo, and displayed the eagles and trophies which had just arrived. It was then in the occupation of Mrs. Boehm, and the Prince was honouring one of her parties with his presence at the moment the despatches were received.

The next house was once the property of Lady Francis, the widow of Sir Philip Francis, to whom the letters of Junius have been attributed. Lady Francis lent this house to the unfortunate Queen Caroline, in the month of August, 1820; and it was from thence that Her Majesty proceeded every day in state to the House of Peers during the progress of the attempted Bill of "Pains and Penalties."

We now return again into Pall-Mall, and recommence our walk from St. James's Palace towards Charing Cross. This noble street, which bids fair in a short time to contain nothing but club-houses, or club-palaces as they might be called, was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a country road, bounded by a wall on the south towards the Park, and on the north by a row of trees, all beyond it for miles being inclosed fields, intersected only by the two great roads, now Piccadilly and Oxford Street, but then called the roads to Reading and to Oxford. It remained nearly in the same state until the time of Charles II., as appears by Faithorne's plan, in which there is a double row of trees to the north, amounting to forty-two in number. There must, however, have been some houses in it in the reign of James II., for the "London Gazette" of the 33rd March, 1685, contains the following advertisement relative to a runaway slave:—

"A tannymore (tawnymoor), with short bushy hair, very well shaped, in a grey livery, lined with yellow, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, *with a silver collar about his neck, with these directions, 'Captain George Hastings' boy, Brigadier in the King's Horse Guards.'* Whoever brings him to the Sugar-loaf, in the Pall-Mall, shall have 40s. reward."

In the following year the learned Dr. Sydenham resided at his house in Pall-Mall, near the "Pestle and Mortar."

Marlborough House was built in the year 1709, from a design



by Sir Christopher Wren, as a national compliment to the great Duke of Marlborough. It cost £40,000. The third Duke of Marlborough added an upper storey, and improved the ground floor, which originally wanted the state-room. After the death of the Princess Charlotte, in 1817, this house became the residence of Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians. It was, on the decease of His late Majesty William IV., granted for the use of the Queen Dowager, Adelaide.

The Rambler through the streets will remark the various magnificent edifices which have arisen within late years on the south side of Pall Mall. The first from the Palace is the Oxford and Cambridge Club, built in 1838, from the designs of Sir Robert and Mr. Sidney Smirke. The number of members was originally limited to seven hundred and fifty, but has lately been enlarged to one thousand. The admission money is twenty guineas, and the annual subscription six.

A new and splendid Club-house is now just completed, for the Army and Navy, opposite the Ordnance Office.

The next are the two great political clubs, the Carlton and the Reform. The first was built from the design of Sir Robert Smirke. The number of members is about one thousand; the entrance money ten guineas, and the annual subscription the same.

The Reform Club is perhaps the finest as regards architecture, and the most splendid as regards size, of the two. The architect was Mr. Barry. The number of members is limited to one thousand, exclusive of the members of either House of Parliament and foreigners of distinction. The entrance money is twenty guineas, and the annual subscription five.

The Travellers' Club is a smaller building, between the Reform Club and the Athenæum. It was built in 1832, by Mr. Barry. The entrance money is thirty guineas, and the annual subscription ten.

The Athenæum is a very chaste and elegant edifice, erected in 1829 from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton. It was instituted for the association of individuals known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the fine arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of literature, science, and art. The number of members is very considerable; the entrance money twenty guineas, and the annual subscription six.

Directly opposite stands another elegant edifice, the United Service Club, built from the designs of Mr. Nash.



Defoe, writing in the year 1703, gives the following account of Pall Mall, and of the various coffee-houses in St. James's Street, forerunners of the clubs of the present day. "I am lodged," says he, "in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's palace, the park, the parliament-house, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living 'tis thus:—we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve, the *beau monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate-houses; the best of which are the Cocoa Tree and White's chocolate-houses; St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap, a guinea a-week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondola's do at Venice."

In the reign of William III., the Duke of Schomberg built a house in Pall Mall. Schomberg House was that large front with uniform projections, part of which is now inhabited by Messrs. Payne and Foss, the booksellers. The Duke, an old man of eighty-two, was killed at the battle of the Boyne, by an accidental shot, it was thought, from one of his own men. The house was next inhabited by his son. It was afterwards divided into three private residences by Astley the painter, who rented the whole of it. He reserved the centre for his own use, and let the two sides. Many years afterwards it was inhabited by another painter, Robert Bowyer, who collected a large gallery of engravings and paintings by the best masters, to illustrate the history of England, which he called the Historic Gallery. The exhibition proved anything but successful, and Mr. Bowyer applied to Parliament for assistance. An Act was then passed empowering him to dispose of the collection by public lottery, which ultimately took place in the year 1807.

Carlton House, the name of which is preserved in the fine range of buildings overlooking the park, was pulled down in 1827. It belonged originally to the Earl of Burlington, and was in 1732 inhabited by the Countess Dowager Burlington. At that time there were houses standing before it, where the screen designed by Holland was afterwards erected.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, permitted Mr. Sheridan to reside in the brick house on the west. This palace, as is well

known, was the grand resort of the illustrious Whigs, when the Prince of Wales took that side in politics. Many a saturnalia did those walls witness in the days of his hot youth. It was from hence that the Princess, his daughter, stole away, on the 12th of July, 1814, in a hackney-coach, to the house of her mother in Connaught Place. She was brought back the same night by the Lord Chancellor, as may be seen, together with many other interesting particulars of the same event, in the graphic sketches of another Lord Chancellor, recently published in the "Edinburgh Review," and since collected into volumes.

In 1824, the palace had a narrow escape from destruction. On the 8th of June a fire broke out in one of the sitting-rooms, which was not extinguished before the room was destroyed, with several very valuable pictures which it contained.

One record of the many convivial nights passed in this palace has been preserved in Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," which is interesting, not so much on account of the giver of the feast as of the receiver:—

"Towards midnight, the Prince called for a 'bumper,' with all the honours, to 'the Author of Waverley,' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, 'Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.' He then drank off his claret, and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, His Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Another of the same, if you please, to 'the Author of Marmion,'—and now Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *ance*.' The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged; and Scott then rose and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as 'alike grave and graceful.' This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape. I now give it on the authority of my venerated friend, who was—unlike, perhaps, some others of the company at that hour,—able to hear accurately, and content to *see single*. He adds, that having occasion the day after to call on the Duke of York, his Royal Highness said to him, 'Upon my word, Adam, my brother went rather too near the wind, about Waverley; but nobody could have turned the thing more prettily than Walter Scott did, and upon the whole I never had better fun.'

“The Regent, as was his custom with those he most delighted to honour, uniformly addressed the poet, even at their first dinner, by his Christian name ‘Walter.’

“Before he left town he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than before, and the merriment, if possible, still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs in the course of that evening; as witness the lines in *Sultan Serendib* :—

‘I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,  
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass,  
In fitting time can, gayest of the gay,  
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay.  
Such Monarchs best our freeborn humour suit,  
But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.’

“Before he returned to Edinburgh, on the 22nd of May, the Regent sent him a gold snuff-box, set in brilliants, with a medallion of His Royal Highness’s head on the lid, ‘as a testimony,’ (writes Mr. Adam, in transmitting it,) ‘of the high opinion His Royal Highness entertains of your genius and merit.’”

Among various reminiscences of Pall Mall, it should be stated that the British Institute for the encouragement of British art was established in it in the year 1805. The gallery was first opened in February, 1806.

No. 100, Pall Mall, pulled down in 1838, and on the site of which now stands the Reform Club House, was long known as the National Gallery. It formerly belonged to John Julius Angerstein, Esq., who had a large collection of very valuable paintings. After his death his pictures were purchased by the Government for £57,000, to form the nucleus of a national gallery. These, with others successively purchased, or received by bequest or otherwise from wealthy individuals, were exhibited in this house until the year 1837, when they were transferred to the building erected to receive them in Trafalgar Square. The pictures, it is true, are better lodged now; but these things are “ordered better in France.”

Gainsborough, the artist, died in Pall Mall on the 2nd of August, 1788.

The first gas lamp was set up in Pall Mall in the year 1809.

During the riots in 1795, the mob broke the state-carriage of King George III. to pieces, opposite to St. James’s Palace, Pall Mall. The king had been followed by the crowd from the House of Peers, and several stones were thrown at him on the way: on

his arrival in Pall Mall he alighted from the state-carriage, and was driven in a private coach to Buckingham House, or the Queen's Palace, as it was then called. The mob, seeing the king drive away, gathered round the empty carriage, with shouts of "No war! no war!—give us bread—bread," stripped it of its ornaments, and scattered the fragments in the streets. The military were called out to disperse the crowd; and in the evening, both Houses of Parliament voted addresses to the king, expressive of their attachment to his person and government, and a proclamation was issued offering a reward of £1000 for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrage.

In 1689, "The Lady Griffin" lived in Pall Mall, who was seized for having treasonable letters put into false bottoms of two large brandy bottles, in the first year of His Majesty's reign.

Before houses were numbered, it was a common practice with tradesmen not much known, when they advertised, to mention the colour of their next neighbour's door, balcony, or lamp, of which custom the following copy of a hand-bill will present a curious instance:—

"Next to the GOLDEN DOOR, opposite Great Suffolk Street, near Pall Mall, at the Barber's Pole, liveth a certain person, Robert Barker, who having found out an excellent method for sweating or fluxing of wiggs; his prices are 2s. 6d. for each *bob*, and 3s. for every *tye wigg* and *pig-tail*, *ready money*."

It was in the "Star and Garter" Tavern in Pall Mall, that the celebrated duel was fought between William, the fifth Lord Byron, great uncle of the poet, and Mr. Chaworth. The dispute arose on the question of which of the two had the most game on his estates. They were both so infuriated with wine, that they insisted upon fighting immediately; and retiring into an adjoining room, illumined only by the feeble ray of one tallow candle, they fought with swords across the dining-table. Mr. Chaworth, although the more expert swordsman, received a mortal wound, and shortly afterwards expired. Lord Byron was tried before his peers in Westminster Hall, and found guilty of manslaughter; but claiming the benefit of the statute of Edward VI., he was discharged on payment of his fees. The next Lord Byron, as is well known, conceived a youthful passion for the grand-daughter of this Mr. Chaworth, and has immortalized her in his poetry under her name of "Mary."



## CHAPTER IV.

The York Column—Buckingham Palace—Tart Hall—Popular frenzy during supposed Popish plot—Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham—Pimlico, as described by Ben Jonson—Drunkenness, a national vice—Strong-water shops—"Anniseed Robin"—Curious public-houses in Bird-cage Walk—The Cock—Tothill Fields—St. James's Park drained by Henry VIII.—Anecdote of Charles I. at St. James's Palace—Queen Henrietta Maria's guests and ladies dismissed—Park planted by Charles II.—Affability of some continental sovereigns—Duck Island—Mall founded by Charles II.—Stocked with fowl—Evelyn's account of the Mall—Public shoe-cleaners driven from—Hyde Park—Parade at the Horse Guards—The Decoy—Anecdotes of Charles II. and the Popish plot—Cure wrought by royal touch—The courtly Waller—Duke Street Chapel—Judge Jeffreys—Rosamond's Pond—The Wellington Barracks—The Enclosure—National festival on the peace of 1814—Park first lighted with gas—Pieces of ordnance on the Parade.

THE fine flight of steps, on the summit of which stands the York Column, now invite us to stroll into the park, before we continue our course towards Charing Cross and Whitehall. The York Column was erected between the years 1830 and 1833, from the design of Mr. B. Wyatt. The money for its erection was raised by public subscription. It is 124 feet high, the same height as the celebrated column of Trajan at Rome. The pedestal is formed of Aberdeen, and the shaft of Peterhead granite. The bronze statue of the Duke of York is 14 feet high, and was executed by Westmacott. The cost of raising it from the ground to its elevated position, including the fixing and removal of the scaffold, was upwards of £400.

Having entered the park, we proceed at once to Buckingham Palace, the town residence of Her Majesty. The original house was built in 1703, upon the site of the second Arlington House, the residence of the Earl of Arlington, and built for him after he was burnt out of Arlington House, Piccadilly, as already stated. There is a rare print of this house, ill done, said to have been the production of Sutton Nichols. It has the initials S. N. Of this there is a copy, in a worse manner, by John Seago.

By the plan drawn of the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, now hanging in the vestry of the church, it appears that about five-sixths of the house, called "Tart Hall," in which the Lord Viscount Stafford resided, was in St. George's parish, as the boundary line cuts off about a sixth part of the south end of it, which is in the adjoining parish.



This house stood opposite to the park, on the ground between Buckingham House and the commencement of the houses in James Street; the site of Stafford Row was part of its garden. It was built in the reign of Charles I., for Alatheia, Countess of Arundel. Its next possessor, her second son, Lord Stafford, fell a victim to the evidence of Titus Oates, and was beheaded in 1680.

During the popular frenzy, excited by the supposed popish plot, the Arundel marbles in this house were buried in the garden, lest the bigotted mob should have mistaken them for popish saints, and destroyed them.

Buckingham House was purchased of Lord Arlington by the well-known John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who having obtained from the Crown an additional lease of land, including a portion of the domains of Tart Hall, pulled down the old house in the year 1703, and erected a new and more magnificent one. This nobleman, first known as the Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis and Duke of Normanby, and then as the Duke of Buckingham, was a great man and a small *littérateur* in his day. In the latter character he is enshrined in the pages of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," although he might, if merit or genius were the passport, have been very properly left out. He enjoyed, in his day, the reputation of a Mohock, and was a very gallant soldier. He married a natural daughter of King James II., by Catherine Sedley, and died in 1720.\* He left Buckingham House to his son, Sir Charles Herbert Sheffield, of whom it was purchased by the Crown. In the year 1775, it was granted as a residence for the queen, in lieu of Somerset House, which was then pulled down. It afterwards went by the name of the Queen's House, and was the constant residence of Queen Charlotte. George IV., in the year 1825, employed Mr. Nash, the architect, to make various alterations, and he was employed upon it until his death. Mr. Blore was then intrusted with the work, and it may now be called altogether a new edifice, for it does not preserve one sign of its former shape or proportions. There was a dome upon it, erected by one of the architects, which did not please the taste of George IV., and it was taken down.

It was not in a habitable state during the reign of William IV., but Her present Majesty took up her abode in it soon after her accession. The principal front forms three sides of a square, enclosing

\* He was twice married, and each time to a widow.

a space about 250 feet in diameter. In the centre is a portico, the lower part in the Doric, and the upper in the Corinthian order of architecture. The garden front is a simple elevation of the Corinthian order, resting on a rustic Ionic basement, from whence there is a broad terrace leading to the garden. The interior is fitted up with the magnificence befitting the abode of a Queen of England. On the ground-floor are Her Majesty's private rooms and the library. The grand staircase is of fine white marble, and leads to the throne-room and drawing-rooms. The former is ornamented with basso-relievos, by Bailey, from designs by Stothard. The picture-gallery is a magnificent apartment, extending to a length of 164 feet, being 28 broad. But this palace is not spacious enough for Her Majesty and the Royal Family. Accordingly, the sum of £150,000 was voted last session to make such alterations in it, or additions to it, as may be desirable.

The principal approach to the palace is formed by an arch of white marble, built in imitation of the arch of Constantine at Rome, and is adorned with sculpture by Westmacott and Bailey. Considered *per se*, it is a beautiful building, but standing where it does, it has anything but a good effect. On the top of this arch is hoisted the standard of England whenever the Queen is present. The silk of this magnificent flag is said to have cost £140.

A new front, completing the quadrangle of the palace, has just been erected from the design of Mr. Barry.

The immediate back of the palace, which even now is not a very creditable neighbourhood, was, in the days of Ben Jonson, the abode of the very refuse of London. In his play of the "Alchymist," he says, "Gallants, men and women, and of all sorts, tag-rag and bob-tail, have been seen to flock here in threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hoxton or Pimlico." In another part of the same play he says, "Besides other gallants, oyster-women, sailors' wives, tobacco-men—another Pimlico." It is in contemplation at present to form almost a new town between this and Westminster Abbey, and remove the dirty, narrow, ill-paved, and almost pestilential streets of old Westminster—the grand nest of thieves and beggars, and full of pawn-shops, old clothes warehouses, and gin-palaces. The immense number of the latter is a feature in this part of the town,—and indeed, through London generally it may be remarked, that the poorer the neighbourhood, the more magnificent the gin-palaces. Perhaps the one is the result of the other. All travellers remark upon the drunkenness of the people of London: in no other

city in Europe is it common to see a drunken woman, even of the lowest and most degraded class. But how common is it in this capital! The writer of a treatise, called the "London and Country Brewer," published in 1738, when the drunkenness of the lower orders was as prevalent as it is now, gives the following explanation of the origin of the vice amongst us. The passage, bating the opinion at the commencement, is valuable and curious, as affording an insight into the manners of the populace more than a century ago, and the price of liquors at that time. "Our drunkenness as a national vice takes its date from the restoration of Charles II., or a few years after. Joy, mirth, good cheer, and good liquor were the solace of the common people in 1661. They rejoiced that after a long usurpation the king should enjoy his own again; that after a long series of blood and confusion, and a civil war in the bowels of the country, the people should enjoy a public peace and tranquillity; that trade should flourish, and plenty succeed misery and want. These were the several reasons of their joy; and very merry, and very mad, and very drunken the people were; and grew more and more so every day. As to the materials, beer and ale were considerable articles; they went a great way in the work at first, but were far from being sufficient, and then strong waters, which had not been long in use, came into play. The occasion was this:—In the Dutch wars it had been observed that the captain of the Hollander's men-of-war, when they were about to engage with our ships, usually set a hogshead of brandy abroach afore the mast, and bid the men drink *sustick* that they might fight *lustick*; and our poor seamen felt the force of the brandy to their cost. We were not long behind them; but suddenly after the war we began to abound in strong-water shops. These were a sort of petty distillers, who made up those compound waters from such mixed and confused trash as they could get to work from. Such as damaged and eager or sour wines—wines that had taken salt water in at sea; lees and bottoms; also damaged sugars and molasses, grounds of cyder, &c., for till then there was very little distilling known in England, but for physical uses. The spirits were bad, but they mixed them with such additions as they could get to make them palatable; and gave them the name of cordial waters. The strong-water shops made a vast show of glasses, labelled like the gallipot Latin of the apothecaries, with innumerable hard names, to set them off. Here, as at a fountain, the good wives furnished their little fireside cupboards with a needful bottle for a cherish-

ing cup; and hence, as from wholesale dealers, all the little chandlers' shops, not in London and its adjacent parts only, but over great part of England, were furnished for sale; and to the personal knowledge of the writer hereof, and of thousands still living, not the chandlers' shops only, but just as is now complained of, the barber chirurgion, were furnished with the same, and sold it by retail to the poor people, who came under their operations. The names of some of the liquors were—*aqua vitæ*, anniseed water; *aqua mirabilis*, cinnamon water; *aqua salis*, clove water; *aqua dulcis*, plague water; cholick water, which, in short, was Geneva. These, and many more; but *aqua vitæ* and anniseed water were the favourite liquors, and in time the latter prevailed; the quantity drank was prodigious. It was the Geneva of these times; it was cried about the streets, of which the memory of *Anniseed Robin* will be a never-dying testimony; who was so well known in Leadenhall and the Stock Market for his liquor and his broad-brimmed hat, that it became proverbial when we saw a man's hat hanging about his ears, to say he looks like Anniseed Robin. The bum-boats continue to this day crying a dram of the bottle in the river among the ships—this was the dram-drinking age. A sudden stop was put to it, for the French out-did them exceedingly; and pouring in their brandy at a cheap rate, the physicians recommended it, and people took their drams in plain brandy. The best was sold for twopence the quartern; the poor could have a large dram for a halfpenny, and the fellows that cried about the streets carried with them little double dram-cups, which being held on one side was a penny, and on the other side a halfpenny, This held on for several years, and the custom-house books will show the prodigious consumption, till the late Revolution, when a war with France breaking out, brandy rose from twopence to sixpence the quartern, and from thence to such a scarcity that no good brandy was to be got at any price. The poor went from the dram-cup to the alehouse pint, to their great regret as well as expense."

Twenty years ago, Westminster, and especially that part of it behind the Bird Cage Walk, abounded in old-fashioned quaint public-houses. One of them, known by the sign of the "Cock," was so very ancient that it was believed, it is not known exactly upon what authority, that the workmen employed in building Westminster Abbey received their wages there. Perhaps they were the workmen who built Henry the Seventh's Chapel. And even on the latter supposition, the pot-house



would have been a very old one. But this, along with many others, has disappeared; the "Cock,"—the last of its race, having been pulled down some time in 1835 or 1836. Gin-shops, two stories higher than their neighbours, with their lamps almost as large as hackney-coaches, their expensive plate-glass and mahogany, have taken their place. The beggar emerging from his filthy hovel, where there is neither fire nor light, can, if he has but three-halfpence in his hand, drink his cheerful glass of slow poison in a sort of saloon more magnificently fitted up than the palaces of noblemen or even kings four hundred years ago; warm himself by a patent stove, and expose his rags in the glare of the brilliant gas, and be served by dainty-looking damsels, who show him all manner of civility.

This part of Westminster was always the resort of low characters. Tothill Fields was, in the days of James I., the abode of bull-baiters, ragamuffins, beggars, and thieves, and is now the haunt of the three latter. In the time of the Plague there was a lane which went by the name of Thieving Lane, from the character of its inhabitants, and close to it was built the Plague Hospital. In the accounts of the parish of St. Margaret's for the Plague year, there are the following entries:—"Paid to a chirurgion that was brought out of London to search the bodie of a Frenchman that died in Thieving Lane, five shillings." "Paid to Arthur Condall for 380 short deals, and other timber, to build the Plague House in Tuthill Fields, as by his bill appeares, £31. 19s. 4d." "Paid att severall times for printed bills of 'Lord have mercie upon us,' to sett upon y<sup>e</sup> visitted houses, ten shillings." "Paid unto John Walker, the beadle, by the appointment of the vestrie, for his paines in shutting upp houses that were visitted, and for setting padlocks, bills, and redd x crosses on the doores, thirty shillings."

In the year 1703 there was a famous bear-garden in Tothill Fields. The following advertisement appeared in the public papers of the 10th of April in that year:—

"At William Well's Bear Garden in Tuttle Fields, this present Monday, the 10th of April, will be a *green* bull baited, and twenty doggs fight for a collar, and that dogg that runs farthest and fairest wins the collar; with other diversions of bull-baiting and bear-baiting. Beginning at two of the clock."

But these matters have led us from the Park, and re-entering it at the Buckingham Gate, we will make the tour of it, and re-ascend the stairs by the Duke of York's Pillar, until we again reach Pall Mall. The Park, originally a swamp, was first en-



closed and drained by Henry VIII., after the suppression of the hospital of St. James. It received no great improvement during the reign of his successors, or indeed until after the Restoration. A characteristic incident occurred in it under Charles I. Very early after his marriage, he took offence at the presumption, impertinence, and extravagance of the numerous train of servants that had accompanied his Queen from France; and in Ellis's collection of "Original Letters illustrative of English History," we learn the manner in which at last he was urged to drive them all back to their own country. The confessor, and the other priests in her train were very importunate to have the chapel at St. James's finished for the performance of mass, but found the King very slow. Renewing their entreaties, the King at last told them that, if the Queen's closet were not large enough for the purpose, they might say mass in the great chamber; if that would not do they might go into the garden; and if that were not large enough, they might take the Park. A letter, dated July 5th, 1626, states that, on the Monday previous the King, on entering the Queen's apartments, found a number of Frenchmen, her servants, irreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, upon which he took her by the hand, led her away, and locked the doors after him. In a short time afterwards, Lord Conway was deputed with a message to the French bishop, with the other clergy, and the servants of the Queen. He led them out into the Park, when he told them, one and all, that the King's pleasure was that they should immediately pack up their effects and leave the country. The French bishop said he was in the nature of an ambassador, and would not do so unless he had orders from his own sovereign; but Lord Conway told him the French King had no authority in England, and that if they did not all go by fair means it would be necessary to see what force could accomplish. When the women learned this, they began to howl and cry, and the Queen in her anger broke some of the windows with her fists. Charles, however, was inexorable, and they were finally put on board ship and sent away—with presents, however, among them to the amount of £22,000 to soothe their anger.

Soon after his restoration, Charles II. planted the avenues of the Park, made a canal, and an aviary for rare birds, which gave name to the present Bird-cage Walk. "Here," says Colley Cibber, "Charles was often seen amid crowds of spectators, feeding his ducks, and playing with his dogs, affable even with the meanest of his subjects." We see none of this royal affability

in the present day, except in some countries of the Continent. The King of Holland is not ashamed to walk the streets and look in at the print-shops; the King of Prussia, until old age in a manner disabled him, was almost as accessible as a shop-keeper: and the King of the Belgians has been known, as well as the King of Holland, to stop his carriage that a lame beggar might have no difficulty in throwing in his petition. Such is the respect to rank, that a king in important matters may be the greatest tyrant that ever lived, yet be beloved if he will converse politely with a costermonger. However, the populace of England and France at the present day are too rude, and their monarchs not in a condition—the one from age and sex, and the other from political circumstances—to be too profuse in their affability, and too accessible to strangers. Charles II., with a view of providing a snug sinecure for M. St. Evremond, had Duck Island in the park formed into a government. St. Evremond was the first and last governor of Duck Island, and drew his salary accordingly. At least, it is believed by Pennant, Pegge, and others, that he was the only governor, though the fact is not certain. Charles also formed the Mall on the other side. It was then a smooth hollow walk, half a mile in length, bordered by a wooden screen, and bounded at the end by an iron hoop. Succeeding monarchs allowed the public the privilege of walking here; and in the reign of William III., the narrow passage still existing was opened through Spring Gardens for their accommodation. The canal at that time was two thousand eight hundred feet long and one hundred broad.

Evelyn, in his "Memoirs," observes—"In his time, the park was stored with numerous flocks of fowle. There were also deer of several countries—white, spotted like leopards; antelopes, as elk, red deer, roebucks, staggs, Guinea grates, Arabian sheep," &c. In his "Silva," book iii., he says—"And therefore I did much prefer the *walk* of *elms* at St. James's Park, as it lately grew *branchy*, intermingling their reverend tresses, before the present trimming them up so high, especially since, I fear, the remedy comes too late to save their decay, (could it have been avoided,) if the amputations of such overgrown parts as have been cut off, should not rather accelerate it by exposing their large and many *wounds* to the injuries of the *weather*, which will endanger the *rotting* of them, beyond all that can be apply'd by *tar*, or otherwise, to protect them.

"I do rather conceive their infirmities to proceed from what has not long since been abated of their large spreading branches,

to accommodate with the Mall, as any one may conjecture, by the great impression which the wet has already made in those incurable scars, that being now multiplied must needs the sooner impare them, the roots having likewise infinitely suffered by many disturbances about them. In all events, this walk might have enjoyed its goodly canopy, with all their branchy furniture for some ages to come, since 'tis hardly one that first they were planted ; but this defect is providentially and nobly supplied by their successors of the lime-trees, which will sooner accomplish their perfection by taking away the chesnut-trees, which will else do them prejudice. But it is now (and never till now) that those walks and ranks of trees, and other royal amenities, are sure to prosper, whilst they are entirely under the care and culture of the most industrious and knowing Mr. Wise, to whom, and to his partner, Mr. London, I not only acknowledge myself particularly obliged, but the whole nation for what they have contributed to the sweetest, useful, and most innocent diversions of life, gardens and plantations."

By the following observation, also in Evelyn's "*Silva*," it appears these fine trees were about to be destroyed.

"That living gallery of 'aged trees' was once proposed to the late Council of State (as they called it) to be cut down and sold, that with the rest of His Majesty's houses already demolished and marked out for destruction, his trees might likewise undergo the same destiny, and no footsteps of monarchy remain unviolated."

"The Board of Green Cloth has issued warrants for clearing St. James's Park of the shoe-cleaners and all vagrants, and sending them to the House of Correction."\*

From the numerous dramatic authors who wrote at the time of Charles II., it appears that Hyde Park was then the scene of gaiety for wit and beauty, especially for those who rode round the ring.

In the reign of Charles II., as may be seen in Faithorne's Plan, the north half of the Parade in the front of the Horse Guards was occupied by a square inclosure, surrounded by twenty-one trees, with one tree in the centre. The same plan displays a broad running water, with a bridge of two arches in the middle. It commenced on the site of the house where the gunner resides, and went immediately across the lower part of the parade to the site of the north end of Duke Street. In this plan there is no

\* See "*The Daily Post*" for October 31, 1728.

canal in the middle of the park, nor any appearance of the Decoy, so that it must have been taken very early after the Restoration. The Decoy, arranged by Charles II., took up nearly half the ground south of the canal, opposite to where Storey's Gate now stands.

It was while Charles was taking his usual daily walk in the Mall, that he first received intimation of the pretended Popish plot, which, supported by the perjury of Titus Oates, was the means of bringing so many worthy men to the scaffold, and of exciting such a spirit of fanaticism in the nation. "On the 12th of August, 1678," says Hume, "one Kirby, a chemist, accosted the king as he was walking in the park:—'Sir,' said he, 'keep within the company: your enemies have a design upon your life, and you may be shot in this very walk.' Being asked the reason of these strange speeches, he said that two men, called Grove and Pickering, had engaged to shoot the king, and Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, to poison him. This intelligence, he added, had been communicated to him by Dr. Tongue, whom, if permitted, he would introduce to his majesty." The results of this conversation are but too well known, and form altogether one of the most remarkable passages of English history.

Aubrey relates in his "Miscellanies," the following anecdote of another incident which occurred in the park:—

"Avisé Evans had a fungous nose, and said it was revealed to him, that the king's hand would cure him; and at the first coming of King Charles II. into St. James's Park, he kissed the king's hand, and rubbed his nose with it, which disturbed the king, but cured him."

Of the various buildings that look into the park, we shall speak in due order as we pass in front of them, by Charing Cross and Whitehall. There is one, however, which will not be noticed in that route, and which is too remarkable to be left unmentioned. Duke Street Chapel, with a flight of steps leading to the park, formed originally a wing of the mansion of the notorious Judge Jeffreys. The house was built by Jeffreys, and James II., as a mark of especial favour, allowed him to make an entry to the park by the steps alluded to. The son of Jeffreys inhabited it for a short time, and it was afterwards purchased by the Government, and converted into an office for the Commissioners of the Admiralty, where they remained till the present Admiralty was prepared for them. The house was then divided into several compartments; one wing became the chapel, as already stated,



and upon or very near the site of the other, stands the handsome building recently erected, and known as Her Majesty's State Paper Office.

Storey's Gate, the entrance to the park from Great George Street, is, properly, Storehouse Gate. There was formerly a storehouse for the Ordnance here, where fireworks were prepared and deposited upon occasions of public rejoicings.

Proceeding up the Bird-Cage Walk the philosophic Rambler will be pleased to be reminded that there is a gate and a flight of steps leading to Queen Square, where Jeremy Bentham lived and died.

Near the site of the new Barracks, named after the Duke of Wellington, there was, until the year 1770, a large piece of water, distinct from the canal which runs through the middle, known by the name of Rosamond's Pond. It may be seen in the map printed with "Entick's Survey of London in 1756." The following extract from the "Public Advertiser," for the 7th of July, 1770, will show the time when this pond was filled up. "A gate is opened into Petty France for the convenience of bringing soil in to fill Rosamond's Pond and the upper part of the canal. When this is finished, a new lawn will appear in front of the Queen's Palace, all those trees cut down which obstruct it, and then the whole park will be new modelled, and fresh orders stuck up to prevent disobedience."

We now enter the enclosure, with its pleasant walks, two covered islands, and tortuous canal. Famous as the park was for its ducks in the days of Charles II., the collection of birds that float upon the waters now is far more valuable and remarkable, and comprises water-fowl of every common, and of many rare, species. They belong to the Ornithological Society; and boards displayed upon various trees in the park request the public to take care that no hurt is offered them. The notice is unnecessary, and almost insulting to the people. Nobody ever thinks of molesting them; and it is a pleasant sight, which may be witnessed at all hours of the day in fine weather, to see the numerous children and young people, laden with biscuits and manchetts, and all busily engaged in feeding the swans, the geese, the ducks, the teal and the widgeons, that flock around them. Even the timid sparrows grow bold, and come to be fed, scores at a time; by their superior agility and their power of flight, very often making prize of larger pieces intended for the geese, but which the latter, by their un wieldiness, were unable to pounce upon in time.



The enclosure of the park was laid out in its present agreeable form in the years 1827 and 1828. Before that period, the canal was straight from one end to the other, parallel with the Mall and Bird-Cage Walk, as constructed in the time of Charles II. On the return of peace in 1814, and in celebration of that event, a grand national festival was instituted in the parks on the 1st of August. In Hyde Park there was a mimic naval fight on the Serpentine, and a fair which lasted several days; in the Green Park was erected a splendid edifice, called "The Temple of Concord;" and in St. James's Park, a building which outlasted all the rest. A Chinese bridge of wood was thrown over the canal, upon the centre of which was constructed a tall pagoda, decorated with pillars and boxes for the exhibition of fireworks; and Chinese lanterns were distributed in various parts of the Bird-Cage Walk and the Mall. Unfortunately, the pagoda took fire about midnight, and in the confusion two persons lost their lives. The bridge remained for many years, until the improvements were made in 1827, and was a great convenience to the public, especially to persons who wished to cross from Queen Square to St. James's Street and that neighbourhood. They have now to make the tour of half the park.

Gas-lamps, which had been making slow progress in various parts of London since the year 1809, were first introduced into St. James's Park in 1822. At that time, the gates were strictly closed at ten o'clock, so that no person could pass through.

The two pieces of cannon on the parade, in front of the Horse Guards, are placed there as trophies of British valour. That on the north side, a long piece of ordnance ornamented with various Oriental devices, was taken from the enemy at the battle of Alexandria; it is mounted on an English carriage. That on the other side is a mortar on a large dragon, very finely executed. It was employed by the French in bombarding Cadiz, and abandoned by them, under Marshal Soult, in their retreat after the battle of Salamanca. It was presented to the Prince Regent by the Spanish nation, and placed in the park in 1816. The illustrious marshal, on his visit to this country upon the occasion of Her Majesty's coronation, is said to have made some good-humoured remark when he saw it. Whether he discovered himself what it was, or whether some good-natured friend pointed it out to him, is not known.

## CHAPTER V.

Wyatt's equestrian statue of George III.—Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street—Royal College of Physicians—The celebrated Miss Van Homrigh and Dean Swift—The Calves' Head Club—Lord Middlesex's account of their proceedings, in 1735—Hedge Lane—Anecdote of Sir Richard Steele and Budgell—Coventry Street, Coventry House—Bowling-green and house of entertainment there, the resort of the nobility—Gaming-houses in the neighbourhood—Anecdote of a Jew bullion-dealer—Sydney Alley—Leicester Square, the Sydney family and the Queen of Bohemia resided here—Death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, here—Sir Asheton Lever's Museum—Saville House—His house gutted by the mad mob during the No Popery Riots—Miss Linwood's Exhibition—Leicester Fields in 1760—Marriage of Honourable John Spencer, and State Procession to the Court—Jewels of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—Houses of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth—Other distinguished residents—Lord Carmarthen's ball there to Peter the Great—Intemperate habits of William III.—Leicester House—Equestrian statue in the centre of the square—The resort of foreigners.

HAVING now made the tour of the park, we re-enter Pall Mall where we quitted it, and passing the fine Club House of the United Service, proceed by Cockspur Street to Pall Mall East, and then, before reaching Charing Cross, to all that old and interesting district which lies to the north-west of it, including Leicester Square and its adjoining streets.

In Cockspur Street, in the open space near the Haymarket, where the road branches off into Pall Mall East, stands the equestrian statue of George III. It was erected in 1837, and is the work of Mr. Wyatt. Its cost was upwards of £4000. Critics object to the cocked-hat and tie-wig in the royal figure; but some ages hence these abused parts will be the most valuable in the whole statue. It may very reasonably be asked why a plain English gentleman should be represented in the dress of a Roman tribune? Let the man appear, even in a statue, in his habit as he lived, and, whatever we may say, posterity will be grateful to us. We should like to know exactly the ordinary walking-dress of Cæsar or Brutus, and how they wore their hair; and we should not complain if they had cocked-hats or periwigs, if we knew them to be exact copies of nature.

In Pall Mall East, corner of Suffolk Street, are two societies for the encouragement of British art: the Society of British Artists, established in 1828, for the annual exhibition and sale of the works of living sculptors and painters; and the Society of Painters in Water Colours, established twenty years antecedently, for the

exhibition of works of members and associates only. The Society of British Artists seceded from the Royal Academy in 1823, and their institution dates from the 21st of May in that year. Their gallery consists of a suite of six rooms, and their exhibition is open during the months of April, May, June, and July. The Society of Painters in Water Colours formerly exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

The Royal College of Physicians is that large building looking towards St. Martin's Church, and was built in 1823, from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke. The institution owes its origin to the celebrated Dr. Linacre, Physician to Henry VIII., and successor in that office to the equally well-known Dr. Butts, who is enshrined in the page of Shakspeare. At the intercession of Wolsey, who approved highly of the project, the King granted a charter, dated the 23rd of September, 1518, by which thirty members of the medical profession were incorporated into a perpetual college. The charter provided that no man, although a graduate in physic, might without licence under the seal of the college, practise physic in or within seven miles of London, under the penalty of five pounds for every month they practise. The corporation had power also to administer oaths, fine and imprison offenders, and to search apothecaries' shops to see whether the drugs were properly compounded. Dr. Linacre gave up his house in Knight Rider's Street, Doctors' Commons, for the use of the corporation, from whence they removed to Amen Corner, in a house built expressly for them by Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. They remained here till they were burned out by the great fire of London, in 1666, when they erected a new house for themselves, with a fine library of medical books, in Warwick Lane. From the latter place they removed to their present splendid habitation in 1823. The number of Fellows, originally thirty, was increased by Charles I. to forty, and by James II. to eighty. The number is now unlimited.

In Suffolk Street, which now consists almost entirely of modern houses, and has been transformed partly into Pall Mall East, and partly into Dorset Place, formerly resided the unhappy Miss Van Homrigh, who became smitten with the wit and learning of a somewhat ugly and very ill-natured man. All the world knows the story of the attachment she formed for Dean Swift, and of the very unhandsome and ungentlemanly manner in which she was treated by him. She resided in Suffolk Street with her sister and mother, who had a small independency bequeathed to her by her husband, a Dutch merchant. Swift was in London upon some affairs

relating to the Irish Church, and had lodgings in Bury Street. Being introduced to this family, he soon became intimate with them, and generally left his best gown and wig there, that he might take them home in his way, and dress in proper time before he went to the House of Lords. The young lady, who admired the mind and not the person of the man, soon showed, as the Dean directed her studies, that she was far from indifferent. The Dean was flattered at the impression he had made, and encouraged her admiration into love. Things having gone so far, the young lady, by her mother's advice, made the Dean an offer of marriage, which offer the Dean declined, but without stating the reason—that he was already engaged, and perhaps actually married to another lady, a Mrs. Johnson. To explain to her more fully and more gracefully than he could do in any other manner, he wrote very soon afterwards his poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa." Cadenus is a transposition of Decanus, the Dean, and Vanessa, the poetical word into which he translated Van Homrigh.

The Dean was at this time more than forty, and Miss Van Homrigh in her twentieth year; and though he had no personal charms to recommend him to a lady's eyes,—though his own, as he says, were almost blind with reading,—and though he was either married, or ought to have been, he continued, even after his refusal, to keep up a correspondence with her, and increase the passion which as a clergyman he ought never to have formed, and which, as a gentleman, if he had formed, he should have conquered.

After the death of her mother, her and her sister's affairs being left in some confusion, she proceeded to Ireland, partly to avoid her mother's creditors until some arrangement was made for their payment, and partly to be near the Dean. For eight years the Dean kept up a correspondence with her; for eight years she nourished the hope that she would one day be his wife, when in 1723 the fatal secret was disclosed to her by the Dean himself that he was already married.

The shock was too much for her, and she died broken-hearted in less than a month afterwards. While her melancholy fate was the common topic of conversation, and while everybody was reading "Cadenus and Vanessa," somebody remarked to Mrs. Swift, or rather to Mrs. Johnson, for she was always known by the latter, and never by the former name, that surely Vanessa must have been an extraordinary woman to have inspired the Dean to write such fine verses upon her: "That's not at all



clear," said the lady, offended with, and yet proud of her husband, and hurt besides in her own vanity, "for it is very well known that the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." Dr. Johnson makes a very lame apology for Swift in his "Lives of the Poets," which he call an "honest apology:" that he for these eight long years "delayed the disagreeable disclosure from time to time, dreading the immediate burst of her distress, and watching for a favourable moment." Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his papers on the Streets of the Metropolis, has adopted a mistake, by which the character of Swift is placed unwittingly in a light still more odious. Quoting some lines from "Cadenus and Vanessa," in which Swift compares himself to a falling oak and her to a sapling, and showing the folly of attempting to yoke them together, the writer says, it is a pity Swift did not make this reflection at first, when he used to go to Suffolk Street, to change his wig and gown, and drink coffee. The fact is, however, that Swift did think of it then; that the poem was not written to triumph over Vanessa, when the correspondence had continued for years, as the writer imagines, but at the very commencement of it, and to explain to her why he refused her offer of marriage. In it he tells her plainly,

"Cadenus, common forms apart,  
In every scene had kept his heart,  
Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ  
For pastime, or to show his wit."

This certainly was candid enough, but the lady chose not to believe it. She continued to love and admire, and he to be flattered for years afterwards, so that he has not the sin to answer for of having written these lines after his deception had brought her to the grave. The remorse he exhibited was great, and appears to have been sincere, and when Stella, his wife, died soon afterwards, he had every reason to believe that his conduct to her and to Miss Van Homrigh had also hastened her end. He never enjoyed any real happiness afterwards.

It was at a low tavern in Suffolk Street, that some aristocratic roysterers met together on the 30th of January, 1735, and played that frolic which gave occasion to the story about the Calves' Head Club, and excited a riot in the street, and great talk and commotion in the world of politics. Whether such a club as this ever existed appears very questionable. The anonymous author of the "Secret History of the Calves' Head Club, or the Republican unmasked," foolishly attributes its origin to



Milton, and says that they met on the anniversary of the execution of Charles I.; that their bill of fare was always a large dish of calves' heads, dressed various ways, by which they represented Charles I. and the royalists, who had suffered in his cause. On the removal of the cloth, they sang their anniversary anthem; a calf's skull filled with wine or other liquor was handed round, and every man drank to the pious memory of the worthy patriots who had voted for the death of the King. However this may be, it now appears certain that the meeting in Suffolk Street was not of this description; that the company did not drink confusion to the race of the Stuarts, and did not throw a bleeding calf's head out of the window, as was believed at the time, and for many years subsequently. Lord Middlesex, one of the company, writing to Mr. Spence, gives the following true version of this affair, which created so much noise in its day. The letter was first published in Spence's "Anecdotes."

"Whitehall, Feby. y<sup>e</sup> 9th, 1735.

"Dear Spanco,—

"I don't in the least doubt but long before this time the noise of the riot on the 30th of January has reached you at Oxford, and though there has been as many lies and false reports raised upon the occasion in this good city as any reasonable man could expect, yet I fancy even those may be improved and increased before they come to you. Now, that you may be able to defend your friends (as I don't in the least doubt you have an inclination to do), I'll send you the matter of fact literally and truly, as it happened, upon my honour. Eight of us happened to meet together, the 30th of January; it might have been the 10th of June, or any other day in the year; but the mixture of the company has convinced most reasonable people by this time, that it was not a designed or premeditated affair. We met then, as I told you before, by chance upon this day, and after dinner, having drank very plentifully, especially some of the company, some of us, going to the window, unluckily saw a little nasty fire made by some boys in the street, of straw, I think it was, and immediately cried out, 'D—n it, why shouldn't we have a fire as well as anybody else?' Up comes the drawer. 'D—n you, you rascal, get us a bonfire!' Upon which the imprudent puppy runs down, and without making any difficulty (which he might have done by a thousand excuses, and which, if he had, in all probability some of us would have come more to our senses), sends for the faggots, and in an instant, behold! a

large bonfire blazing before the door. Upon which some of us, wiser, or rather soberer than the rest, bethink themselves, then for the first time, what day it was; and fearing the consequences a bonfire on that day might have, proposed drinking loyal and popular healths to the mob (out of the window), which by this time was very great, in order to convince them that we did not intend it as a ridicule upon that day. The healths that were drunk out of the window were these, and only these, 'The King, Queen, and Royal Family,' 'The Protestant Succession,' 'Liberty and Property,' 'The present Administration.' Upon which the first stone was flung, and then began our siege; which, for the time it lasted, was at least as furious as that of Phillipsburgh. It was more than an hour before we got any assistance; the more sober part of us, during this time, had a fine time of it; fighting to prevent fighting, in danger of being knocked on the head by the stones that came in at the windows, in danger of being run through by our mad friends, who, sword in hand, swore they would go out, though they first made their way through our bodies. At length the justice, attended by a strong body of guards, came and dispersed the populace. The person who first stirred up the mob is known; he first gave them money, and then harangued them in a most violent manner. I don't know if he did not fling the first stone himself. He is an Irishman, and a priest, and belonging to Truberti the Venetian Envoy. This is the whole story from which so many calves' heads, bloody napkins, and the Lord knows what, has been made. It has been the talk of the town and the country, and small beer and bread and cheese to my friends the garretteers in Grub Street for these few days past. I, as well as your friends, hope to see you soon in Town. After so much prose, I can't help ending with a few verses.

"Oh, had I lived in merry Charles's days,  
When dull the wise were called, and wit had praise;  
When deepest politics could never pass  
For aught, but surer tokens of an ass;—  
When, not the frolics of one drunken night  
Could touch your honour, make your fame less bright,  
Tho' mob-formed scandal raged, and Papal spite.

"MIDDLESEX."

We now proceed up the narrow thoroughfare called Whitcombe Street, which was formerly called Hedge Lane, and was in the days of Charles I. what the name implied—a land running into the fields, and bordered by hedges. A pleasant story relative to

this street is told by three of the writers in "The Spectator,"—pleasant enough to the reader now, but not pleasant at the time to the parties concerned. It is said that Sir Richard Steele, Eustace Budgell (a relative of Addison), and Ambrose Phillips (the poet), all friends of Addison, and contributors to his paper, were coming out of a taven, and were about to turn into Hedge Lane, when somebody told them that some very suspicious-looking fellows were standing at the bottom, as if in wait. "Thank ye," exclaimed the wits; and without waiting for further parley, each cast an alarmed glance behind him, parted company with his fellows, and hurried away as fast as his legs could carry him, and was soon lost from sight.

At the top of Hedge Lane, or Whitcombe Street, to the left, is Coventry Street, so named from Coventry House, the residence of Henry Coventry, Secretary of State, son of the Lord Keeper, Coventry, who died here in 1686; a noted gaming-house stood upon this spot at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Mr. Garrard, in a letter to Lord Strafford, written in 1635, speaks of "a fair house in the fields beyond the Meuse," where there were two bowling-greens, made to entertain bowlers and gamesters at an expense of about £4000. The keeper of the place had been a servant of the Lord Chamberlain, Sackville, Earl of Dorset. "The latter," says Mr. Garrard, "much frequented the place, and bowled great matches." Lord Clarendon also mentions the house, and calls it a "fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks with shade, and where there were also an upper and lower bowling-green, whither many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted for exercise and recreation." Sir John Suckling, the poet and dramatist, was a frequenter of these gardens. Aubrey, in his "Lives of Eminent Men," says, "Sir John was one of the best bowlers of his time in England. He played at cards rarely well, and did use to practise by himselfe a-bed, and there studyed the best way of managing the cards. I remember his sister's coming to the Peccadillo bowling-green crying for the feare he should lose all their portions."

There is a considerable number of gaming-houses in the neighbourhood at the present time, so that the bad character of the place is at least two centuries old, or ever since it was built upon. A curious circumstance relating to this street, and the bad character it bears, was stated during a celebrated trial for felony, in the year 1839. A Jew dealer in bullion, who bought upwards of £3000 worth of gold-dust which had been stolen

under very extraordinary circumstances, was admitted to become approver against his accomplices. The man had two shops, one in the Strand and the other in Coventry Street. On his cross-examination in the Central Criminal Court, he was asked whether the exposure of his conduct had not hurt his business? He replied that he had been obliged to give up his shop in the Strand, as nobody would deal with him, but in Coventry Street has character had not been injured.

Passing through Sydney Alley, so named from the illustrious family of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, we arrive in Leicester Square, where they had their town house. It stood on the north side of the square, where the passage called Leicester Place has since been made. This house was once the residence of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., a kind, gentle, exemplary, but unhappy lady, whose memory was long popular in England. She died here in 1661. There is a good portrait of her at Hampton Court Palace. Pennant calls Leicester House the "pouting-place of princes," because George II., when he quarrelled with his father, retired there; and because Frederick, Prince of Wales, his son, did the same thing, for the very same reason. The last-mentioned prince, father of George III., died here on the 20th of March, 1751. He had caught cold about three weeks previously, while walking in Kew Gardens, and increased his malady some days before he died by coming from the House of Lords on a cold night with the windows of his chariot down. The Princess of Wales was six months advanced in pregnancy at the time, but she sat up watching by his bedside for seven nights before he expired. Her child was born in July, and was baptized by the name of Caroline Matilda. Her eldest son George then became Prince of Wales, and resided occasionally with his mother at Leicester House until his accession to the throne. The princess continued to occupy it until her removal to Carlton House, when Leicester House became the residence of private persons. Sir Asheton Lever's fine museum was first exhibited in it. The museum, consisting of objects of natural history, and pronounced by Mr. Pennant to have been the most astonishing collection ever made by any individual, was disposed of by lottery, and gained by a Mr. James Parkinson, who removed it to Southwark, where it was exhibited for some time. The collection was finally dispersed in the year 1806; the sale lasted forty days.

On the west of the site of this ancient building, all traces of which have disappeared, is Saville House. George III., during



the lifetime of his father, had apartments in this house; and on his accession to the throne gave them up to his brother, the Duke of York, who inhabited them till a new house was built for him in Pall Mall. The duke was waited upon here by the Lord Mayor and a deputation of Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and members of the Grocers' Company, and presented with two gold snuff-boxes; the one presented by the Grocers with the freedom of their Company, and the other by the Lord Mayor with the freedom of the City. Saville House belonged at this time, not to the Royal Family, but to the family from whom it took its name; and after the Duke of York left it, became the residence of Sir George Saville, for many years representative in Parliament of the county of York. Sir George, in the memorable session of 1779, moved the first reading of the bill, which afterwards became law, securing to the Roman Catholics throughout the country the free exercise of their religion in licensed chapels. This bill was the immediate precursor of the disgraceful "No Popery" riots of the following year, when the mob, under that arch-bigot and crazy fanatic, Lord George Gordon, committed such frightful excesses. Sir George Saville was not forgotten by the rioters, who, after destroying the Catholic chapels in various parts of the town, wreaked some of their vengeance upon the mover of the bill of toleration. His house was—to use the common, but ugly phrase, sanctioned, however, by the lips of the Duke of Wellington—"completely gutted" of all its valuable furniture, books, and paintings, of which an immense bonfire was made in the streets. Miss Linwood's exhibition of pictures in needlework, which have been recently sold, was exhibited in this house for nearly forty years. In the large room, during the popular excitement previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, the National Political Union held its meetings. Concerts are now given there occasionally, and public meetings held. The ground floor is divided into various shops.

Mr. J. T. Smith, who was fond of learning from very old people their reminiscences of London in their youth, had a conversation in the year 1825 with a gentleman named Packer, then in his eighty-seventh year, and who remembered Leicester Fields long before the accession of George III. He said it was a dirty place, where ragged boys assembled to play at *chuck*. In the King's Mews, adjoining, was a cistern, where the horses were watered, behind which was a horse-pond, where pickpockets that were caught in the neighbourhood were taken and ducked. This



old gentleman remembered better than anything else the marriage of the Hon. John Spencer, ancestor of the present Earl Spencer, with Miss Poyntz, the splendour of which took a great hold upon his youthful imagination. He said they made their first visit to court (that was, to Leicester House, to the Prince Frederick and Princess of Wales first, before they went to the King at St. James's, as was then commonly the practice) on a Sunday after the morning service. The procession consisted of two carriages and a chair. In the first carriage were the bridegroom and Lord Cowper, with three footmen behind; in the second, the mother and sister of the bride, also with three footmen behind; the bride followed, in a new sedan chair, lined with white satin, a black page walking before, and three footmen behind, all in the most superb liveries. The diamonds worn by the newly-married pair were presented to Mr. Spencer by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and were worth £100,000. The shoe-buckles of the bridegroom were alone worth £30,000. Mr. Packer added to this narration, that the streets were so thinly built upon in this neighbourhood about that time, that when the heads of two men, who were executed for participation in the Scottish rebellion, were placed on Temple Bar, a man stood in Leicester Fields with a telescope, to give the boys a sight of them for a halfpenny a-piece.

The names of two of the greatest artists that England boasts of, are associated with Leicester Square. Sir Joshua Reynolds and William Hogarth lived and died in it. Hogarth's house was one of the two that now form the Sabloniere Hotel: Sir Joshua Reynolds's was on the opposite side, the fourth house from Sydney's Alley. We point them out thus particularly, that the young enthusiasts in art, of whom there are, no doubt, hundreds, upspringing to maturity and fame, may know exactly where to visit them, and have their emulation excited by the visit. Both houses were the resort of the wits of the day, especially Sir Joshua's. Johnson—the Johnson—was his constant guest; Boswell, too, came there; and, in his better days, the author of that sweetest of sweet poems, "The Deserted Village." Sir Joshua died at his house on Thursday evening, February 28, 1792, at the age of sixty-nine. On the 3rd of March his remains were interred in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Among other illustrious inhabitants of Leicester Square was the eminent surgeon, John Hunter, who lived next door to Hogarth's. The square was also inhabited in 1728 by Arthur

Onslow, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and by Lords North and Grey.

The Marquis of Caermarthen, who resided in Leicester Fields in 1698, in the house of the Earl of Aylesbury, gave a ball there on the 2nd of April in that year to Peter the Great, then on a visit to this country. The Marquis and Peter were boon companions, drank brandy together with pepper in it, for such was Peter's whim, and were rowed up and down the Thames at all hours of the day and night. It does not appear whether the Czar danced or not ; most probably he did not, for he was very shy of showing off before strangers. At a grand ball given by King William at St. James's Palace, he would not mix with the company at all, but, at his own request, was put into a small room, where he could see all that passed without being seen himself. He was fonder of drinking with Lord Caermarthen than of seeing company. Upon another occasion, when staying with him in Leicester Fields, he drank a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry before dinner, eight bottles of sack afterwards, and then went to the play, none the worse, at least to outward appearance.

In the year 1677, when Leicester House stood almost alone, there were rows of elm-trees in the court before it, extending nearly half the width of the present square. In a newspaper called the "Country Journal," or "Craftsman," dated the 16th of April, 1737, appears the following paragraph:—

"Leicester Fields is going to be fitted up in a very elegant manner ; a new wall and rails to be erected all round, and a bason in the middle, after the manner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and to be done by a voluntary subscription of the inhabitants."

The equestrian statue of George I., which now stands in the middle of the square, was put up shortly before the year 1812. It originally stood at Canons, near Edgeware, and was the property of James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, whose property, after his death, was sold by auction in 1744. Who was the possessor of it between that time and the date of its erection in the square, we have not been able to ascertain.

Nobody passing through Leicester Square can fail to remark the shabby and dirty appearance of the place, so unlike the other squares of London, which are generally clean, handsome, and well built. It has a foreign air, too ; and were it not for the trees and statue in the middle, might well be mistaken for the Grande Place of some continental city. On every side rise hotels with

foreign names, kept by foreign landlords, and marked *Restaurant*. Occasionally, a label may be seen in a window with the inscription, "Table d'hôte à cinq heures." The linen-draper and others shopkeepers take especial care to inform all passengers that they can speak French or German; and the cigar-shops here, or in the streets adjoining, add to that information that their owners can even speak Spanish and Portuguese; and the loungers in the square give visible, ocular, and olfactory demonstration that they are not Englishmen—their tanned skins, long moustachios, military coats, alike give evidence of the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, and the Pole. The jabber of their various languages give corroborative testimony; and the mingled fumes of garlic and tobacco, which they all indulge in, complete the proof that this district is a foreign colony in the heart of London. The adjoining streets abound with lodging-houses, where they all flock together. Polish exiles, Italian supernumeraries of the opera, French figurantes of the inferior grades, German musicians, teachers and translators of languages, and keepers of low gaming-houses—all congregate here. Formerly the Spaniards were the chief frequenters of the place, but most of them have disappeared, and gone back to their own country. But a vast improvement has been effected lately by the erection of Cranbourne Street, and by other important alterations in this neighbourhood.

This foreign appearance of Leicester Square is not of recent growth. It seems to have been the favourite resort of strangers and exiles ever since the place was built on. Maitland, who wrote more than a hundred years ago, describing the parish of St. Anne's, in which it is situate, says—"The fields in these parts being but lately converted into buildings, I have not discovered anything of great antiquity in this parish. Many parts of it so greatly abound with French, that it is an easy matter for a stranger to imagine himself in France."

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## CHAPTER VI.

Anecdotes connected with Gerrard Street—Death of Dryden, and disgraceful scene connected with his funeral—Theodore Gardelle, the murderer—Sir Isaac Newton's house—Cranbourne Alley; the bonnet trade—Rupert Street; the birthplace of Horne Tooke, and Vivares, the engraver—Head-quarters of artists—Old Slaughter's—Royal Academy of Art—Tradesmen's tokens—St. Martin's Church—Public funeral of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey—Trafalgar Square—The King's Mews, Geoffrey Chaucer connected with—Colonel Joyce arrested and imprisoned there—The National Gallery—The Nelson Monument—Spring Gardens; Prince Rupert and Mrs. Centlivre resided here—Anecdote of the latter.

GERRARD STREET, the residence now of a considerable number of artists, takes its name from Gerrard, Earl of Macclesfield, whose title is preserved in the street adjoining. This nobleman was a warm adherent to the cause of Charles II. when in exile; but he set himself against the tyranny of his brothers. His Lordship died in 1693.

In this street Edmund Burke lived in the year 1788; and Dryden inhabited it for many years, with his wife the Lady Elizabeth Howard. Here, too, the poet died, in the year 1700. During the April of that year, he had been troubled with gout and erysipelas in his leg, but recovering a little in a few days, he went out to take a turn in the garden behind his house, when he was seized with a violent pain under the ball of the great toe of his right foot. The pain was so great that he was unable to stand; and being carried into the house by his servants, a surgeon was sent for, who found a small black spot on the place affected. Dryden immediately foretold his death; he called his son Charles to him, told him that mortification had commenced, and that the doctors would probably attempt to cut off his leg, but that, upon his filial duty, he was not to suffer him to be dismembered. It is difficult to say whether his life might not have been spared, if he had consented to the operation; but his resolution was unbending not to suffer it, and he died on the 1st of May.

A disgraceful scene occurred in Gerrard Street at his funeral. On the Sunday following his death, a grand procession of eighteen mourning-coaches were ready to move towards Westminster Abbey, when a party of aristocratic mohocks and disturbers of the peace, headed by Lord Jeffreys, the son of the infamous judge of the same name, passed through the streets, intoxicated,



although it was morning, and bent upon mischief. Jeffreys asked whose funeral it was, and being told, he protested vehemently, that so great a man as Dryden should not be buried in that shabby manner, and that he would, with the leave of Lady Elizabeth, have the honour of his interment, and further, bestow the sum of £1000 to erect a monument in the Abbey. With several of his companions, he rushed up stairs to her room, where the widow lay sick in bed, and repeated what he had said in the street. Lady Elizabeth refused her consent, upon which the heartless rake fell upon his knees, and swore he would never move till she allowed him to conduct the funeral. The poor lady, weakened with grief and illness, was so frightened by this roysterer and his crew, that she fainted away, upon which Jeffreys rushed down stairs, and pretending that he had her authority, stopped the funeral, and ordered the body to be carried to an undertaker's in Cheapside, and there left till further orders. In the meantime, Westminster Abbey was lighted up, and the bishop in attendance to perform the last rites. He waited for some hours, and then retired. Jeffreys, when waited upon by the undertaker of Cheapside, said he knew nothing of the matter, —that if he had done anything, he had done it in a drunken frolic, and would have no more to do with it. In consequence of this unfeeling and ruffianly conduct, the body was not buried until three weeks afterwards. Immediately after the funeral, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to the fellow who had so outraged every feeling of decency and humanity, but received no answer. He sent messengers who were always denied, and finally watched for him in the streets, to chastise him. Jeffreys, who to his other evil qualities added that of cowardice, kept carefully out of his way for three years, when Mr. Charles Dryden was unfortunately drowned in the Thames near Windsor.

Dryden's house was No. 43, and his study was the front parlour. It still exists, but appears to have been more than once renovated since the time of the poet.

It was in one of the streets leading from Leicester Square that Theodore Gardelle, a Frenchman, a limner and enameller, committed a murder, which, until the more recent crime of James Greenacre, was considered the most atrocious and revolting that had ever been committed in England; always excepting those perpetrated by the "Burkers." Like Greenacre, he cut up the body of his victim, and disposed of it piece by piece to avoid detection. He was considered a clever artist, and enamelled the



head of Voltaire, with whom he was acquainted, on a snuff-box which afterwards sold for a great price. He was executed in the Haymarket, in 1760, and his body was afterwards hung in chains on Hounslow Heath.

But the reminiscences of this neighbourhood are more glorious than this. To the names of a Hogarth, a Dryden, and a Reynolds, a Burke, and a Hunter, who inhabited it, must be added the still more illustrious name of Isaac Newton. The house is still existing in Leicester Place to which he removed after he had been chosen president of the Royal Society, and is an Italian restaurateur's, and known as the "Hotel Newton." About thirty-five or forty years ago, the house was taken by a Frenchman, who built an observatory on the top of it, fitted it up with various mathematical instruments which he had bought at the second-hand shops, and exhibited them to the public as the identical instruments used by the great philosopher, before whose time "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night." The man realized a considerable sum before his false pretences were exposed.

Passing through Leicester Square, we went until recently through Cranbourne Alley, the great bonnet mart of London. Those who are ignorant of the town may be amused to learn that at every shop door in this alley, while it existed, a young woman of decent appearance was stationed all day long, on the watch for customers, whom it was her business to entice or to drag into the shop, and force to purchase, whether they would or no. These young women were known by the name of "She Barkers," to distinguish them from the "He Barkers," who were stationed at the second-hand clothes-shops, and who acted the same annoying part towards the men. Woe used to betide the woman of the middle classes who passed through Cranbourne Alley with an unfashionable bonnet! It was immediately seen from one end of the place to the other, and twenty barkers beset her, each in turn, as she walked forward, arresting her course by invitations to inspect the ware that was for sale within. Many a one has had her cloak or shawl torn from her back by these rival sisters of trade, during their struggles to draw her within their den, each pulling a different way.

At the north-west angle of Newport Street formerly stood the town house of the noble family of Mountjoy. On the west side of the garden that belonged to it, on the site of part of Gerrard Street, was an artillery ground, as we are informed by Maitland,

in which the Middlesex Militia and the Westminster Train Bands were exercised. Maitland says that, at the other end of this street, the family of Bolingbroke had once a house.

In Newport Street was born the celebrated Horne Tooke, the son of a poulterer in Newport Market. Being once asked by some of his aristocratic schoolfellows what his father was, he replied "a turkey merchant." They never discovered the joke, and treated him with great respect in consequence.

In this street also Francis Vivares, the engraver, kept a tailor's shop. His landlord, Mr. Peltro, a plate-chaser, of Porter Street, accidentally discovered his genius for the arts, candidly told him that he was a very bad tailor, but that he would make an excellent engraver. Mr. Vivares soon after this went to Paris, where he studied under Le Bas. He then returned to England, where he was particularly assisted by Chatelain. He lived for many years in Great Newport Street, where he published an engraved list of his own works, which he had also published himself.

St. Martin's Lane, Greek Street, and all this neighbourhood, were long the very head-quarters of the artists. A sprinkling of them may be still met about Soho Square now; and Newman Street is full of them: but in the time of Benjamin West, and before the formation of the Royal Academy, Greek Street, St. Martin's Lane, and Gerrard Street, was their colony. Old Slaughter's Coffee House, in St. Martin's Lane, was their grand resort in the evenings, and Hogarth was a constant visitor. In 1753, the artists used to meet at the "Turk's Head," in Greek Street, and from thence their secretary, Mr. F. M. Newton, dated a printed letter to the principal artists, to form a select body for the protection and encouragement of art.

Another Society of Artists met under the auspices of Mr. Moser, in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, from the year 1739 to 1767. After continued squabbles, which had lasted many years, the principal artists, including Benjamin West, Richard Wilson, Edward Penny, Joseph Wilton, Sir William Chambers, G. M. Moser, Paul Sandby, and J. M. Newton, met together at the "Turk's Head," where many others having joined them, they agreed to petition the king (George III.) to become patron of a ROYAL ACADEMY OF ART. His Majesty consented, and the new society took a room in Pall Mall, opposite to Market Lane, where they remained until the king, in the year 1771, granted them apartments in Old Somerset House.

Little St. Martin's Lane was called Cock Lane before the year 1708.

The handsome church of St. Martin was completed in 1726, from the designs of Gibbs the architect. In the reign of Henry VIII. a small church was built here, at the king's expense, on account of the poverty of the parish, which was then very thinly inhabited. In 1607, the parish had so increased in wealth and population, that it was found necessary to make very considerable additions to the building. In 1721, the increase had been so much greater, that it was judged advisable to provide far better accommodation than the old church could afford by any process of alteration, and it was pulled down, and the present edifice erected on its site. It was in the old church that the body of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, murdered upon Primrose Hill in the time of Charles II., under those mysterious circumstances which historians have never been able to clear up, was buried with great magnificence. The popular excitement from the fear of the Papists was extreme. Hume says, that previous to the funeral, the body was carried into the City, attended by vast multitudes. It was publicly exposed in the streets, and viewed by all ranks of men, and every one who saw it went away inflamed, as well by the mutual contagion of sentiments as by the dismal spectacle itself. The funeral was celebrated with great parade. The corpse was conducted through the chief streets of the city. Seventy-two clergymen marched before, and above a thousand persons of distinction followed after. At the funeral sermon two able-bodied divines mounted the pulpit, and stood on each side of the preacher, lest in paying the last duties to the unhappy magistrate, he should before the whole people be assassinated by the Papists.

The following notice regarding the old church appears in the Journals of the House of Commons, vol. iii., p. 399:—

"A<sup>o</sup>. 1643-4, Feb. 14. Ordered, That the pew in St. Martin's Church, belonging to the Earl of Berkshire's house, be appointed and set apart for the Scott's Commissioners, and the vestry-men of that parish are hereby required to take notice hereof, and prepare the pew."

Until the year 1826, this end of St. Martin's Lane was a narrow thoroughfare, but in that year all the houses opposite to the church were pulled down, by which means a fine opening was made, and a view obtained from Pall Mall East of the noble portico of the sacred edifice.

Vast improvements have been made in this spot within the last eight years. The old Mews have been removed—a fine open space made towards Spring Gardens, with the name of Trafalgar

Square, in the middle of which are two handsome fountains, a triumphal column, which we shall mention at large presently, and lastly, a National Gallery has been erected.

The Mews, which stood upon the site of the latter edifice, was appropriated for the reception of the royal falcons from a very early period—Pennant says, at least from the reign of Richard II.—but it would appear that it existed even earlier. By the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., in 1299, it is shown that Hawkin, the king's falconer, had 2s. 4d. allowed him for shoes.

In the 13th Edward II., John De La Becke had the custody of the King's Mews, called "de mutis apud Charryng juxta Westmonasterium," delivered to him.—Ibid. p. 250.

John De St. Alban appears to have succeeded De La Becke in the custody of this Mews, in the 10th of Edward III.—Ibid. vol. ii., p. 108.

In the reign of Richard II., the well-known Sir Simon Burley was keeper of the King's Falcons at Charing Cross; and the illustrious father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, either in that or in the first year of the subsequent reign, was clerk of the King's works, and of the Mews at Charing.

The Mews was changed to stables in the reign of Henry VIII., by reason of a fire which burnt the royal stables at Bloomsbury.

The notorious Colonel Joyce was imprisoned in the Mews by order of Oliver Cromwell, as appears by a small sheet of four pages, published in 1659, and now extremely rare, entitled—

"A TRUE NARRATIVE of the occasions and causes of the late Lord-Gen. Cromwell's anger and indignation against Lieut.-Col. George Joyce (sometime Cornet Joyce, who secured the King at Holmby), and his proceedings against him to cashier him from the army, and imprison and destroy him in his estate."

Colonel Joyce was carried away by musqueteers to the Mews, and put into a close chamber within the common *Dutch* prison, where he was overrun with vermin, and where he was forced to continue above ten days. After great importunity he obtained a removal to another chamber in the Mews, where he fell sick with the filthy smells and other inconveniences, and continued ten weeks, but was often sent to by Oliver Cromwell to lay down his commission, which he absolutely refused to do, declaring to all how unworthily he was dealt with, and that all that had been sworn against him was false.

This building was pulled down in 1732, when a new and more handsome edifice, used as the royal stables, was erected upon its site. This lasted about a century, and was in its turn pulled



down to make room for the National Gallery. This building was erected between the years 1834 and 1837, from the design of Mr. Charles Wilkins. The front is about 500 feet in length. In the centre is a portico, with eight columns of the Corinthian order, the ascent to which is formed by a flight of steps at each side, the whole surmounted by an ornamented, if not an ornamental, dome. Critics with reason object to this edifice that it is too low in comparison with the objects by which it is surrounded; the portico of St. Martin's church being considerably higher, and even the houses in Suffolk Place at the other end, against which it is affixed, being several yards more lofty. It is a mean building, when the great national purpose for which it was erected is considered. A few thousands of pounds in addition would have rendered this edifice worthy of the British nation, and have saved us many "odious comparisons" with our more liberal, and perhaps more enlightened neighbours.

It is generally believed that the idea of erecting a monument in the metropolis worthy of Nelson originated with our late King William IV. Certain it is that he favoured the design of opening to the people the square at Charing Cross, of naming it "Trafalgar," and of placing in its centre some monument to Nelson, such as might not disgrace the patronage of a sovereign, or the immortal glories of the hero. Such, in the main, was the origin of the "Nelson Testimonial," in Trafalgar Square. For this noble object a subscription was opened, and a committee organized, the Duke of Buccleuch lending his efficient aid as chairman. Unfortunately, the sovereign did not live to witness the progress of his favourite project.

On a considerable sum being raised, the committee advertised for designs for a monument of architecture and sculpture; the rewards of 250*l.*, 150*l.*, and 100*l.* respectively, being promised to the author of the design which the committee should deem first, second, and third in order of merit; and the highest premium was awarded to Mr. William Railton. The designs were then submitted to the inspection of the public, with certain additions, alterations, and amendments; and the committee, on June 22, confirmed their former choice, and finally decided upon the design of Mr. Railton.

This monument, on the whole, may be pronounced a very handsome ornament to the almost unparalleled site on which it is placed, and is highly creditable to the abilities of the architect. If we say there is little originality in its conception, that will, perhaps, hardly be considered as detracting from the merits of the



author; for English architects have not yet learned to create, and English taste is satisfied with imitations of the antique. Objections have been taken to the cocked-hat on the head of the statue. Undoubtedly, the effect is not poetical, and it is true, Nelson is most easily recognised in our engravings of the hero, when, as most frequently we see him, bare-headed. But when we remember the height at which the statue is placed; when, after straining our eyes to examine it, we discover that the features are not to be discerned, it will be allowed that the cocked-hat was necessary; for without it Nelson could not well have been identified, or be made to appear any body else than a private gentleman who had chanced to lose his right arm.

We now pass across Trafalgar Square to Spring Gardens, which, until the time of Charles II., were what their name implies. During the Republic, and after the Restoration, they were more thickly built upon, and Prince Rupert took a house there, where he died in 1682, in the sixty-third year of his age. Here also died Mrs. Centlivre, the celebrated dramatic authoress, especially remembered for her bustling and entertaining comedies, the "Bold Stroke for a Wife," the "Wonder," and the "Busy-body." Centlivre, by whose name she is alone remembered, was her third husband, and yeoman of the mouth—a cook, or a cook's assistant, in the service of Queen Anne, who fell in love with her when she was acting in male attire at Windsor. Her name then was Carroll. Her fine legs and pretty face captivated the yeoman's eyes, and her wit and goodnature captivated his heart. Mrs. Centlivre figures in the "Dunciad." Pope, in the notes to the passage, says, "She writ many plays, and a song before she was seven years old; she also wrote a ballad against Mr. Pope's 'Homer' before he began it." The last part of the sentence explains why she was reckoned among the dunces. She was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

We have now arrived at Charing Cross, and ended the first part of our peregrinations.

## CHAPTER VII.

Charing Cross—Demolition of the Cross—"The Downfall of Charing Cross"—Equestrian statue of Charles I., Sutton Nicholls' print of—Epigrams on the statue of George I. on Bloomsbury Church—Pillory in Charing Cross—Titus Oates exhibited there—Cruel punishment of Japhet Crook there—Execution of Hugh Peters, Harrison, and other regicides there—Number of Taverns here, the resort of wits and *literati* in the seventeenth century—Anecdotes connected with Sir George Etherege—The Rummer Tavern, anecdote of Matthew Prior and the Earl of Dorset—Robinson's Coffee House; anecdote of Richard Savage; his trial—Anecdote of Ben Jonson—Thomson, the poet—Sir Nicholas Bacon—King Street, the residence of Oliver Cromwell—Cromwell's guards—Hogarth's print of "Night"—Wallingford House (site, now the Admiralty), anecdotes connected with—Residence of General Fleetwood, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—Anecdote of the Duke—Scotland Yard—Palace formerly there for the Scottish Kings—Attempted assasination of Lord Herbert of Cherbury—Vanbrugh's House—Neighbourhood teems with "memories" of the Tudors and the Stuarts—Mansion of Hubert de Burgh, then York Place, the Palace of Cardinal Wolsey, afterwards Whitehall—The great man who "flitted about this palace," *temp.* Henry VIII.—Pageants there in the time of Elizabeth, and Revels in those of King James I.—Execution of King Charles I.—Cromwell lived and died here—Events here during Cromwell's reign—The residence of Richard Cromwell—The "Merry Court" of Charles II. here—His death—The residence of James II.—Nearly destroyed by Fire—Converted into a chapel.

FROM CHARING CROSS TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY,  
WESTMINSTER HALL, AND THE HOUSES  
OF PARLIAMENT.

HORNE TOOKE, in his "Diversions of Purley," derives the word Charing from the Saxon word *charan*, to turn; and the situation of the original village, on the bend or turning of the Thames, gives probability to this etymology. In the reign of Edward I., Charing was a rural hamlet on the highway between London and Westminster, consisting of no more than a dozen houses, or hovels. It took the additional name of Cross from the wooden cross set up by that monarch, as a testimony of his conjugal affection, strong beyond the grave, for his beloved Eleanor. Wherever her corpse rested, on its transit from Grantham, in Lincolnshire, to Westminster Abbey, the place of her sepulture, the affectionate king erected a cross in commemoration of her. A stone cross, from the design of Cavalini, afterwards replaced the original wooden one; and it lasted until the fanaticism, which broke forth in England in the seventeenth century,

swept it away with many other remarkable works of art which reminded the multitude of that faith which they abhorred. It was demolished in 1647, by an order of the House of Commons, which had been issued three years previously, but for some reason or other not carried into effect immediately, as was the case with the cross at Cheapside.

Lilly, the astrologer, says, in his "Observations on the Life and Character of Charles I.," that the workmen were employed for three months (June, July, and August, 1647), in pulling it down, and that some of the stones were used to form the pavement before Whitehall. The admirers of relics bought some of them, and had them made into knife-handles; and Lilly saw some of them which were polished, and looked like marble. The site remained vacant for thirty-one years, when the equestrian statue that now adorns it was placed there by order of Charles II., and a pedestal erected expressly for it by Grinlyn Gibbons. The statue was cast in 1633, by Le Sueur, for the Earl of Arundel, but was ordered by the House of Commons, after the execution of the king, to be sold and broken to pieces. It was purchased by John River, or Rivet, a brazier, who foreseeing, perhaps, that the monarchy might, some day or other, grow into good odour again with the people, buried the statue in his garden somewhere in Holborn.

The following inscription is copied from a large sheet print of the statue, beautifully engraved, in the manner and time of Faithorne, but without name or date; extremely rare.

"This portraiture was drawne from the magnificent figure cast in brasse, by that most famous artist, Monsieur Le Sueur, An. Donj. 1633, exceeding the proportion of the life, being almost 10 foot high, and with great hazzard, charge, and care, preserved under ground by John Rivet, brasier, living at Holborn Conduit at ye Diall."

The brazier, it appears, made a very good thing of his bargain, for he bought a large quantity of old brass, which he made into knife and fork-handles, and publicly advertised as being manufactured of the king's statue. They sold wonderfully, both parties being alike eager to procure them; the roundheads to triumph over royalty—the cavaliers to preserve a memento of their sovereign. It does not appear what sum the brazier received for the statue at the Restoration, or even whether he was alive. The Parliament of 1678 voted the sum of £70,000 for solemnizing the funeral, and for erecting a monument to the memory of Charles I., and out of this sum a portion went to-

wards the repurchase of this statue and the erection of the pedestal by Grinlyn Gibbons.

There is an idle story abroad, and very generally believed, that the horse is without a girth. This assertion appears to have been first made in a periodical publication called the "Medley," for Aug. 1719, quoted by Malcolm, in his "Account of London," affirmed by him to be the fact, and since copied by numerous writers. Any person who will take the trouble to look at the statue, will see that there is a girth passing over a very strong rein on the right of the animal.

Of Charing Cross, and its surrounding buildings, perhaps the rare print by Sutton Nicholls is the earliest; it is a sheet print, and of a size with those published in Strype's Stow. It appears by this view, that there were about forty small square stone posts then, surrounding the pedestal on which the statue is placed, and that that spot then was a standing place for hackney-chairs; it also shows that every house had a long stepping-stone at a small distance from its front, for the accommodation of those who used carriages. Perhaps no place is better known all over Britain than Charing Cross.

When Bloomsbury Church was finished, the figure of King George I. surmounting the steeple excited much criticism, and gave rise to the following lines, printed in a sixpenny book for children about 1756:—

"No longer stand staring,  
My friend, at Cross Charing,  
Amidst such a number of people;  
For a man on a horse  
Is a matter of course,  
But look, here is a king on a steeple!"

Charing Cross was for many centuries a place of punishment, and its pillory was among the most famous of the many that formerly stood in London. Among many notorious persons who underwent that degradation in this place were Titus Oates, for his well-known perjuries; and Parsons, the chief concocter of that memorable imposition, known by the name of the Cock Lane Ghost. The following extract from "The Daily Advertiser," for the 11th of June, 1731, will show the sort of punishment that was sometimes inflicted upon unhappy individuals in the pillory:—

"Yesterday Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, stood on the pillory for the space of one hour; after which he was seated in an elbow-chair, and the common hangman cut both his ears off



with an incision knife, and shewed them to the spectators ; afterwards delivered them to Mr. Watson, a sheriff's officer, then slit both his nostrils with a pair of scissors, and sear'd them with a hot iron, pursuant to his sentence. He had a surgeon to attend him on the pillory, who immediately apply'd things necessary to prevent the effusion of blood. He underwent it all with undaunted courage ; afterwards went to the Ship Tavern, at Charing Cross, where he stay'd some time, then was carried to the King's Bench Prison, to be confined there for life. During the time he was on the pillory he laughed, and deny'd the fact to the last."

Charing Cross is also memorable for more sanguinary punishments than this. Here, in the reign of Charles II., were executed Hugh Peters, chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, Scope, Jones, Harrison, and many others of the regicides. It will be remembered that there were neither cross nor statue at this time, and the scaffold for the execution of these unhappy men stood on the spot now occupied by the pedestal of Grinlyn Gibbons. They all died with the courage of heroes. As Harrison was led to the scaffold, (we quote the "State Trials,") some one called out to him in derision, "Where is your GOOD OLD CAUSE?" He with a cheerful smile clapped his hand on his breast, and said. "Here it is, and I am going to seal it with my blood." And when he came to the sight of the gallows, he was transported with joy, and his servant asked him how he did, he answered, "Never better in my life." His servant told him, "Sir, there is a crown of glory prepared for you." "O yes," replied he ; "I see." When he was taken off the sledge, the hangman desired him to forgive him. "I do forgive thee," said he, "with all my heart, as it is a sin against me," and told him he wished him all happiness ; and further said, "Alas, poor man, thou dost it ignorantly ; the Lord grant that this sin may not be laid to thy charge !" and putting his hand into his pocket, he gave him all the money he had, and so parting with his servant, hugging him in his arms, he went up the ladder with an undaunted countenance. The people observing him to tremble in his hands and legs, he, taking notice of it, said, "Gentlemen, by reason of some scoffing that I do hear, I judge that some do think I am afraid to die, by the shaking I have in my hands and knees. I tell you NO, but it is by reason of much blood that I have lost in the wars, and many wounds I have received in my body, which caused this shaking and weakness in my nerves. I have had it this twelve years. I speak this to the praise and glory of God ;

He hath carried me above the fear of death, and I value not my life because I go to my Father, and I am assured I shall take it again. Gentlemen, take notice, that for being instrumental in that cause, (an instrument of the Son of God,) which hath been pleaded amongst us, I am brought to this place to suffer death this day : and if I had ten thousand lives, I could freely and cheerfully lay them all down to witness to this matter." After he was hanged, a horrible scene took place. In conformity to the barbarous sentence then and many years afterwards, always executed upon persons convicted of treason, he was cut down alive and stripped, his belly was then cut open, his bowels taken out and burnt before his eyes. Harrison, in the madness of his agony, rose up wildly, it is said, and gave the executioner a box on the ear, and then fell down insensible. It was the last effort of matter over mind, and for the time it conquered.

Jones and Scrope, both very old men, were drawn in the sledge together. " Their grave and graceful countenances," says the account in the " State Trials," " accompanied with courage and cheerfulness, caused great admiration and compassion in the spectators, as they passed along the street to Charing Cross. The executioner had done his part upon three others that day, and was so drunk with blood, that, like one surfeited, he was sick at stomach, and not being able himself, he set his boy to finish the tragedy upon Colonel Jones." On the night before his death, he told a friend, he had no other temptation but this, lest he should be too much transported, and so neglect and slight his life, so greatly was he satisfied to die in such a cause. This enthusiastic old man—one of the stern, hard, Ironsides of Cromwell—grasped his friend in his arms as he mounted the scaffold ; " Farewell ! " said he, in a tone of tenderness, " I could wish thee in the same condition as myself, that our souls might mount up to heaven together, and share in eternal joys ! "

Hugh Peters, the famous preacher of Oliver Cromwell, was afraid beforehand that his spirits would fail him, and that he should not behave himself with proper heroism at the last hour. Another, of the name of Cooke, was executed before him, and Peters was made to sit within the rails to behold his death. We shall again quote the simple language of the author of this account in the " State Trials : " " While sitting thus, one came to him and upbraided him with the death of the king, bidding him, with opprobrious language, to repent. He replied, ' Friend, you do not well to trample upon a dying man ; you are greatly mistaken ; I had nothing to do in the death of the king.' When Mr.

Cooke was cut down and brought to be quartered, one they called Colonel Turner, told the sheriff's men to bring Mr. Peters near, that he might see him. By-and-by, the hangman came to him all besmeared in blood, and rubbing his bloody hands together, tauntingly asked him, 'Come, how do you like this—how do you like this work?' To whom Mr. Peters replied, 'I am not, I thank God, terrified at it: you may do your worst!'

"When he was going to his execution he looked about and espied a man to whom he gave a piece of gold, having bowed it first, and desired him to go to the place where his daughter lodged, and to carry that to her as a token from him, and to let her know that his heart was as full of comfort as it could be, and that before that piece should come into her hands, he should be with God in glory.

"Being upon the ladder, he spake to the sheriff, saying, 'Sir, you have here slain one of the servants of God before mine eyes, and have made me to behold it on purpose to terrify and discourage me, but God hath made it an ordinance to me for my strengthening and encouragement.' When he was going to die he said to himself, 'What, flesh! art thou unwilling to go to God through the fire and jaws of death? Oh!' he added to the spectators, 'this is a good day; He is come that I have long looked for, and I shall soon be with Him in glory.' And so he smiled when he went away. What Mr. Peters said further at his execution, either in his speech or prayer, it could not be taken, in regard his voice was low at the time, and the people uncivil."

It is by such men as these that revolutions can only be made: it is by pardoning such men as these, and making friends of them, that kings would gain as much glory as they do shame for sacrificing them. What a record of tears and blood is the history of England—what horrible barbarity has been exercised in the abused name of Justice—what a recklessness of the sacred life of man has been shown upon every occasion, until within the last few years! Civilization has now happily brought forth some of her choicest and most ennobling fruits. The punishment of death, when it is inflicted, is inflicted without any unnecessary cruelty, and with no mockery. And the time, perhaps, may come—at least philanthropists may hope for it, and struggle for it—that Law and Revenge will not sit cheek by jowl upon the same judgment-seat, thinking not so much of the repression of future, as of vengeance for past offences. The deaths of these stern republicans, which throw a melancholy interest around

Charing Cross, had, notwithstanding the brutality of some of the people, so powerful an effect upon the public mind, and awoke so much sympathy, that the Government gave orders that no more of them should be executed in the heart of London. The remainder were conveyed to Tyburn accordingly.

But Charing Cross is rich in recollections ; and leaving this gloomy page in its history, we turn to a brighter one, associated with the names and the revelries of the poets. It abounded at the end of the seventeenth, and for nearly the whole of the eighteenth century, with taverns and other places of public entertainment, the resort of the wits and literati. The following are the names of the principal houses of this description which were in existence between the years 1680 and 1730 :—"The Elephant," "The Sugar Loaf," "The Old Man's Coffee-house," "The Old Vine," "The Three Flower de Lucas," "The British Coffee-house," "The Young Man's Coffee-house," "The Three Queens," "Locket's Ordinary," "The Rummer," and "Robinson's Coffee-house." The names of many of these are to be met with in the "Spectator" and "Tatler," but for our purpose we shall confine ourselves to the three last, as deserving of special notice.

"Locket's Ordinary" was fashionable in the days of Buckingham—that Buckingham of whose character Dryden wrote the well-known description, and whose death, "in the worst inn's worst room," has been sung of by Pope. This coffee-house is often mentioned in the plays of Vanbrugh, Cibber, and the other dramatists of that period ; and by one of them, Sir George Etherege, it was constantly frequented. Sir George only discontinued the Ordinary when he had run up a bill which he was unable to pay, when he began to absent himself. Mrs. Locket thereupon set a man to dun him, and threaten him with a prosecution if he did not pay. Sir George, an utter *poco-curante*, sent back word to Mrs. Locket, that if she stirred a step in the matter he would kiss her. On receiving this answer, the good lady, much exasperated, called for her hood and scarf, and told her husband, who interposed, "that she would see if there was any fellow alive who would have the impudence."—"Prithee ! my dear, don't be so rash," said her husband ; "there is no telling what a man may do in his passion !"

"The Rummer Tavern," the site of which is at the back of No. 14, Charing Cross, was kept by an uncle of Matthew Prior, the poet and diplomatist. The uncle's name was Samuel Prior ; and in his house, it appears, used to be held an anniversary dinner of the nobility and gentry living in the parish of St.



Martin's in the Fields. The young poet, having lost his father at an early age, was taken into the house of his uncle, who sent him for some time to Westminster School under the care of Dr. Busby. After he had made what his uncle thought a sufficient progress in his studies, he took him home, with the view probably of teaching him his own business.

He was saved from this fate, however, by mere chance; for, according to Bishop Burnet, he was found one day by the Earl of Dorset, at the window of the "Rummer," reading "Horace." His lordship, a lover of poetry, and himself a poet in a small way, was struck with the circumstance; and finding that the youth had a mind above his station, and an ardent desire for knowledge, invariably the accompaniment to genius, he undertook the care of his fortunes, and supported him for four years at Cambridge. Prior afterwards rose to distinction, not only in the literary but in the political world—rattled from the Whigs to the Tories—became a diplomatist and a member of Parliament, and an ambassador—got into difficulties, narrowly escaped an impeachment, and was finally, at the age of fifty-three, turned adrift upon the world, after a short imprisonment in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, without a shilling. He had friends, however, and abilities. He published his poems by subscription, and raised a sum which is enough to make a poet's mouth water—four thousand guineas. The Earl of Oxford made him a present of the like sum to buy a house at Down Hall in Essex, and thither he retired, and passed the short remainder of his days in peace.

"Robinson's Coffee-house" is associated with the name of another, but less fortunate poet. Matthew Prior, the orphan, and nephew of a tavern-keeper, rose to power, and wealth, and renown. Richard Savage, the son of an earl, by a mother as nobly born as the father, lived a life of constant poverty and misfortune, and died in a gaol, beholden to the humanity of a prison-keeper for the last crust to put into his mouth, and the last blanket that covered him.

Savage had come into London from Richmond to pay for lodgings that he had formerly taken in Westminster, but which he had left without discharging the rent, when he accidentally met two gentlemen named Merchant and Gregory, with whom he went into a coffee-house, and drank till a very late hour in the night. It was in fact so late, that they considered it quite useless to attempt to get a bed, so they determined to walk the streets till morning, and amuse themselves as they best could.

Unluckily, they soon afterwards passed "Robinson's Coffee-house," which was a tavern that bore no very good name, and seeing a light in the window, they knocked at the door, and were admitted. Merchant, who appears to have been the drunkest of the party, demanded a room with much insolence of tone and manner. He was told that there was a good fire in the parlour (it was a cold raw night in November), and that the company were just about to leave it. Merchant pushed forward, overturning everything in his way, and was followed by Gregory and the unlucky poet. Merchant, who was quarrelsome in his cups, placed himself between the rest of the company and the fire, and soon after kicked down the table. A quarrel ensued; swords were drawn on both sides, and a Mr. Sinclair received a mortal wound from the weapon of Savage. A servant girl who interposed was also wounded by the same hand, and Savage and his two companions fled for their lives. Losing their presence of mind, they were discovered in a few minutes, lurking in a back court, by some soldiers who had been called from the Gate House at Westminster to quell the disturbance. They were imprisoned in the Gate House, and in the morning, the unfortunate Mr. Sinclair having died of his wounds, they were removed to Newgate. The trial excited great interest in London. Savage received the character of a quiet, inoffensive man, and pleaded that the blow which had deprived his fellow-creature of life was not premeditated, but given in self-defence.

The jury found a verdict of "guilty of murder" against Savage and Gregory, who had swords, and of manslaughter only against Merchant, the original cause of all the mischief, who was not armed. Sentence of death was recorded against the two former, and for many months Savage fully expected that he should close his miserable life upon the scaffold. His mother, the author of all his ills, tried hard to bring about this result, and for some time successfully thwarted the efforts that were made to save him. Her own unnatural cruelty was at last exposed at Court, and Savage was pardoned after six months' painful confinement in Newgate. In all English literature there is not a more affecting narrative than the life of this poet by Dr. Johnson—it has all the interest of romance, with all the value of truth—and the style has as many beauties as are to be found in any other composition of that great writer, with fewer of his mannerisms and defects.

Charing Cross is associated with the names of two other poets besides these—Ben Jonson and James Thomson. It is supposed

that rare Ben was born in Hartshorn Alley, in Charing Cross, somewhere near the place where Craig's Court now stands, but this is not certain. Honest old Fuller, speaking of him, says, "I cannot with all my industry trace him to his cradle, but I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorn Lane, Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband. He was first bred in a private school in St. Martin's Lane, and then in Westminster School."

Rare Ben also lived in an alley, as appears from his famous answer to King Charles I., who had sent him a very tardy and very small sum, when he was in poverty and sickness—"I suppose he sends me this because I live in an alley—tell him his soul lives in an alley!"

In the first-floor of the house now inhabited by Messrs. Parker and Co., the booksellers, a little further up the street towards Whitehall, Thomson the poet took lodgings, when he first arrived in London to try his fortune. He had few friends and little money, and trusted to make his fortune by his poem of "Winter," the MS. of which he brought with him. Ultimately it did make his fortune; but he had to undergo many privations and disappointments in the meantime. In this lodging he wrote part of his "Summer." The other two Seasons were written at Hammersmith and Richmond.

We shall now proceed to Westminster Abbey, lingering with the reader, sometimes on the right side of the way and sometimes on the left, and finding something worthy to be remembered at every step; for the ground is classic, and every inch of it, if it had a tongue, could tell a tale worth hearing.

Before we quit Charing Cross—the spot, according to Johnson, at which might be seen "the full tide of human existence"—we should not omit to mention that Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of the illustrious Francis, had a house here, where he died in 1578. "He was," says Camden, in his "History of Elizabeth," "a man exceeding gross-bodied, sharp-witted, of singular wisdom, rare eloquence, excellent memory, and a pillar, as it were, of the Privy Council." Elizabeth used to say of him, "My Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged."

There is a tradition, that on the site of Messrs. Drummonds and Co.'s banking-house, Oliver Cromwell had a house. Be this true or not, he certainly resided in King Street, Westminster, previous to his usurpation; indeed, he lived there when he was appointed Lieutenant of Ireland, as will be seen hereafter.

The whole of the street opposite to the statue of King Charles to the site of the Admiralty, was formerly much narrower; the houses, when Drummonds' was built, were set back full forty feet more to the west, upon an open square place called "Cromwell's yard."

That interesting print of "Night," one of Hogarth's "Four Times of the Day," presents an accurate view of the spot, taken before the street was widened.

The same print may also be instanced as affording the best display of house-signs of any,—delineating the costume of the time.

On the site of the Admiralty stood Peterborough House (afterwards called Wallingford House). It was on the top of this mansion that Archbishop Usher attempted to see the execution of Charles I., as appears by the following extract from Parr's Life of that prelate:—"At the time of His Majesty's murther, the Lady Peterborough's House (where my Lord then lived), being just over against Charing Cross, divers of the countess' gentlemen and servants got upon the leads of the house, from whence they could see plainly what was acting before White-Hall."

"The primate, who could not stand the sight, fainted, was taken down and put on his bed."

This will clearly prove to the satisfaction of many people, that King Charles was beheaded on the west front of Whitehall, and not, as has been often asserted in conversation, on the ground behind the building in Privy Gardens, where the statue of King James is placed. Many persons insist that the statue is pointing to the very spot of his father's execution. The fact is strictly this:—the King, who is very absurdly depicted in the habit of a Roman commander, formerly held a truncheon in his hand, and if any person will take the pains to satisfy himself upon the point, he will see a regular circle made through the hand to receive it. This truncheon Mr. J. Smith remembered perfectly well to have seen when he was a boy; but it has since either fallen out, being loose, or taken away, or stolen, for nobody knows what has become of it.

But to return to Wallingford House, which seems, during the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, to have been called indiscriminately by the two names, Peterborough or Wallingford. It was the residence of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, and was inhabited for some time by the well-known General Fleetwood, after his return from the government of Ireland, to which he had



been appointed by Cromwell. Fleetwood, it should be remembered, married one of Cromwell's daughters, after the death of her first husband, Ireton. In his apartments, after the death of the Protector, were held the meetings known in history by the name of the Wallingford House Cabal, which brought about the downfall of the second Protector, Richard, and aided the restoration of Charles II. Buckingham inhabited it occasionally, along with York House in the Strand, close adjoining, and kept a daily levee for astrologers, alchymists, and quacks of every description; poets, painters, and musicians being included in the number.

"The unprincipled libertine," says Sir Walter, "who slew the Earl of Shrewsbury while his adulterous countess held his horse in the disguise of a page, and who boasted of caressing her before he had changed the bloody clothes in which he had murdered her husband, is not exposed to hatred, while the spendthrift and castle-builder are held up to contempt."

After the death of Buckingham, Wallingford House remained some time untenanted, and in the reign of William III. it was appointed for the Admiralty Office, which previous to that time had been in Duke Street, Westminster. It was for the greater part demolished in the reign of George II., and the present Admiralty Office erected on its site from the design of Ripley.

In the apartments usually occupied by the First Lord of the Admiralty in his official capacity, the chimney-pieces are very elegant, particularly those in the drawing-room, dining-room, and best bed-chamber. They were brought from the superb mansion of Sir Gregory Page at Blackheath, after it was demolished, and the materials sold in separate lots, in 1787. In another apartment are placed the original pictures and drawings by Hodges, made during the first voyage of Captain Cook.

On the opposite side of the street, stand the various entrances to that precinct known as Scotland Yard, an ancient appendage to the royal palace of Whitehall, and now chiefly remarkable as the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Police.

On this spot there was formerly a small palace, built for the reception of the kings of Scotland, when they came in early ages to do homage for their fiefs in Cumberland. As society advanced, and the rights of each sovereign of the two extremities of Britain became more distinct and defined, this practice was abandoned. In the reign of Henry VIII. the palace was appropriated to the Queen Margaret of Scotland, his sister, and widow of James II. of Scotland, in right of their descent from whom, the Stuarts afterwards ascended the throne of Great Britain. It

afterwards became incorporated with the royal palace of Whitehall, and was divided into various offices for the members of the household.

A desperate adventure happened to the well-known Lord Herbert of Cherbury opposite Scotland Yard, which he has related in his Autobiography. The Lady Ayres, wife of Sir John Ayres, and one of the ladies-in-waiting upon Anne, Queen of James I., was indiscreet enough to entertain a most unmatronly regard for Lord Herbert, and to wear his miniature in her bosom, without ever having received, if Lord Herbert is to be believed, the slightest encouragement from him. The fact coming to the knowledge of her husband, he hired four ruffians, and placing himself at their head, watched for Lord Herbert, as he was coming from Whitehall on horseback, attended by two lacqueys. As he reached Scotland Yard, Sir John rushed upon him with a sword and dagger, and one of his lacqueys, a great fellow, ran away and left him to his fate. In this first encounter, Lord Herbert's horse received several wounds, and kicked and plunged so violently as to keep the assassins at bay some minutes. Lord Herbert, aiming a blow at Sir John Ayres, unfortunately broke his sword at the hilt, and with no other defence than this remnant of his weapon, defended himself most valiantly. Alighting from his horse, his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was thrown violently on the ground; but being extricated from that position by his other lacquey, a little Shropshire boy, he managed to regain his feet and get his back against a wall, and wage unequal warfare with the whole of his assailants. In a few minutes he was surrounded by upwards of thirty persons, friends and adherents of Sir John, who encouraged the assassins by their shouts to make short work of him. Two gentlemen, seeing so many men set against one, came to the rescue, and Sir John Ayres was twice thrown to the ground; he got up a third time, and making a more furious assault, stuck his dagger into Lord Herbert's side, where it remained sticking for a minute or two, until pulled out by Henry Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland. Lord Herbert, in the meantime, wrestling with his assailant, Sir John was thrown a third time, when Lord Herbert, kneeling upon his body, wounded him in four places with his piece of a sword, and nearly cut his hand off. The desperate combat was then ended, Sir John's friends carrying him away senseless to a boat that was waiting for him at Whitehall Stairs. Lord Herbert recovered of his wounds in ten days, and sent a challenge to Sir John Ayres to meet him in equal combat in the field, with

his sword in hand, but received for answer that Sir John would not meet him, but would kill him with a musket out of a window.

Sir John Ayres was afterwards arrested by order of the Privy Council, and several times examined: he expressed great contrition for his offence, alleging his wife's confession of criminality as a palliation, which, however, she afterwards recanted. His father disinherited him for his conduct, and he became, as the Duke of Lennox told Lord Herbert, "the most miserable man living." By the desire of the king he was discharged from custody, and Lord Herbert was commanded neither to send nor receive any challenge from him, nor to pursue the matter further.

Milton, when he was Latin Secretary to Cromwell, had lodgings in Scotland Yard, and his infant son died when he resided there. Vanbrugh, the poet and architect, built a house for himself in Scotland Yard, out of the ruins of the old palace of Whitehall, which was burned down at the close of the seventeenth century, as we shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to relate. This house was much ridiculed by the wits of the time, especially by Swift, who wrote two poems about it, in one of which he describes all the poets of London hunting about in the rubbish of Whitehall for the house of "brother Van," and finding at last a little thing, resembling a goose-pie, upon which they all exclaim—

"Thrice happy poet! who may'st trail  
Thy house about thee, like a snail;  
Or harnessed to a nag, at ease  
Take journies in it, like a chaise;  
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,  
Can'st make it serve thee for a tilt.  
Capacious house! it's owned by all,  
Thou art well contrived, though thou art small."

The house, however, from other authorities, appears not to have deserved the condemnation of men of taste; and Vanbrugh was only the butt for wicked wits because he was a man of influence, and obnoxious to them for his politics.

We are now in the very thick of the air of royalty; and reminiscences start before us at every step, of the able and haughty Wolsey, the bluff and cruel Harry, the shrewd and shrewish Elizabeth, the pedantic James, the melancholy and mistaken Charles, the hard unflinching Cromwell, the despicable and licentious Charles II., and the still more despicable and licentious Stuart that succeeded him, and with whose reign the

glories of Whitehall passed away. The whole place teems with the memories of the Tudors and the Stuarts: at one spot we are reminded of their luxury and their magnificence; at a second, of their intrigues and their pleasures; at a third of their tyranny; and at another of their punishment; and we think as we pass, if their spectres could one and all revisit the sunshine of this world, what a motley multitude they and their ministers and retainers would make: what gravity, what gaiety; what thoughtlessness, what madness, what guilt, what misery, what ingratitude; and what pomp, pride, obsequiousness, and sycophancy would be dwellers on earth again!

Of this memorable piece of ground, extending from the present Scotland Yard along the banks of the Thames, well nigh to Westminster Hall, and including the Horse Guards, the Treasury, and the chief part of Parliament Street, the reader will expect a history. A short one it must be, and embracing only the more salient and remarkable incidents; for a complete history of it, between the time of the disgrace of Wolsey and that of the more important disgrace of James II., would occupy volumes, and form almost a history of England; whose fate was concentrated in the men that lived, and moved, and ruled, and debated upon this spot.

The first house erected here was for the powerful and princely Hubert de Burgh, the Lord High Justiciary of England during the reign of Henry III. By him it was bequeathed to the brotherhood of the Blackfriars, near Holborn, who sold it in the middle of the thirteenth century to Walter de Grey, the Archbishop of York. It continued to be inhabited by the prelates of that see until the time of Wolsey, and to be called York Place. It is quite needless to dilate upon the dignity of the Great Cardinal;—his pomp, his lavish generosity, his more than royal magnificence, and his hospitality, surpassing anything ever before seen in England. Somebody, we do not recollect who, compared this prelate to a turkey, pampered and fatted up by his master, only to furnish forth a feast at last. The simile, though far from dignified, has an air of homely truth about it, for everybody knows what a meal the bluff monarch made of his fat favourite at last,—how he enriched himself with his treasures—and how much stouter he grew after he had sacrificed him.

York Place was one of the richest spoils that fell into Henry's hands by the Cardinal's fall; and he was so well pleased with it, that he made it his own abode, the royal palace at Westminster having fallen into decay and ruin. He immediately commenced



various improvements,—erected a new gallery, a gate-house across the street to the wall of the park, a tennis-court, a cockpit, and a tilt-yard. One of the halls of York Place seems to have been called Whitehall, and the name was, in course of time, given to the whole building, although Henry, by an Act passed in 1536, annexing this domain to the former royal residence at Westminster, gave the name of “The King’s Palace of Westminster” to his new abode. But this name never became common; and during his reign, and ever afterwards, it was called Whitehall. The two most important acts of Henry’s life, as regards posterity, were passed in this building. In a closet, secretly, in January, 1533, he married Anne Boleyn, whom he afterwards beheaded; and in another apartment he died, in January, 1548, having but a few days previously beheaded the accomplished gentleman and poet, the Earl of Surrey.

Let us, for an instant, call up to review the men and women who flitted about Whitehall while he was the owner of it; what a gallant company we shall see—and how unfortunate the most of them were made, both in life and death, from ever having come in contact with this memorable brute! First of all, comes Wolsey, with his red cap, mounted on his mule, in a gorgeous robe, followed by a train of gentlemen and servants as gorgeously attired as himself, among whom shine conspicuously two—Cavendish, the founder of the present ducal family of Devonshire, and Thomas Cromwell, the blacksmith’s son of Putney; the latter a staid and sober gentleman, and perhaps the only one of all the crowd of flatterers and parasites that pressed around the great minister, who felt any affection for him as a man, and who would have loved him as much if he had been plain Thomas Wolsey, feeding a flock upon the mountains, as he did when the fate of an empire hung upon his nod. Next comes Sir Thomas More, with his intelligent and quiet face, attired in flowing robes of the soberest colours, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, little thinking how soon their heads are to be stuck upon pikes on the gate of London Bridge.

Among the throng is Erasmus, who, from having no power, and standing in nobody’s way, escaped scathless, with bluff Hans Holbein, harmless and useful, and ministering to the love of art, which, amid all his sensuality, distinguished his master above all the other princes of his age. Then we have the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the former of whom well nigh lost his head, and remained many years a prisoner in the Tower: his chivalrous son, the Earl of Surrey, who was not so fortunate, and the

philosophic friend of his youth and manhood, and brother poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt, who made unhappy acquaintance with a dungeon, as a reward for his services. Then we have Cromwell again in another character, as the powerful Earl of Essex, the exterminator of the monkish houses, the patron of learning, and the first subject in the realm, doing kind actions whenever it lay in his power, although he found no one to do a good deed by him, or say a kind word in his favour, when the axe of the executioner was sharpening to decollate him; and not least conspicuous in the throng that pass before the glass of memory, are the wives of the monarch—the staid but affectionate Catherine of Arragon, divorced; the pretty Anne Boleyn, beheaded; then, the as pretty Jane Seymour, who died in childbed, and for whose fate, wonderful to relate, Henry shed perhaps the only tears he was ever known to weep; the beautiful but guilty Catherine Howard, beheaded; the corpulent Ann of Cleves, divorced; and, the luckiest of all, Catherine Parr, who had, however, one very narrow escape of being sent to the Tower, and of losing her head as a necessary consequence. If to join these we sum up the children, all afterwards destined to wield the sceptre,—Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth,—we shall have as perfect a phantasmagoria as may be, of the chief personages who might be seen about Whitehall in the days of the eighth Henry.

The next monarch seldom resided at Whitehall, and almost the only incident worthy of remembering, in connexion with this palace during his reign is, that he had a pulpit erected in the open air in the Privy Gardens, where Latimer used to preach, and where he used to listen to him. It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that Whitehall became as splendid as it was under Henry VIII. Tilts and tournaments, and masques and mummeries, bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and all sorts of fantastic festivals were celebrated within its precincts. And if we summoned up the choice spirits of that age, who repaired here to receive honour from the fountain head of sovereignty, and to flutter in the brilliant train of the queen, what an assemblage of memorable names there would be, comprising wise ministers and staid philosophers, and great sea-captains, and immortal poets, and gentlemen more chivalrous in their speech and bearing than the knights-errant of old, whose imitators they avowed themselves to be:—Cecil and Burleigh, and Nicholas Bacon, and his great son Francis; Drake and Raleigh; Spenser and Shakspeare; Philip Sydney and Henry Lee, and Leicester and Essex; and hundreds of others less celebrated. The pageantries and festivals

at Whitehall were almost of yearly occurrence, but the most splendid was that instituted in 1581, when Elizabeth was in her forty-eighth year, to give the Commissioners, who came from France on the part of the Duke D'Anjou to negotiate a marriage, a fine idea of the splendour of her court, and the love and gallantry of her subjects.

A new banqueting-house, on the site of the present building of the same name, was erected for the occasion, composed of wood, covered with flags, canvas, and a profusion of gilding, intermingled with ivy and other foliage. Three hundred and seventy-five men were employed upon it for a period of twenty-four days, at a cost of nearly two thousand pounds. On the arrival of the Commissioners, a pageant, which seems to have been the conception of Sir Philip Sydney, was made for their amusement after the banquet. The gallery in which the Queen sat was called "the Fortress of perfect Beauty;" and four knights—the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sydney, and Fulke Greville, calling themselves the "four foster-children of Desire"—assaulted the fortress after some nonsense verses had been recited (the contemporary historian, Holinshed, pronounces them to have been delectable), firing rose-water and perfumes, and flowers upon it, all the while calling upon "perfect Beauty to yield to Desire." Four other knights, among whom was that chivalrous, but very foolish old gentleman, Sir Henry Lee, then entered to do battle on behalf of perfect Beauty, and a tilting-match immediately commenced, which lasted until night-fall. The same mummeries were re-enacted on the following day. The four foster-children of Desire entered amid melancholy music, and pretending to be dispirited, and half-overcome in their encounter against Beauty and her champions, sent forth their herald to express their willingness to fight, and their despair of victory, but begging her Highness to console them in death or overthrow by looking upon them with the eyes of her peerless beauty. Various combats then took place until evening, when a page was despatched, bearing an olive-branch in his hand, to announce the submission of the challengers, and praying as a great favour that perfect Beauty would accept of them as her bondsmen for ever, and pardon them for having made Violence accompany Desire. Perfect Beauty, as in duty bound, granted their request, returned many thanks to all the knights, and so the sports ended. The negotiations of marriage ended not very long afterwards; and this beautiful virgin of forty-eight remained a beautiful virgin (at least so everybody told her)

until seventy, when she died; and her subjects found out for the first time that, after all, she was a very ugly old woman.

During the reign of James I., Whitehall resounded with the voice of revelry, and festival succeeded festival with great rapidity. Immediately on the King's arrival from Scotland, he conferred the honour of knighthood upon three hundred persons in Whitehall Gardens, and knights in a year or two became as plentiful as blackberries; and Whitehall, as before, swarmed with courtiers. Carr, Earl of Somerset, displayed his handsome limbs for the gaze, and his smooth cheek for the sickening kisses of his royal master. His paramour, Lady Essex, excited in all admiration of her beauty, and smiled, and smiled, and looked bewitching, while she was thinking in her heart how she could best prevail upon her lover to send poor Sir Thomas Overbury to the other world. At a later period was to be seen the Duke of Buckingham—Steenie, as the King called him—entering the palace at all hours, and penetrating into the private apartments, no one knew how; and besides his queen and children, Coke, and Bacon, and Ben Jonson were no unfrequent visitors, and all upon their several affairs—Ben's being to write masques for the very costly entertainments which James was so fond of giving. The masque of "Blacknesse," which he wrote when the young Prince Charles was created Duke of York, was played at the expense of nearly £3000. When his elder brother was made Prince of Wales, five years afterwards, there was another masque and entertainment still more expensive; the fireworks alone, which were exhibited on the Thames opposite Whitehall, having cost that sum. There was besides a grand tournament in the yard, and the representation of a naval fight; but the most costly of these entertainments was that on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with James's daughter Elizabeth, in 1613, who afterwards became so popular, and whose title—the Queen of Bohemia—was for nearly a century all the rage for public-house signs; not to mention the cost of the banquets, the balls, the tilting-matches, and other festivities. Some idea of the general expense may be formed from the fact, that the fireworks exhibited in the gardens, and in front of them on the Thames, cost £9000.

It was the intention of King James to have rebuilt the palace of Whitehall in the most magnificent manner, from the designs of Inigo Jones. These designs have been often republished; but the finest impression of them is a large one, in separate sheets, of the several fronts, given to the world by the Earl of Bur-



lington, in 1748 and 1749. The plan, however, was not carried into effect, partly on account of the death of James, but chiefly because a reign succeeded his, during which the public money was not to be procured for it. A banqueting-house, on the site of the wooden one erected by Queen Elizabeth, was built by Inigo Jones, in 1607. It was burnt down in 1619; when the present edifice, from the designs of the same great architect, was erected. It was, until the last few years, used as a chapel for the troops. It has been sometimes said that it forms the only remains of the royal palace; but this is an error, as part of the Treasury near Downing Street, on the other side of the public way, is a remnant of the old York Place of Cardinal Wolsey.

During the early part of the reign of Charles I., Whitehall continued to be the scene of gaiety, and various costly masques and triumphs were produced. Inigo Jones had constant employment in one way or another. And the great Rubens was engaged to paint the ceiling of the banqueting-house, for which he received £3000 and the honour of knighthood. The subject is the apotheosis of James I., represented in nine compartments. The ceiling was repaired by Kent in the reign of George II., and again by Cipriani in 1780, at an expense of £2000.

But the era of rejoicing and of encouragement of the arts soon passed away, and a gloomy and dismal time succeeded. Long before the final catastrophe, which will for ever be associated in melancholy union with the name of Whitehall, that palace ceased to be the abode of the sovereign. Fanatical zealots in politics, and bigots in religion, laid their rude hands upon the paraphernalia of royalty, years before they sharpened the axe for the sacred head of its representative. On the 16th of July, 1645, the masque-house, built of fir and very tastefully decorated under the superintendence of Inigo Jones, was pulled down by order of the House of Commons, and the materials sold for firewood; and exactly a week afterwards, a series of votes passed the same body, declaring that all the pictures and statues in Whitehall (which they persisted in calling York Place, although the same had become obsolete), which were not superstitious, should be sold for the benefit of Ireland and the North; but those which were superstitious, such as images or statues of saints,—the Virgin Mary, or Jesus Christ—should be forthwith burned. The readers who are curious to learn more particularly the works of art which were destroyed in pursuance of that order, and such as were saved from the

wreck, may refer to "Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting," where they will be found duly set forth.

The great event by which Whitehall is distinguished is so well known, that it seems almost unnecessary to do more than merely refer to it. However, those who do not need to be informed, may be reminded, that here Charles I. was executed on the 30th of January, 1649. The reader who has gathered his knowledge of that event from Hume—so long the most popular of English historians—might imagine that the unfortunate King passed his last days in Whitehall, and was merely brought from the interior to the outside of that edifice to suffer. Such is not the fact: the king spent the last three days of his life, in St. James's Palace; and was brought from thence through the park to Whitehall on the fatal morning, some hours before that fixed for the execution. It was then, and not every night, as Hume has it, "that the noise of the workmen employed in framing the scaffold, and in other preparations, resounded in his ears." He remained in his bedchamber engaged in acts of devotion till the final hour arrived, when he was led along the galleries to the banqueting-house, through the wall of which a passage was broken to the scaffold. A man in a closed visor stood ready to perform the office of executioner. After the short and feeling address to the few persons who could hear him, and his affecting colloquy with good Bishop Juxon, to whom he replied, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place," the King laid his head upon the block, and the man in the visor struck it from his body at one blow. Another man in a similar disguise held it up immediately, all dripping with blood, and exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor."

The grief and astonishment of the nation when the news of this event reached them were extreme; but Hume forgets the severe dignity of history in his representation of the results of this grief. He says that "women cast forth the untimely fruit of their womb when they learned it: and others fell into convulsions, or sank into such a melancholy as attended them to their graves; and that some, unmindful of themselves, as though they could not or would not survive their beloved prince, suddenly fell down dead!" All this was an exaggeration, which was not necessary to depict the real sorrow of the nation, and no properly authenticated instance of any one of these results can be brought forward. The historian is more accurate, when he adds, "The very pulpits were bedewed with unsuborned tears; those

pulpits which had formerly thundered out the most violent imprecations and anathemas against him. And all men united in their detestation of those hypocritical parricides, who, by sanctified pretences, had so long disguised their treason, and in this last act of iniquity had thrown an indelible stain upon the nation."

Cromwell next inhabited the palace of Whitehall, where a few months after the execution of the King, he was to be found constantly preaching to the people. His sermons sometimes were three hours long. Such was the length of that which he delivered in Whitehall pulpit on the 16th of July, after the King's death, in which he hypocritically prayed "that God would take from off his shoulders the government of this mighty nation, as it was a burden too grievous to be borne."

With all his fanaticism and bigotry, Cromwell was not such an enemy to the arts as the men with whom he had all his life acted. He exerted himself to save many of the pictures and statues in Whitehall, and bought back many of the late King's collection, which had been sold by order of the Parliament, including, among others, those grand specimens of the genius of Raphael, which, under the name of the Cartoons, are known all over the civilized world, and which now adorn the royal gallery of Hampton Court.

Evelyn, who visited Whitehall in the time of Cromwell, relates in his "Diary," under the date of the 11th of February, 1656, that he found Whitehall, where of late years he had not been, very glorious and well-furnished as far as he dared to go, and was glad to find that the rare piece of Henry VII., done on the walls of the King's privy-chamber, had not been much defaced.

Many remarkable events happened in Whitehall during the time of Cromwell. After the dissolution of the Long Parliament, by that grand master-stroke which showed the man of genius, he issued his letters of summons to about one hundred and forty persons, to appear at Whitehall on the 4th of July, 1652, to take upon them the administration of the government. On the day appointed one hundred and twenty persons, who were afterwards called the Barebones Parliament, met in the Council Chamber, to whom Cromwell declared that they had "a clear call" to assume the supreme authority of the Commonwealth. They held but this one meeting in Whitehall, and adjourned the next day to the Parliament House, where they sat about six months, when it was moved that their sitting any longer would not be for the

good of the Commonwealth. The Speaker and many of the members then proceeded to Whitehall, where they delivered their resignation in writing to the Protector. A few of the members who refused to resign, continued to sit in the House, on the pretence that they were "seeking the Lord," but being unceremoniously turned out by Colonel White, who told them with a contemptuous "pish!" that the Lord had not been within those walls for twelve years, they made a virtue of necessity, and proceeded after their brethren to Whitehall.

It was from Whitehall that Cromwell twice proceeded to the Chancery Court in Westminster Hall, to be solemnly sworn into office as Lord Protector of the realm; the first time on the 16th of December, 1653, and the second on the 26th of June, 1657. Having taken the oath, and subscribed the parchment which set forth his powers, he sat down covered, in the chair of state; received the broad seal of England from the Commissioners, and the sword of state of the city of London, from the hands of the Lord Mayor, to whom, according to royal custom, he again returned it. He then returned with a grand procession to Whitehall, the Lord Mayor bareheaded carrying the sword before him.

Seven weeks before the last ceremony of this kind, another remarkable scene had happened within the precincts of Whitehall. Cromwell summoned the Parliament to meet him in the Banqueting House, to whom he announced his solemn determination not to accept the title of King—not, however, before he had well weighed the danger he escaped, by refusing this dignity, which if circumstantial evidence can ever be believed at all, he was most anxious to assume.

Cromwell expired in Whitehall on the 3rd of September, 1658, in the midst of one of the most fearful hurricanes that had been remembered for many years in England, a circumstance which alike gave occasion for the boasting of the republicans, and the sneers of the royalists. "Nature was convulsed, the very elements were in grief at the death of so great a man," exclaimed his friends; while his enemies would have it that the storm was the work of the devil, who had ridden on its wings to carry off the soul of Oliver to the infernal regions.

Richard Cromwell, during his brief season of nominal power, resided in Whitehall; and when his career was ended, received notice to quit it within six days, with an allowance of £20,000 to pay off his debts. General Monk became the next occupier, and kept the place warm till Charles II. arrived. His restored



Majesty received the assembled Lords and Commons at Whitehall. On the meeting of his second Parliament, previous to the arrival of his queen, he introduced a passage into his speech, from which it would appear that the state of Whitehall and the street adjacent was anything but comfortable as regarded paving. "The mention of my wife's arrival," said His Majesty, "reminds me to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into the town may be with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and for that purpose I pray you would quickly despatch and pass such laws as are before you, in order to the amending of those ways, in order that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water."

The scenes of gaiety that Whitehall witnessed in the days of Elizabeth and James I. were never to be revived. Charles II. kept a merry court, but it wanted the refinement of Elizabeth's and the heartiness of James's. "All its precincts," says Evelyn, "were filled with lewd creatures," who consumed his substance and scandalized his reign. The Duchess of Portsmouth had apartments allotted to her far more splendid than the queen's, which, according to Evelyn's account, were not more richly furnished than those of a private gentlewoman. Those of the duchess had been thrice pulled down, and as often rebuilt, to please her expensive whims, and were hung with the most exquisite and costly tapestry that could be procured in Europe, and furnished with cabinets, screens, vases, table-stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches, pendule clocks, all of massive gold and silver, besides many valuable paintings, which had been taken out of the queen's rooms to adorn hers.

Charles died in this palace of an apoplectic fit, on the 6th of February, 1685. He was in his usual good health six days before his death. Evelyn, writing the day after, recalled to his memory the scene he had witnessed in the royal apartments of Whitehall so shortly before the king was reduced, by the touch of death, to an equality with the beggar. "I can never forget," says he, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, while about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset, round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them; upon which two

gentlemen who were with me held up their hands in astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!"

James II., during his short occupancy of Whitehall, made some changes in the buildings; chiefly in those set apart for the purposes of religion, which he rendered more convenient for the performance of the Romish ritual. He also commenced a new range of buildings by the water-side, near the place where Richmond Terrace now stands, including a chapel and apartments for his queen, Mary D'Este. "The embroidery of the queen's bed," says Evelyn, "cost £3000, and the carving about the chimney-piece, by Grinlyn Gibbons, was incomparable." Yet the queen did not long enjoy this magnificence; her husband soon lost his kingdom for a mass; and one cold bitter December night, amid a furious storm of wind and rain, Mary D'Este was obliged to take her infant in her arms, wrap a cloak around her, and be rowed across the Thames in an open boat, and make her escape from England. This was on the 6th of December, 1688; and on the 17th the king quitted the same palace and his throne for ever. On the 13th of February following, the Prince and Princess of Orange arrived, and took possession of the royal apartments, and on the following day were proclaimed King and Queen of England.

With the male line of the Stuarts ended the glories of Whitehall; the palace, which had seen much of their profusion, their debauchery, their faithlessness, and their incapacity, did not last long after them. On the 10th of April, 1691, a fire broke out in the apartments formerly occupied by the Duchess of Portsmouth, which burned down all that range of buildings to the water-side, and all those over the large stone gallery. They were never rebuilt; and another conflagration, more extensive, which broke out about seven years afterwards, completed the ruin the first had begun. The whole of the palace, with the exception of the Banqueting House that still remains, some inferior offices, and the lodgings of some of the nobility, fell a prey to the flames. There were burnt, besides the royal apartments, about one hundred and fifty houses, inhabited by the officers of the court and others, and twenty were blown up by gunpowder to prevent further damage. Sir Christopher Wren had apartments in the palace, in right of his office of Surveyor-General, which were burnt with the rest. Sir Christopher was very active in his exertions to save the palace, and when that became hopeless, the valuable pictures and works of art which it contained. Many of

them were consumed, some trampled on and destroyed in the confusion, and a considerable number stolen by the crowd.

George I. converted the Banqueting House, sole remnant of former splendour, into a chapel, and granted a stipend of £30 yearly to twelve clergymen, taken equally from the two Universities, who officiate each a month in turns. The garrison of the Horse Guards attend every Sunday.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

Privy Gardens—Whitehall Place—Richmond Terrace; distinguished residents in these places—The Tilt Yard—Horse Guards—Melbourne House, formerly occupied by the Duke of York—The Treasury—The Cockpit—Anecdote of Admiral M'Bride—Amusements of Queen Elizabeth—Downing Street—Procession of Kings, and Queens, and Oliver Cromwell, through King Street, to the Houses of Parliament—Letter of Oliver Cromwell—Earl of Dorset resided here—Carew, the poet—Davenant's verses on—Ignatius Sancho—Westminster Abbey—The Queen of Edward IV. took sanctuary here—Masques and revels for the Duke of Anjou near the Abbey—Cruel punishment inflicted in the days of good Queen Bess—The Almonry—Attempt of the proud Protector Somerset to demolish St. Margaret's Church—Restored by Sir Christopher Wren—Reflections suggested by a walk in the Cloisters—Royal Tombs in the Abbey—Monuments of celebrated Characters—The Coronation Stone—St. Margaret's Church—Old Palace Yard—Westminster Hall—Clock-tower on Westminster Bridge—Richard Lovelace, the poet, confined therein—Sir Walter Raleigh's execution there—Tokens of Tradesmen—Courts of Law in Westminster Hall—The House of Lords—House of Commons—Painted Chamber—The New Houses of Parliament—St. Stephen's Chapel—Destruction by fire of the Parliament Houses—The Star Chamber, origin of its name.

THE site of the ancient palace of Whitehall is now occupied by the district known as Scotland Yard, and the several mansions in the Privy Gardens, Whitehall Place, and Richmond Terrace on the river side of the public street, and includes the houses of the Earl of Liverpool, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Ailsa, the Earl of Harrington, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Earl of Selkirk, Lord Howick, Lord James Stuart, and Lord Henley. The Horse Guards occupies the site of the old Tilt Yard, erected by Henry VIII., which was a long, enclosed space, extending from the Admiralty to the commencement of the Treasury, and memorable as the scene of the tournaments and pageants of Henry and Elizabeth, to which allusion has already been made.

The Horse Guards, though far from exhibiting a specimen of pure architecture, is still, in its front to the Parade, imposing, both from its extent and the excellent preservation of its stone. It is the work of Vardy, the same architect to whom, as already mentioned, we owe the front of Earl Spencer's mansion in the Green Park. The lowness of the arch in the centre has not escaped animadversion; and when it is considered that it forms the grand entrance to the park, through which the sovereign has (until very recently) been always accustomed to pass in his way to Parliament, it is to be lamented that a greater elevation could not be given to it. There is a satirical print of the state-coach passing under it, where the coachman's head is in evident danger of coming in collision with the key-stone.

Melbourne House, adjoining the Horse Guards, was built by Payne, the architect, for Sir Matthew Featherstonehaugh. It was for many years inhabited by General Amherst, and afterwards by Frederick Duke of York, who exchanged it with the late Lord Melbourne for his house in Piccadilly. The Duke of York made considerable improvements in it, under the superintendence of Holland the architect, who built a new front to it, and the dome portico across the street. It is now inhabited by Lady Dover. A few yards south of it, anciently stood the gate said to have been designed by Hans Holbein for Henry VIII. (engraved by G. Vertue, and published by the Society of Antiquaries). It was probably from the window of this gate that Queen Mary, in the year 1553, commanded her Gentlemen Pensioners to stand by her, when Sir Thomas Wyatt was expected to seize the palace. A medal was struck upon Her Majesty's escape.\*

The handsome offices of the Treasury are contiguous. The old grey remnant of a building which lately formed a part of the suite, was supposed to be the only portion of Wolsey's original mansion of York Place which remained. The park front that reaches to the extremity of Downing Street, with which there is communication leading to the park by a low arched passage, was built from the design of Kent, and consists of three stories, of the Tuscan, Doric, and Ionic styles of architecture. The new building called the Council Office, facing Whitehall, was built in 1826, from the design of Sir John Soane.

These buildings are on the site of the ancient Cockpit, formed

\* See "Evelyn's Numismata," p. 92.



for the amusement of Henry VIII. ; a brutal amusement, which was long considered, but unjustly so, to be peculiarly English. Admiral M'Bride, a brave sailor of the old school, constantly kept game-cocks on board his ship, and, on the morning of an action, endeavoured, and that successfully, to animate his men by the spectacle of a cock-fight between decks. Besides the Royal Cockpit at Whitehall there were two others, one in Drury Lane and the other in Jewin Street. Queen Elizabeth frequently enjoyed the diversion, as well as the rougher and more sanguinary one of bull-baiting. Roger Ascham, her secretary for the Latin tongue, was also partial to it, as appears from Abraham Dacre's "Annals of Queen Elizabeth," and was frequently to be seen in the Royal Cockpit at Whitehall. James I. was also addicted to the sport, which continued to be encouraged by the Court until Oliver Cromwell and his party began to feel their power, and it was prohibited by him in 1654. It revived again at the Restoration, and the Cockpit was used for its former purposes, until it was destroyed by fire with the rest of Whitehall. The sport is still popular in England, but comparatively rare to what it used to be, on account of its illegality.

Turning now to the right, we pass up a dingy, solitary street, whose name is famous all over Europe, and which a stranger from the Continent, on his first arrival in London, expects to be the grandest street in this mighty metropolis. He is miserably disappointed in Downing Street, for instead of a magnificent range of public offices, he sees some mean-looking houses, and a pavement which seems almost deserted, except by a sentinel, who walks his melancholy beat up and down by the door of the Foreign Office.

Until the year 1839, Downing Street looked more miserable than now. A dirty public-house stood at the corner, and there was a row of third-rate lodging-houses between that and the Foreign Office, which have now been all removed ; preparatory to the erection of a handsome suite of public offices.

Leaving the modern Parliament Street, which has but few reminiscences to induce us to linger on its broad pavement, we prefer to pass along to Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of the Legislature, by the more ancient thoroughfare of King Street ; which, however unpromising its outward appearance, has more recollections of interest than its successful and more flaunting rival. It was through King Street that Elizabeth, and James, and Charles I. used to make their way to the Houses of Parliament ; and by the same road the stern old republicans of

the days of Oliver Cromwell proceeded to the same place, some on foot and some on horseback. When carriages became common, and the members began to use them, King Street was found too narrow, and when Whitehall Palace was burned down, a broader thoroughfare was made from Charing Cross for the convenience of those vehicles.

Cromwell, as already mentioned, had a house in King Street before he went to Ireland, as will appear from the following extract from the "*Mercurius Pragmaticus*." No. 13, from Tuesday, July 10th, to Tuesday, July 17th, 1649. The editor in page 1427, speaking of Oliver, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, says:—

"Who this afternoone, when the House was rising, and had adjourned untill the Thursday following, did take his leave of Master Speaker and all the members then present, and taking horse at his house in King Street, he advanced towards Winsor, it being his way towards *Ireland*, attended with a retinue of gallant men for his life-guard; the trumpets sounding all the way as they marched through the streets."

In No. 225 of the "*Moderate Intelligencer*," from Thursday, July 5th, to Thursday, July 12th, 1649, appears the following relative to the same event:—

"July 10.

"This evening, about 5 of the clock, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey, by the way of Windsore, and so to Bristol; he went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen, himselfe in a coach with six gallant Flanders' mares, whitish-grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-guard consisting of 80 gallant men, the meanest whereof a commander or esquire in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his life-guard many are collonels, and believe it, it's such a guard as is hardly to be parallel'd in the world. The Lieutenant's colours are white and blue."

In Coles' MSS. in the British Museum, vol. xxxiii., p. 38, there is the following acknowledgment:—

"A letter of Cromwell's to his wife, lent to me by Mr. Lort, Jany. 19th, 1772, but from what authority he copied it I forgot to enquire. It appears to have been written to his wife in King Street.

"MY DEAREST,

"I have not leisure to write much; but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much.

"Thou art dearer to me than any creature: let that suffice. The Lord has shewed us an exceeding mercy; who can tell how great it is! My weak faith hath been upheld: I have been in my inward man marvellously supported, though I assure thee I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our success, *Harry Vane* or *Gil. Pickering* will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. Thine,

"O. CROMWELL.

"Dunbar, the 4th of Sept., 1650."

King Street can boast other illustrious inhabitants, among whom stands first Edmund Spenser, a dear name in English literature. After his return from Ireland, he took lodgings here, probably that he might be near the Court, from which he still expected the reward which his genius and virtues entitled him to. The site of the house is not known, or many a poetical pilgrim would have paid the tribute of a reverential visit to the spot, more especially hallowed as the place where the poet died.

Another inhabitant of King Street whose residence in it deserves to be particularly recorded, was the poet and statesman Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, ancestor of that Earl of Dorset who was the author of that well-known song, "To all you ladies now on land," and patron of Prior and other wits of that time. Dorset the elder is chiefly known as a poet for his "Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates." He died suddenly as he was attending a meeting of the Privy Council at Whitehall, on the 19th of April, 1608. He was in the eighty-first year of his age.

Another poet had lodgings in King Street at a later period,—Carew, the favourite of his contemporaries, and author of "*Coelum Britannicum*," a masque, written for Charles I., and one of the very few performed at Whitehall during that prince's reign. He was also the author of many elegant songs, among which the one beginning—

"Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,  
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;"

the dispute "between Celia's lips and eyes;" and a third, beginning—

"He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,"

are now old familiar friends to every reader of taste. Pope has classed Carew among the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease; but we may add a sentence which, without disputing Pope's authority, will give a wholly different complexion to his judgment, "he wrote with ease, but he wrote well."

In Charles Street, leading from King Street on the right, in the house, No. 19, on the south-west corner of Crown Court, and occupied as an eating-house, lived that extraordinary negro, Ignatius Sancho, who was born in 1729 on board a ship in the slave-trade. He was butler to the Duke of Montague, and when he left service gave his last shilling to see Garrick play Richard III. About 1773, he ventured to open a grocer's shop, by the assistance of the Montague family. He died in 1780. Garrick and Sterne used to visit him, and Mortimer, the painter, frequently consulted him as to his pictures.

"God's image, though cut in ebony."

Arrived at the end of King Street, we come in sight of the most classical ground in all England—the spot where the Legislature of this great empire has assembled for ages—where its sovereigns have been crowned, and where the ashes of most of them moulder with those of the most illustrious of their subjects—the great statesmen, the great poets, the great captains, the great philosophers, and the great divines, who have successively appeared to adorn the name of Britain. Its memories are so many, that we must linger among them with a fond delay, convinced that in no other equal space of ground, even in ancient Greece itself, could we find the association of so many choice spirits and so many great events, to hallow each foot of it.

Proceeding first to the venerable Abbey—claiming first notice, not only from its age, but for its importance—we shall cross over to its great door, and enter it by the way of kings, and not sneak into it, as we are obliged to do every day, by the narrow porch of Poet's Corner. As we traverse the space now occupied by enclosures or squares, by the Westminster Hospital and the Westminster Sessions House, we must not forget that we stand on the site of the ancient Sanctuary, which was pulled down in the



year 1750 to make room for a market-house. This was one of the many places that formerly existed in London where criminals might find a temporary refuge from the law, a practice which was far from being so absurd as Pennant, following in the wake of other writers, has represented it. In times when every man went armed—when feuds were of hourly occurrence in the streets—when the age had not yet learned the true superiority of right over might, and when private revenge too often usurped the functions of justice, it was essential that there should be some places whither the homicide might flee, and find refuge and protection until the violence of angry passions had subsided, and there was a chance of a fair trial for him.

In this sanctuary Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward IV., took refuge when the victorious Warwick was marching to London to dethrone her husband and restore Henry VI. She was pregnant at the time with the young Prince Edward, afterwards murdered with his brother in the Tower, by order of the bloody Gloucester.

The Queen succeeded in reaching the sanctuary, where she remained till her child was born, and her husband again restored to that throne where Henry VI. sat after his restoration for so short a period. After the death of Edward, when the ambition of Gloucester—foiled as long as her children lived, rendered her position most insecure—she fled again to the sanctuary with her young son, the Duke of York, the elder being already in the power of Gloucester.

They were not allowed to remain long in security. The prelate who had led them thither was mainly instrumental in inducing the poor unhappy mother, by false promises, to deliver up her son.

The result was that the child was smothered with his brother in the Tower, in a manner that every Englishman who can read is acquainted with, and lingers upon as one of the saddest, most interesting, and most affecting events of English history.

This sanctuary was a church in the form of a cross, built very strongly of stone; and Dr. Stukely, who remembered it prior to its demolition in 1750, describes it as of vast strength, and with great difficulty pulled down. The reader who wishes for more particulars about it, will find them in Dr. Stukely's account, in the first volume of the "*Archæologia*," page 39. Upon the site of it was built a market-house, which, after standing for about fifty years, became disused and unprofitable, and it was pulled down to make way for the Guildhall for the city of Westminster.

Upon the old market-place of Westminster, which stood nearer towards the middle of Charles Street, an event occurred in the reign of Elizabeth, which shows the small degree of liberty of speech and writing enjoyed in that age, and under that enlightened sovereign. The Duke of Anjou, for whose ambassador she instituted the masques and revellings already described at sufficient length in our account of the palace of Whitehall, afterwards came privately into England to pay his court to her. Being a papist, the proposed match was not considered with much favour by the people, who still remembered, as but of recent occurrence, the Smithfield burnings for heresy in the previous reign, and dreaded a renewal of them should the Queen marry a prince of that religion. Though the proposal never came to anything, Elizabeth was very jealous while it was under consideration. One John Stubbs, of Lincoln's Inn, a barrister, wrote a tract against the match, thus intituled—"The Discoverye of a gaping gulphe, whereinto Englande is like to be swallowed, by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns, by letting her Majestye see the sin and punishment thereof." In this tract, printed by one Singleton, and circulated by a servant named Robert Page, whom Stubbs employed, the visit of the prince was represented as an unmanlike, unprincelike, needy, French kind of wooing; and he and his family were stated to be alike enemies of the gospel, and tyrants and oppressors in their hearts. These and other expressions gave great offence to the Queen; and Stubbs the writer, and Page the publisher, were forthwith arrested and brought to trial, under an act against seditious libels, made in the reign of Mary, for "attempting to draw her Highness's good and dutiful subjects into a suspicion and misliking of her Majesty's actions, as though the same tended to the prejudice of the realm, and subversion of the state of true religion." Both the prisoners were found guilty, and condemned to have their right hands cut off in the market-place of Westminster.

Both Stubbs and Page conducted themselves with great fortitude at the place of punishment, as appears from the account of Camden, who was a spectator of the cruel scene. Stubbs, after his condemnation, wrote a very eloquent and affecting letter to the Queen, acknowledging his guilt, and praying for the "pardon of his hand," "that he might ever bear it about with him while he lived, as an evident gaze to all the world of her princelike, ladylike, Christian, free mercy towards him, provoking others, as it were, by its living testimony, to deserve well of her by well-

doing, who was so ready to do well by one who was undeserving, and to be graciously merciful to so grievous an offender." He concluded by praying that the Lord God might cut off both their hands and shorten their arms who did not with all their hearts pray for her everlasting life in heaven after her godly, long, happy, honourable, healthful, and joyful life upon earth. This petition was unheeded, and the sentence was carried into effect. Stubbs made a speech upon the scaffold full of eloquence and manly feeling; and putting his hand upon the block, where the executioner, with a butcher's cleaver and a mallet, was waiting, he fell on his knees and prayed to the people—"Pray for me, now my calamity is at hand!" Camden says that as soon as his hand was off, he pulled off his cap with his left hand, waved it in the air, and exclaimed—"God save the Queen!" He then fainted away, and was removed. The multitude did not join in his shout. Camden says they were deeply silent, either from horror at this new and unusual punishment, or else out of commiseration towards the man, who was of honest and unblameable repute, or else out of sympathy for his offence, for the marriage was very unpopular. Page behaved himself even more nobly than his master. His words upon the scaffold were—"I take God to witness, that knoweth the hearts of all men, that I am sorry I have offended her Majesty, so I did never mean harm to her Highness's person, crown, or dignity, but have been as true a subject as any in England to the best of my ability." Then, holding up his right hand, he said, "This hand did I put to the plough, and got my living by it many years. If it had pleased her Highness to have pardoned it, and to have taken my left hand or my life, she would have dealt more favourably with me, for now I have no means to live; but God, which is the father of us all, will provide for me. I beseech you all to pray for me, that I may take this punishment patiently." He then laid his hand upon the block, and implored the executioner to do his work effectually at one blow. The man, however, daunted perhaps, and unnerved by the inflexible courage of his victim, had to strike twice before the hand was severed. Page, heroic even in his agony, lifted up the stump, and pointing with his left hand to his lost member, exclaimed—"I have left there the hand of a true Englishman!" and so he went from the scaffold, says the account, "stoutlie and with great courage."

To the west of the Sanctuary stood the Almonry, where the alms of the abbot and monks of Westminster were formerly distributed. It is said that the first printing-press ever known in

England was used on this spot by William Caxton in 1474, under the protection of the Abbot of Westminster. The first work printed was, as is well known, that father of printed books — “The Game and Play of the Chess.” Most writers are agreed that this great honour belongs to the city of Westminster, though there is some dispute as to the exact site of the printing-office; but, as Pennant has remarked, all acknowledge that it was within the precincts of the Abbey.

The wide space between the back of Great George Street on the north, and the Abbey on the south, and between Westminster Hall on the east, and the Westminster Hospital on the west, was, until some years after the beginning of the present century, a crowded district, covered with narrow streets and miserable houses. They were all swept away prior to 1810, by which means a great improvement was effected, and the view of the Abbey thrown open. The space thus cleared was for many years known by the name of the “Desert of Westminster.”

Before we enter the Abbey, let us pause for awhile on the outside, and narrate as succinctly as we can the history of the venerable edifice from its foundation to the present time. The spot on which it stands was originally one of the most desolate in the neighbourhood of London, surrounded on three sides by water, overgrown with brambles, and known by the name of Thorney Island. A church dedicated to St. Peter was founded on it in the year 610, by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, on the spot where, according to tradition, there formerly stood a temple of Apollo, erected by the Romans, and thrown down by an earthquake in the fifth century. St. Peter himself, according to a Romish legend, came down from heaven to consecrate it, with a host of angels. The night was dark and stormy, and the saint missed his way, and instead of descending upon Thorney Island, alighted unluckily in Lambeth. It might be supposed that a saint who had come so far would have had no difficulty in getting across a river; but, from the monkish legend, it appears that he was reduced to great embarrassment. The heavenly choir who accompanied him flew over with the greatest ease, but Peter was obliged to wait until he found a waterman, and in those days watermen were scarce, to row him across. He at last found one Edric, a fisherman, who undertook the duty without fee or reward, and he was safely landed on Thorney Island. He directed Edric to wait for him till he came back, and to take particular notice what he should see in the church; Edric did so, and, to his great wonder, saw it lighted up immediately with a



most glorious illumination, and heard the sound of angelic voices hymning most heavenly music. He heard a solemn voice pronouncing the prayers of the Christian ritual, and all the ceremonies of the Mass. It lasted for about half an hour, when the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the stranger stood at his side, and demanded to be rowed back to Lambeth. The wondering fisherman obeyed; and in the voyage across was made fully sensible of the heavenly character of his companion. St. Peter, himself a fisherman, was revealed to the fisherman Edric, whom he charged on the morrow to find Mellitus, the Bishop of London, and tell him that the church needed no further consecration, and that there would be found in evidence of the supernatural visit, the chrism that had been used at the ceremony, and the dripping of the miraculous wax candles with which the edifice had been illuminated. As a reward to Edric for his trouble in twice conveying him over the Thames, he directed him to cast his nets into the river. Edric did so, and drew up with great difficulty a miraculous draught of salmon. "Present a tithe of them to the Church," said St. Peter, "and as long as you continue to do so, you and your successors shall never want for salmon." So saying, St. Peter disappeared in a flood of glory.

This legend was religiously believed until the Reformation, and a curious custom arose from it, which was observed until the year 1382. On the anniversary of the consecration of the Abbey, the fisherman had a right to sit at the same table with the Prior, and he might demand of the cellarer, ale and bread; and the cellarer might take of his fish as much as he could grasp of the tail with his four fingers only, holding his thumb erect.

St. Paul's Church having been founded about the same time by the same King Sebert, was known by the name of the East, and that of St. Peter's by the name of the West Minster. The former name was shortly afterwards discontinued, but the latter remained, and gave name to the great city that in the course of time was formed around it. This church, which was probably of wood, was burned by the Danes, and restored by Edgar, at the instigation of St. Dunstan, in the year 958. This building, which also appears to have been of wood, was pulled down by Edward the Confessor, after it had stood less than ninety years, and rebuilt with stone in a magnificent manner. It took eleven years to erect, and was completed in 1066, a few months before William the Norman invaded England.

This building was allowed to stand for one hundred and seventy-nine years only, when Henry III. resolved to pull it

down, and erect upon its site a church still more magnificent in itself, and endowed more richly than its predecessors. The present Abbey was the result, which was commenced by Henry III., 1245, and finished in forty years, in the fourteenth year of Edward I., but only as far as the end of the choir. Stow differs from other authorities, and says the rebuilding was commenced in the third year of Henry, and finished thus far in sixty-six years.

Succeeding monarchs continued this work, but it made small progress until the reign of Henry VII., when it was finally completed by the erection of that most elegant chapel which bears his name. The chapel of Edward the Confessor, where the early kings are buried, having been well nigh filled with monuments prior to the time of Henry VII., that monarch determined to erect a more magnificent mausoleum for his own family. The chapel of the Virgin was pulled down to make room for it, as also an adjacent tavern, known by the sign of "the White Rose," and which, with other houses, appears to have been built against the Abbey walls, as we commonly see to this day on some of the fine cathedrals on the Continent. The architect was the famous Sir Reginald Bray, and the foundation stone was laid by Islip, Abbot of Westminster, on the 11th of February, 1503. At the dissolution of the religious houses, the monks of Westminster, headed by their Abbot, William Benson, surrendered their monastery to the king, and Benson became first Dean.

Westminster, formerly a burgh only, afterwards became a city by its establishment as a bishoprick. Thomas Thirleby was the first and last who enjoyed that dignity, and on his translation to Norwich in 1550, the see was suppressed, but Westminster has ever since ranked as a city, and the second in the empire.

It was in the contemplation of the proud Protector Somerset to have pulled down Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church adjoining, and to take the materials to build his own palace in the Strand. This was rather too daring, but he actually commenced the demolition of St. Margaret's. The parishioners assembled in great numbers, with arms, drove away the Protector's workmen, and kept watch round this building for some days to prevent any attack upon it. A few months previously, the church of St. John's of Jerusalem, beyond Smithfield, was undermined and blown up with gunpowder by Somerset's order; and the people of Westminster swore to die rather than suffer a similar sacrilege in their city. Their valour, and, Pennant says, "the bribe of fourteen manors," prevailed upon the

Protector to desist, and the venerable Abbey and the small church in its shadow were preserved.

Mary restored the abbot and monks of Westminster, but they were all expelled in the reign of Elizabeth, and Fakenham, their superior, confined for life in Wisbeach Castle. In 1560, it was converted into a collegiate church, consisting of a dean and twelve secular canons, thirty petty canons and other members, two schoolmasters and forty king's or queen's scholars, twelve almsmen, and many officers and servants. "This, however," as Pennant remarks, "does not seem to have been the first foundation of the celebrated Westminster School." Stow, in his "Survey of London," quotes the words of Abbot Ingulphus, who says, "he was educated here in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and remembered engaging in controversies with his queen, and receiving presents from her in his boyish days."

In the year 1629 the Abbey had fallen into so ruinous a state, that the most extensive repairs were found necessary. Either from the hopelessness of obtaining a parliamentary grant, or from his own abounding liberality, the then Dean, Dr. Williams, afterwards Archbishop of York, undertook the repairs at his own private cost, increased the library, and added to the number of scholars on the foundation. During the period of the Commonwealth, the revenues of the Abbey were seized, and the building itself sustained considerable injury from the hands of the rude soldiery. All the articles of gold and silver were carried away, with other things of smaller value which happened to be portable, and the usual services of the cathedral were discontinued. Early in the next century, Sir Christopher Wren was employed to restore the abbey, with a grant from the House of Commons, and under his direction the two great western towers were completed. Sir Christopher was for twenty-five years employed upon the Abbey, from 1698 to his death in 1723. It was his original plan to have erected a lofty steeple, besides the towers. The repairs were continued after Sir Christopher's death; and in the reign of George II., additional sums were granted by Parliament for carrying on the works; and from that time until the present, some renovation or other, or addition or improvement, has been continually going forward in this national edifice. A handsome choir was erected at the close of the last century, under the direction and from the plans of Mr. Keene, surveyor to the Abbey. A fire broke out on the square tower on the roof, on the 9th of July, 1803, which did great damage to this newly-erected choir, and for a time threatened the destruction of the whole edifice.

Some workmen who had been employed to repair the leads on the roof, carelessly left their portable furnace unattended while they went to their dinner at one o'clock. About two o'clock, the vergers discovered that the flat roof underneath, which is supported by braces of timber and plaster, curiously gilt, was in flames. The molten lead from the roof fell plentifully on to the choir, with pieces of burning wood, and did great damage. A vast concourse of persons immediately assembled, all anxious to lend their aid in rescuing the venerable Abbey from the ruin that menaced it, and brought water in buckets from the Thames to extinguish the flakes as they fell. Owing to the great height of the roof, nothing could be done to stop the progress of the flames in that quarter, until the arrival of the engines, and it was four hours before all danger was over. A contemporary account of the accident represents the concourse of people as greater than ever was drawn together by any fire in London. Troops of horse were stationed at the principal avenues to preserve order, and see that the very eagerness of the crowd to render assistance did not defeat its own object by causing confusion. The Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester were present, and used great exertions. The damage done was considerable, and repaired at the expense of the Dean and Chapter. Parliament, a short time afterwards, voted further sums for the renovation of Henry the Seventh's chapel, which has been finally completed within the last ten years, and remains not only a magnificent monument of the liberality of its founder and the genius of its builder, but of the skill and judgment of those who were entrusted with the task of restoring it.

As we enter the sacred edifice, a series of histories even more intimately connected with its name open themselves out before us—reminiscences of kings and heroes, and poets and statesmen—of coronations and funerals, and all the pomp of the dead and living, of which this building has witnessed more than any other in this realm.

We shall walk through this solemn building, classifying for the reader, as we pass, the names of the illustrious dead who are either buried within, or whose monuments are erected within, giving no note or comment which might draw upon our presumptuous pen comparisons which could not fail to be to its disadvantage.

And first, even in death as they were in life, let the royal personages be considered. There are the tombs of Edward the Confessor and his Queen Editha; of Matilda, the benevolent Queen



of Henry I.; of Henry III.; of the warlike Edward I., and his fondly-beloved wife Eleanor; of Edward III., and his queen Philippa; of Richard II., and his queen Anne, who first taught the English ladies the use of the side-saddle; of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of a race of kings; of Henry VII., and his queen Elizabeth; of Edward V. and the Duke of York, the two poor princes smothered in the Tower; of Queen Elizabeth and her luckless rival, Mary Queen of Scots; of Charles II.; of William III. and Queen Mary; and of Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, the last royal personages interred within these walls.

Mingling their dust with that of these inheritors of thrones, lie the great statesmen whose counsels upheld them, and one or two whose counsels helped to undermine them. Villiers, who fell by the assassin's hand, and Halifax; Chatham, who died in the performance of his duty, and whose dying eloquence was never surpassed by living man; Mansfield, who has left a fame as spotless, but not so brilliant; the two unfortunates, Percival and Londonderry, the one dying by the assassin's hand and the other by his own; Grattan, Canning, Sheridan, and Wilberforce; and still greater names, the mighty rivals, Fox and Pitt, sleeping side by side, and each on his monument claiming and receiving the respect and admiration of every man who is proud of the name of Briton.

After these come the men who served their country, if not with the sage counsel and the eloquent tongue, with the undaunted heart and strong arm. Monk who restored the monarchy, and those who fought for it by sea and land,—Cloudesley Shovel, Ligonier, Howe, Warren, Kempenfeldt, Wolfe, Eyre Coote, and others as worthy.

And then the poets in their exclusive corner:—old father Chaucer, the divine Spenser, rare Ben Jonson, the witty Butler, the vigorous Dryden, the chaste Addison, the elegant Gay, the tender Thomson, the melancholy Gray, the classic Goldsmith, the pious Watts, with Prior, Rowe, Mason, Congreve, Johnson, and others of lesser note. And besides these, in various parts of the Abbey are the monuments to other great men, the heroes whom peace produces as plentifully as war:—Newton, who discovered new worlds, and made us better acquainted with the laws which maintain the old; Watt, than whom no man ever bestowed more solid advantages upon a country; and painters, musicians, actors, antiquaries, and learned men innumerable,

including the names of Handel, Garrick, Busby, Burney, Kemble, Arnold, Kneller, Banks, Camden, and Isaac Barrow.

The Abbey contains eleven chapels, named St. Andrew's, St. Michael's, St. John Evangelist's, Islip's, St. John Baptist's, St. Paul's, Henry Vth's., St. Nicholas's, St. Edmund's, St. Benedict's, and Henry VIIth's.

Besides the tombs we have mentioned, there are various objects of interest in the Abbey, which receive their due share of admiration from all visitors; the monument to the memory of the lady who died of a pricked finger; the fine piece of sculpture by Roubiliac, erected in memory of Lady Nightingale; the sword of King Edward I.; the wax figures of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Queen Elizabeth, and others; and, greatest curiosity of all, the coronation-stone, rough, shapeless, dirty, but which it is impossible to behold without a certain feeling of respect and awe. It is hard to say how many of the ancient monarchs of Scotland sat upon it to be crowned, ere it was brought away in triumph from Scone by the victorious Edward. This monarch verily believed, as the Scotch did, that it was the veritable stone that served the patriarch Jacob for a pillow, when he dreamed that magnificent dream, and saw all the angels descend from heaven as by a ladder. It was the greatest trophy King Edward could carry away, and the loss of it struck sore terror into the heart of Caledonia. Since that time, every succeeding monarch of England has sat upon it on the day of his coronation, and the stone has naturally become an object of great interest. Its fabulous and its real antiquity, and its regal uses alike combine to render it, uncouth and shapeless though it be, a national curiosity, and a relic of incalculable value. Most visitors to the Abbey desire to sit upon it, and we learn from Addison, that, in his day, a fine to the verger was the punishment of the man who placed himself upon this seat of kings. It is sometimes hinted at now, but very rarely, the verger being forbidden to demand anything beyond the customary fixed fee for admission.

The church of St. Margaret's, standing, as it were, under the protection of the Abbey, and looking, in point of size, if we may make the comparison, like a child holding by its mother's apron, has also its interest, if it were for nothing else than for containing the ashes of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of the early poet, Skelton, so feared for his satires in the reign of Henry VIII. The church, at first a chapel, was founded by Edward the Confessor,

and rebuilt by Edward I. and Edward IV. It was repaired and enlarged in the years 1641, 1651, and 1682; and again in 1735 and 1758. In the latter year £4000 was voted by the House of Commons for the purpose, in addition to £2000 voted in 1735, it being considered a national church for the accommodation of the legislature. It was finally beautified in 1803, and a handsome pew made for the Speaker in front of the west gallery.

The window, of beautifully stained glass, which ornaments this church, is much admired, and represents the crucifixion. Its history is not a little curious. It was intended as a present to Henry VII. to adorn the chapel he was then building, by the magistrates of Dordrecht, in Holland. It took five years in completing, and, the king dying in the meantime, it came, by some unexplained means, into the possession of the abbots of Waltham. The last abbot, to prevent its destruction, at the period of the dissolution of the religious houses, had it removed to a private chapel at Newhall, belonging to the Butlers, Earls of Ormond. It next became the property of the Earl of Wiltshire, father of Queen Anne Boleyn, along with the domains of Newhall, which were successively possessed by Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and General Monk. During the civil wars, when so many beautiful windows of stained glass were destroyed, this one was removed from the chapel, and buried in the gardens of Newhall, where it remained until the Restoration, when Monk, then Duke of Albemarle, had it dug up and replaced in its former position. On the failure of the succession to the dukedom of Albemarle, Newhall fell to ruin, and was purchased, after the lapse of some time, from the heirs, by John Olmins, Esq. The latter pulled down a considerable part of the chapel, but preserved the fine window, in the hope that it would some day be purchased for Westminster Abbey. He had it taken to pieces, and packed up in boxes, in which state it remained, it is said, for some years, until it was bought by Mr. Conyers, to adorn his chapel, at Copthall in Essex. It cost this gentleman a considerable sum to have it repaired again. The window remained in this place till the death of Mr. Conyers, when his son built a new house, and having no further use for so splendid a piece of glass, sold it to the Committee appointed for the repairing and beautifying of St. Margaret's Church. Thus the window, after so long a series of adventures,—buried, broken up, and bandied about from place to place, was restored at last to its legitimate use, and fixed almost

upon the very spot its first donors intended, after a lapse of nearly three hundred years.

Leaving the church, we find ourselves in Old Palace Yard, and in part of Westminster Hall and the temporary Houses of Lords and Commons. Before entering upon the history of the time-honoured Hall, let us pause a moment on this open ground and consider what it is, and what it has been. It forms a considerable square, having on the east the River Thames, and a line of low sheds for the workmen employed in the embankment for the House of Parliament, and on the west a green enclosure with some stunted trees, amid which rises the statue of Canning, erected by Westmacott. On the south are the venerable Hall of Westminster and some ruinous remains of the old parliamentary and regal buildings, and on the north a row of private houses, amid which project, most prominently, the bay-windows of the King's Arms Hotel, famous in the electioneering annals of the city of Westminster. In the middle of the square are to be seen, at all hours, a dirty assemblage of hackney-coaches and cabriolets and their unmannerly drivers. But the ground upon which their horses stand is classic, and has been the scene of many great events. Towards the Thames there was, in the days of Elizabeth, and as late as Charles II., a handsome conduit, or fountain, and near the place where the steps now lead up to Westminster Bridge, stood a Clock-Tower, supposed by some to have been the prison of Richard Lovelace, the poet, where he was confined by the House of Commons in Cromwell's time, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, praying for the restitution of the king to his rights. While in captivity he wrote that beautiful song to "Althea, from Prison," so well known and so much admired.

It is by no means certain, however, that to the Clock-House belonged the honour of harbouring the poet, but more probably he was confined in the Gate-House, which was often used as a prison. Lovelace was the gayest, most accomplished, and most popular gallant of his day; dressed better than any man of his time, and was more esteemed by the ladies. He soon ran through a comfortable fortune, and ended his days in a state of poverty, but little removed from actual starvation, in a miserable lodging near Shoe Lane.

The origin of the Clock-House is explained by the following tradition. In the reign of Henry III. Rodolphus de Ingham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, commiserating the hard case



of a poor man, who had been cast in damages to the amount of 13s. 4d. in an action for debt, erased the record in the court-roll, and substituted the sum of 6s. 8d. The plaintiff in the cause memorialized the King upon the injustice done him, and the judge was fined for his misconduct in the sum of 800 marks. The clock was built with the money, and the bell was tolled at intervals every day during the sitting of the Courts to remind the judges of the fine inflicted upon their brother. The Clock-house was demolished in the year 1715, and the bell conveyed to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The open space of Palace Yard was long the scene for the infliction of minor punishments, where scolds and libellers stood in the pillory to be pelted by all the ragamuffins of Westminster. It has been also the scene of severer punishments, and is rendered for ever memorable as the place of execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose ashes, as we have already mentioned, are deposited in the adjoining church of St. Margaret's. He was executed on Thursday, the 29th of October, 1618, in pursuance of a sentence passed, as is well known, fifteen years previously. He was brought to Palace Yard at nine in the morning, as we learn from the "State Trials," and manifested during his last moments an earnest striving to die without exhibiting a sign of fear. He had suffered for some days of a fever, and lest the weakness of his body should be considered a weakness of mind, he stopped immediately he arrived on the scaffold, and addressed the persons about him, saying, "I desire you will bear with me withal; and if I show any weakness, I beseech you to attribute it to my malady, for this is the hour in which it is wont to come." He then sat down, paused awhile, and directing his eyes towards a window where Lords Arundel, Northampton, Doncaster, and some gentlemen were sitting, he said, as if addressing them, that he thanked God that he had been brought out to die in the daylight and not in the darkness, meaning probably that he rejoiced he was not put secretly to death in the Tower. Perceiving that the lords did not hear what he said, as they were at some distance from the scaffold, he raised his voice, but Lord Arundel entreated him not to do so, as they would come to the scaffold beside him, and hear what he had to say. Space was made for them accordingly, and Sir Walter, in a firm voice, made a long speech in defence and explanation of his conduct. He then prepared himself for death, giving away his hat, his cap, and some money to such persons about him as he knew, that they should preserve them as memorials of him after he

was gone. Taking leave of Lord Arundel, he requested him—so strong even in that hour was his desire to stand well in the estimation of his contemporaries and of posterity—to desire the King that no scandalous writings to defame him should be published after his death. He then said, “I have a long journey to go, and must therefore bid you farewell.” Taking off his doublet and gown, he desired the executioner to show him the axe. The latter appeared to hesitate a little, upon which Raleigh said, “I prithee, let me see it! Dost thou think I am afraid?” The man then gave it to him, and the victim felt carefully along its edge, and said to the sheriff, smiling, “This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all my diseases.” He then walked to the several sides of the scaffold, and entreated the people to pray that God would give him strength. The executioner, kneeling down to entreat his forgiveness, Sir Walter laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said he freely forgave him. Being asked which way he would lay his head upon the block, he answered, “So the heart be straight, it is no matter which way the head lieth.” He then laid his head upon the block, his face being turned towards the east; and the executioner, throwing down his cloak, lest he should spoil Sir Walter’s embroidered gown, struck off his head at two blows, the body never shrinking or moving. The head was, according to the customary practice, shown at both sides of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag. His wrought velvet gown was thrown over it, and it was carried away in a mourning-coach to his disconsolate widow—to her to whom he addressed such affecting letters from the Tower—and placed, with his body, in St. Margaret’s.

Westminster Hall, for many ages the principal seat of the courts of law, was originally built by William Rufus as the banquetting hall of his adjoining palace. His subjects were sorely taxed for this and other expenses. He often kept his Christmases here in great state, according to the fashion of the Norman princes. The building was considered the most magnificent hall in England, but there being little or no protection by means of embankment from the high tides of the Thames, it was very often overflowed, and its foundations rendered insecure. Part of it was pulled down some years previous to 1397, by order of Richard II., and the present edifice erected in its stead. Penant describes the alterations made by this monarch, and according to Stow, his authority, the expense was paid by a tax on all foreigners or refugees in England. Shortly after its

completion, he kept his Christmas in the Hall with a profuse splendour. The number of his guests each day is said to have been 10,000, and the cooks employed 2000. The coronation banquets have also been given from a very early age in the same Hall; and occasionally, when the monarch was inclined to be liberal, the poor were entertained with prodigal feasting. Henry III., whose constant exactions made him an unpopular king, endeavoured to gain mob-favour by the splendour of these feasts. By orders given to his treasurer, William de Haverhall, in the year 1236, he caused 6000 poor men, women, and children to be fed, the weakest and most aged in the great Hall, as the place of honour, and in the lesser Hall those who were younger and in more reasonable plight; the children of both sexes being regaled in the apartments of the King and Queen.

The Parliament, when that body was a mere appendage to the royal state, and had no settled place of meeting, often assembled in Westminster Hall. When the alterations in the Hall were in progress during the reign of Richard II., a sort of barn, for it could not have been much better, if Stow's description be correct, was erected for their accommodation. It is described as having been formed of wood and covered with tiles, and open on all sides, that everybody might hear what was said and done.

The Hall, from its noble dimensions, being the largest room in Europe unsupported by pillars, or 270 feet in length by 74 in width, has been generally selected as the scene of state trials of importance. The reader needs not be informed, but merely reminded, that in this place were tried Charles I., the Earl of Strafford, Lord William Russell, Algernon Sydney, &c.; and in comparatively recent times, Warren Hastings. Here also took place, in 1776, the celebrated trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy, which lasted six days, and excited as much interest throughout the country as if the fate of millions had depended upon the result.

The interior of the Hall was, until the middle of the last century or later, filled with shops and stalls, principally of books and printsellers. Several books published at that and an earlier period bear the imprint of Westminster Hall. The following is the title of a scarce tract published by a bookseller, whose shop was in the Hall:—"A Sermon preached before the Hon<sup>ble</sup>. House of Commons, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, October 10th, 1666, being the Fast Day appointed for the late dreadful

Fire in the City of London. London, Printed by Robert White, for Henry Mortlock, and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the White Hart, in Westminster Hall, 1666."

Several old prints represent the four sides of the Hall as entirely covered with shops, and the barristers walking about among them, and making purchases. The outside of the Hall was in like manner almost hidden from view by the number of petty coffee-houses stuck against it. These were all removed about the year 1810.

Leading from the Hall are the four principal courts of law, which are dignified in Term by the daily presence of the judge—the Court of Chancery, the Court of Exchequer, the Court of Common Pleas, and the Court of Queen's Bench, with the three courts, adjuncts to the Chancery and the Queen's Bench,—the Vice-Chancellor's and the Rolls Court, and the Bail Court. The most ancient of these is the Court of Chancery, where, from the Conquest until the middle of the sixteenth century, some dignitary of the Church has usually sat to perform the high duties of Lord Chancellor. Among eminent churchmen who have filled the office might be enumerated half the prelates who have held the see of Canterbury, including Thomas à Becket and Cardinal Wolsey. After the reign of Henry VIII. this high office was no more bestowed upon ecclesiastics. The names of the eminent men who have since that time sat on the honoured bench of the Court of Chancery, include many which will live in the affection and admiration of posterity, as long as England remains a nation, or its language endures upon the globe.

The next court in point of antiquity is the Court of King's or Queen's Bench, so called as the sex of the sovereign may happen. Here the early Saxon, and after them some of the Norman monarchs, sat in person to hear the complaints of their subjects; and hence the name by which it is still known, although no king since Edward IV. has continued the practice.

The Court of Common Pleas was established in the year 1215, and the Court of Exchequer 1079. The Court of Exchequer Chamber, generally used as the place where all the judges deliberate together upon important and questionable points of law, was instituted by Edward III. in the year 1359, and improved by Elizabeth in 1584. The actual halls where these courts now sit are of comparatively recent erection. The former courts were built from the designs of Kent, the architect surveyor-general of Public Works in the reign of George II. Great alterations were made in these courts in 1813, under the superintendence of Mr.



James Wyatt, and in 1824 they were rebuilt as they now stand by Sir John Soane.

Adjoining to the courts of law is the site of the Houses of Lords and Commons, which were accidentally burned down in 1834, and where a new and splendid edifice from the plans of Mr. Barry is in course of erection.

The House of Lords, of which at the present time a gateway is the only remains, was formed of a spacious apartment formerly used as a court of requests, and at the union of Great Britain and Ireland was hung with some landscape tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the gift of the States of Holland to Queen Elizabeth.

Between the House of Lords and the House of Commons was an apartment called the Painted Chamber, said to have been the bedroom of Edward the Confessor, but on insufficient authority, there being no good grounds for believing it to have been of an antiquity so venerable. In this room Parliaments were often summoned to attend, and in it was signed the death-warrant of Charles I. It was also used as the place of conference of the two Houses on their committees.

The destruction of the House of Commons, of the very walls and floor that Harley, Walpole, Pitt, Fox, Canning, and other illustrious men, trod upon and looked on, was justly regarded as a national calamity—far more serious than the mere loss of the buildings and their contents.

A pile more commodious and more magnificent now stands near the site of the old one, but future orators and patriots will not be able to say, "Here, in this very room—here, upon these benches, sat the great men whose names shine in the page of English history—here, they resisted tyranny—here, they established and maintained the constitution—and here, they rendered the name of a Briton synonymous over the globe with the liberator of the slave—the friend of freedom and the civilizer of mankind." There is, however, this hope, and almost certainty, that new patriots, new orators, new statesmen will arise, as illustrious as the old, in time, to shed a lustre upon their modern place of meeting, and enact deeds within it, which, after years have passed, will render its reminiscences as dear as any that hallowed the old spot.

St. Stephen's Chapel, the original name of the building in which for many generations the Commons of England assembled, was first established by King Stephen in honour of the saint of the same name. It was rebuilt by King Edward III., in

1347, and dedicated "to the honour of Almighty God, and especially of the blessed Virgin and of the martyr St. Stephen." He ordained it to be collegiate under the government of a dean, twelve canons secular, vicars, choristers, and subordinate officers, and endowed it liberally with lands in Yorkshire and Berkshire, and with his inn, situate in Lombard Street, London, and his tower in Bucklersbury. He also built for the use of the chapel in the little sanctuary westward, a bell tower, covered with lead, in which were placed three very large bells, which were generally rung at coronations or at the funerals of royal personages. The dismal sound of these bells was popularly said to turn all the beer sour in the vicinity.

This monastery was not surrendered during the life of Henry VIII. It was not, however, allowed to escape, but was summoned to surrender under Edward VI. Its revenues at that time was calculated at £1085 10s. 5*d*. The building was then granted by Edward to be used as the permanent chamber of Parliament, which body before that time had no settled place of meeting. Various alterations and additions were made to the chapel at successive periods, to render it more convenient for the members.

On the Union with Ireland, when the Commons received so large an accession to their numbers, the entire side walls were taken down, except the buttresses that supported the ancient roof, and thrown several feet back, by which more seats were procured.

The fire which caused the destruction both of this and the other House of Parliament, broke out in the library of the House of Lords, at half-past six o'clock in the evening of the 16th of October, 1834. The persons employed to burn a large quantity of wooden tallies, formerly used in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's office, instead of burning them in the open space between the Speaker's house and the river, put them into a large stove in one of the rooms in the House of Lords. The flues, in consequence, became over-heated, and set fire to the wood-work of the library. The flames spread with great rapidity, and although they were immediately discovered, and every exertion made by the firemen, the police, the military, and the people, who assembled in great crowds, to subdue them, it soon became but too apparent that all their efforts would be unavailing. The efforts of the firemen were then directed to the preservation of Westminster Hall, and that structure was happily saved, with some slight damage to the upper wall immediately opposite to

the entrance. Fears were entertained for the safety of the venerable Abbey, but, happily, it escaped without injury. The flames were not subdued till a late hour. A great quantity of valuable records perished, together with the libraries of both Houses. The total loss to the nation was estimated at upwards of £200,000. It was resolved that a temporary building should be erected, at the expense of about £20,000, in which the Lords and Commons now carry on their deliberations. Architects were then invited to send in plans for the new buildings, and ultimately that of Mr. Barry was adopted. Several years ago, as we learn from the notes to Dr. Hughson's description of Westminster, it was suggested by Mr. Malton, author of a "Picturesque Tour through London," "that Westminster Hall, with its surrounding buildings, which are inconvenient and insufficient for the various purposes to which they are appropriated, might give way to the noble idea of forming the whole of this heterogeneous mass into one grand design, which would extend from Margaret Street to the river side, and from thence return by a spacious embankment by the House of Commons into the Old Palace Yard. In such a magnificent plan the different departments of the Legislature might be accommodated in a manner suitable to their respective dignities." The expense of such an undertaking was long the only obstacle, and the fire having rendered this a matter of necessity, the improvement is carrying out upon the plan recommended.

The Star-Chamber formed a part of the mass of buildings included in Westminster Hall and the Houses of the Legislature. "The name of this court of justice," says Pennant, "so tremendous in the Tudor and part of the Stuart reign, was not taken from the stars with which its roof is said to have been painted (which were obliterated even before the reign of Queen Elizabeth), but from the *Starra*, or Jewish covenants, which were deposited there by order of Richard I., in chests under three locks. No *starr* was allowed to be valid except found in those repositories, where they remained till the banishment of the Jews by Edward I. In the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., a new-modelled court was erected here, consisting of divers lords, spiritual and temporal, with two judges of the courts of Common Law, without the intervention of a jury." The powers of this court were so abused, that it was abolished altogether by the House of Commons in the 16th of Charles I., under circumstances familiar to every reader of English history.

The New Houses of Parliament are from the designs of Mr. Barry, and are, perhaps, unrivalled for magnificence by any European edifices.

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## CHAPTER IX.

The Strand in 1560—St. Catharine's Chapel—St. Mary Ronceval, the site of Suffolk House, afterwards Northumberland House—Important events connected with—Whimsical occurrence there—Benjamin Franklin—James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses"—Hungerford Market and Suspension Bridge—York House; Lord Bacon and its other celebrated occupants—York or Buckingham Stairs—York Buildings—Peter the Great resided here—Durham House (site now the Adelphi)—Sumptuous repast given at, by Henry VIII.—Residence of Lady Jane Grey—Given to Toby Matthew, Bishop of Durham—Millinery Exchange, then "Britain's Bourse"—Murder committed there—The White Milliner—Anecdote of Mrs. Garrick—The King of the Sandwich Islands (the King of the Cannibal Islands) resident in the Adelphi—Society of Arts—Salisbury House—Partridge, the almanack maker—The Middle Exchange, the resort of abandoned characters—Ivy Bridge, the boundary between the Duchy of Lancaster and the City of Westminster—Old, Old Parr—Exeter Change, site of Exeter House—Cecil House—Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth—Lord Burleigh's household—Exeter Hall—Worcester House and its destruction by fire—The Savoy Palace, successive possessors of it—Anecdote of John of Gaunt—Chaucer composed some of his poems here—Wat Tyler—Palace destroyed by the rebels—Hospital built on its site—Cowley's complaint—Church of St. John the Baptist—Monuments in—Clandestine marriages in the Savoy.

### FROM CHARING CROSS TO WATERLOO BRIDGE.

ONCE more making Charing Cross our point of departure, we proceed downwards through the busiest thoroughfares of London where money-making multitudes continually pass to and fro, and where, as Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell, the full tide of human existence is to be seen. The Strand and Fleet Street, from Charing Cross to St. Paul's, are not only the busiest places in London, but among the richest in memories of the past. The road formed, in early ages, the connecting link between the city of London and the village of Charing and city of Westminster, and in more modern times has become a component part of the latter city. "Up to the year 1353," says Pennant, "the Strand was an open highway, with here and there a great man's house, with gardens to the water-side. In that year it was so impass-



able, that Edward III., by an ordinance, directed a tax to be raised upon wool, leather, wine, and all goods carried to the staple at Westminster from Temple Bar to Westminster Abbey, for the repair of the road; and that all owners of houses adjacent to the highway should repair as much as lay before their doors." Thirty years afterwards, tolls were granted for paving the Strand from the Savoy to Temple Bar, and many enactments for the same purpose were made between that date and the year 1532, when an Act was passed for the uniform paving of the whole line, the costs to be defrayed by the owners of the land. Before the latter year there was no continued street. The Strand was a rural road, and nothing intervened but a few scattered houses. "But about the year 1560," says Pennant, "a street was formed, loosely built; for all the houses on the south side had great gardens to the river, were called by their owners' names, and in after-times gave name to the several streets that succeeded them, pointing down to the Thames. Each of them had stairs for the conveniency of taking boat. As the Court was for centuries either at the palace of Westminster or at Whitehall, a boat was the customary conveyance of the great to the presence of their sovereign. The north side was a mere line of houses from Charing Cross to Temple Bar—all beyond was country. The gardens which occupied part of the site of Covent Garden were bounded by fields, and St. Giles's was a distant country village."

The first building from Charing Cross, in the direction of Temple Bar, was, in very early times, a hermitage, with a chapel dedicated to St. Catharine, which seems to have been occasionally used as the lodging for such bishops as came to attend the Court, and had no other residence in London or Westminster. Willis, in his "History of the See of Llandaff," states, on the authority of the Patent Rolls of the forty-seventh year of Henry III., that William de Radnor, the then bishop, had permission from the King to lodge, with all his retainers, within the precincts of the hermitage at Charing, whenever he came to London. Immediately adjoining, or probably opposite, stood the ancient hospital of St. Mary Ronceval, a cell to the priory of the same name in Navarre. It was founded by William Marichal, Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Henry III., suppressed by Henry V. as an alien priory, restored by Edward IV., and finally suppressed by Edward VI., and its possessions granted to Sir Thomas Cawarden, to be held in free soccage of the honour of Westminster. It then came to Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in the reign of James I., who, finding it in an uninha-

bitable and ruinous state, pulled the greater portion of it down, and employed Bernard Jansen, the architect, to erect a more commodious mansion upon its site. This edifice was known by the name of Northampton House, from its noble owner, who died in it in 1624. By his will it was left to his kinsman, the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Treasurer, and was then called Suffolk House. The heiress of this family married Algernon Percy, and the mansion thus came into the possession of the noble family of Northumberland about the year 1642, in which it has ever since remained, and borne their name for about two centuries.

The mansion, as built by Bernard Jansen, consisted of three sides of a quadrangle, and the principal apartments were in the upper end next to the Strand, then a much narrower thoroughfare at Charing Cross than it is now. Algernon Percy, almost immediately after he came into possession, commenced building the fourth side towards the river, that the principal apartments might be removed from the dust and noise of the Strand. Inigo Jones was the architect. Evelyn, in his "Diary," under date of the 8th of June, 1658, speaks of having gone to see the pictures soon after this side of the quadrangle was completed. The picture that chiefly drew his attention was the Cornaro Family, by Titian, which still remains one of the principal ornaments of the mansion.

Considerable improvements were made in the building about the year 1750, and again in 1829 or 1830. The lion on the top, on the Strand side, is a familiar acquaintance of all the Londoners. A whimsical story has long been in circulation about it. Some wag undertook, for a trifling wager, to collect a crowd in the streets of London upon any pretence, however absurd. He went accordingly, leaned his back against Charing Cross, and looked very earnestly up to the lion. In less than a minute he was joined by one or two of the passers. He took out a spy-glass and looked still more intently at the lion. In less than five minutes about a hundred people had assembled, and the whisper went among them that at a certain hour the lion would wag his tail! Still the crowd increased; the Strand became impassable, and the greatest curiosity was manifested; several swore positively that they saw the tail wagging, and long arguments ensued pro and con. The story adds, that the crowds were not dispersed till a smart shower came on, and even then, some of the most pertinacious believers ensconced themselves in covered alleys and under doorways to watch the phenomenon.

An historical event of importance is connected with this edifice.

In the year 1660, when General Monk had taken up his quarters in the palace of Whitehall, he was invited by the Earl of Northumberland, in the name of the nobility and gentry of England, to a conference in Northumberland House, to discuss the state of the nation. Monk attended, and the restoration of Charles II., the event in every body's mind, but which had not as yet been openly talked of, was, for the first time, proposed in direct terms.

The side of the Strand next the river being that first built upon, will necessarily claim more notice than the other. Craven Street, the second street citywards from Northumberland House, and leading towards the Thames, deserves honourable mention, as having been the abode of Benjamin Franklin. The house inhabited in 1777 by the great philosopher, was No. 7, that which is now occupied by "The Society for the Relief of Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts." Craven Street was also the abode of the late James Smith, Solicitor to the Ordnance, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and of various other works. His house was No. 27. He died here on the 24th of December, 1839.

"The branching streets that from Charing Cross divide," mentioned in the second book of Gay's "Trivia," as resounding with the cry of "Clean your honour's shoes!" are no longer in existence, having been all cleared away to make room for the improvements of Trafalgar Square, the West Strand, King William Street, and the Lowther Arcade, between the years 1827 and 1832. The street has thus been considerably widened, and a row of very handsome houses erected in place of the old dilapidated ones that formerly nodded over the head of the passenger, and threatened to crush him in their ruins.

Among the few new buildings on the river side, the new Hungerford Market is the most prominent. The market takes its name from the family of Hungerford, of Farleigh, in the county of Wilts. Sir Edward Hungerford, who was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II., converted his mansion into various small tenements and a market. The latter was rebuilt in 1831 in a handsome manner, and forms a great ornament to the bank of the river. It is besides one of the most frequented steam-boat piers in London, and on a fine Sunday or holiday during the summer months it is a scene of great bustle and animation.

Hungerford Suspension Bridge would, fifty years ago, have been accounted a world's wonder; but the genius of Telford has

familiarized the marvel to our minds. One suspension bridge must of necessity be like another, and this pretty faithfully "reflects its brother" at Hammersmith.

Villiers Street, that runs from the Strand parallel with the east side of Hungerford Market, is so called from the Villiers', Dukes of Buckingham, on the site of whose princely mansion it is erected. The house that anciently stood here, was called the Bishop of Norwich's inn; but being exchanged in 1535 for the abbey of St. Benett Holme, in Norfolk, it became the property of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. In the reign of Mary it was purchased by the Archbishop of York, and called York House, but did not long continue to be inhabited by the prelates of that see, as we find that in the reign of Elizabeth, the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the Lord Keeper Sir Thomas Egerton, both resided in it. Shortly after the former took up his abode in it, his illustrious son Francis was born. This event took place on the 22nd of January, 1561, and here the future Lord Chancellor, philosopher, and statesman, passed his infancy and childhood, being often taken to court by his father to converse with the Queen, who delighted to prove the strength of his mind by questions, which he answered with such ability and gravity that Her Majesty often playfully called him her young Lord Keeper. It is related of the sage that, when a boy at York House, he used to go to play with his companions in St. James's Fields, and that there was a brick conduit there with a singular echo, the cause of which, even at that early age, he was exceedingly anxious to discover, and often stole away from his playmates for that purpose. In his after years he resided principally in Gray's Inn, but still retained York House. He celebrated here the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, in company with many of his friends.

Bacon, after his release from the Tower, seems never to have returned to inhabit York House, being forbidden to come within the verge of the Court. He was allowed to reside at his house at Gorhambury, "where," to use his own affecting words, "he lived upon the sword-point of a sharp air, and angered if he went abroad, dulled if he stayed within, solitary and comfortless, without company, banished from all opportunities to treat with any to do him good, and to help out any wrecks; and that which was one of his greatest griefs—his wife, that had been no partaker of his offending, made to be the partaker of the misery of his restraint." Bacon found this banishment so irksome, that he prepared a petition to the Lords to be allowed to re-



turn to York House, where he might have "company, physicians, conference with his creditors and friends about his debts and the necessities of his estate, helps for his studies and the writings he had in hand:" concluding his petition with the following eloquent appeal:—"Herein your Lordships shall do a work of charity and nobility: you shall do me good; you shall do my creditors good; and it may be, you shall do posterity good, if out of the carcass of dead and rotten greatness, as out of Samson's lion, there may be honey gathered for the use of future times!" Bacon was much attached to York House. "It is the house," said he, "wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed; and there will I yield my breath, if so please God, and the King will give me leave, though I be now by fortune (as the proverb is) like a bear in a monk's hood. At least no money, no value shall make me part with it." After four or five months' earnest solicitation, Bacon was permitted to leave Gorhambury; his fine was remitted, but he was not allowed to reside within the verge of the Court. He therefore took a small house at Chiswick. The favourite, Buckingham, had cast a longing eye upon York House, and its great owner was no more to possess it. His friend, Sir Edward Sackville, who knew the inclinations of Buckingham and the Lords, advised Bacon to part with his residence, and thereby perhaps avert their enmity, if he did not gain their goodwill. "If York House," said Sir Edward Sackville, in a letter to Bacon, "were gone, the town were yours, and all your straitest shackles cleared off, besides more comfort than the city air only. I have told Mr. Meautys how I could wish your Lordship to make an end of it. From him, I beseech you, take it, and from me only the advice to perform it. If you part not speedily with it, you may defer the good which is approaching near you, and disappointing other aims (which must shortly receive content or never), perhaps anew yield matter of discontent, though you may indeed be as innocent as before." Mr. Meautys (a creditor of Bacon's, and who used him "coarsely," and meant, as the philosopher said in a moment of bitterness, "to saw him asunder,") writing to support Sir Edward's advice, said, "The great Lords long to be in York House. I know your Lordship cannot forget they have such a savage word among them as *fleeing*." An Act of Parliament was passed on the 19th of May, 1624, whereby York House and estate were "assured" to the king, and they were then granted to Buckingham, the man by whose influence chiefly they were wrested from Lord

Bacon. Buckingham employed Inigo Jones to rebuild a great part of it in a style of much magnificence.

The York Stairs, or Water Gate, at the bottom of Buckingham Street, will give some idea of the beauty of the building, of which this is now the sole remnant. This gate has been universally admired, and pronounced to be the most perfect piece of building that does honour to the name of Inigo Jones. It is planned in so exquisite a taste, formed of such equal and harmonious parts, and adorned with such proper and elegant decorations, that nothing can be censured or added. The Duke lived here in the most expensive manner, till his unhappy assassination by Felton, when it became the property of his more celebrated or more notorious son—whichever the reader chooses to consider him. It was then leased to the Earl of Northumberland, (whose son Algernon had not yet married the heiress of Suffolk, and received a town house with her,) together with its goods, furniture, and pictures, for the small sum of £350. During the usurpation of Cromwell and the Parliament, York House was considered public property, and as such bestowed as a reward for his services on General Lord Fairfax. The heiress of that nobleman married the Duke of Buckingham, and the house again reverted to its legal owner, who resided in it for many years after the Restoration, being extravagant enough to maintain two first-rate houses within a few yards of each other, for his own occupation. He, however, preferred Wallingford House, on the other side of Charing Cross, of which we have already made mention; and being in want of money towards the close of his career, he sold the whole estate of York House for building on. Several streets were laid out upon its site, which went generally by the name of York Buildings; but are now distinguished each by its separate appellation, containing a word of the name or title of the last owner. Thus we have to this day George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street.

Of Villiers Street, the following notice occurs in the "Memoirs of Evelyn," vol. i. p. 530:—"17th Nov. 1683. I took a house in Villiers Streete, York Buildings, for the winter, having many important concerns to dispatch, and for the education of my daughters."

York Stairs are approached from a small inclosed terrace, planted with lime-trees, used as a promenade by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who maintain the fabric and terrace from the proceeds of a rate levied on their houses for that purpose.

On the river-front is a large archway, opening upon steps that lead down to the water, with a window on each side. These, conjointly with four rusticated columns, support an entablature, crowned by an arched pediment and two couchant lions holding shields. In the middle of the pediment, within a scroll, are the arms of the Villiers' family. On the street side are three arches flanked by pilasters, supporting an entablature, on which are four balls. Above the keystones of the arches are ornamental shields with anchors, that in the centre bearing the Villiers' arms impaling those of Manners. The Villiers' motto, "*Fidei coticula crux*," is inscribed upon the frieze.

Peter the Great, on his visit to this country, had lodgings in York Buildings, in a house overlooking the river, supposed to be that on the left-hand corner of Buckingham Street. Here, after rowing about on the Thames between Deptford and London, he used often to retire and spend his evenings with Lord Caermarthen, drinking hot brandy with pepper in it; a fiery beverage, of which he was fond, and which served to digest the raw viands and the train-oil of his ordinary diet.

Passing Coutts's celebrated bank,—a gloomy-looking house, No. 58 in the Strand, and more like a prison or a madhouse than the temple of Mammon, which it is,—we stand upon the site of the ancient pile, called Durham House or Palace, famous in the history of England as the place where Lady Jane Grey was married, and for other events of historical interest. It is now covered by several streets, bearing the general name of the Adelphi; so called from the Greek word, signifying "brothers," because it was built and planned by four brothers of the name of Adam. Durham Place, the mansion itself, stood on the spot now occupied by John Street, extending to the river, with offices and outbuildings, extending to the Strand. It was erected, according to Stow, by Thomas de Hatfield, Bishop of Durham, between the years 1345 and 1381, and continued to be inhabited by his successors until the 26th of Henry VIII., when Tonstal, the then bishop, exchanged it with the king for another mansion in Thames Street. On his marriage with Ann of Cleves, Henry held a great tournament in the Tilt Yard at Westminster; and each day after the jousting the challengers invited the Court to a sumptuous repast in Durham Place. The sports lasted six days, and at the conclusion, in addition to the king, queen, the Court, the foreign ambassadors, the nobility, and principal knights, the givers of the feast invited the members of the House of Commons, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of

London, with their wives, and many other persons. The king rewarded the challengers for their feast and their prowess by a yearly pension of one hundred marks each, to them and their heirs for ever, payable out of the revenues of the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. He might have found a better appropriation for the Church property.

Under the administration of the affairs of England by the ambitious family of the Seymours, during the minority of Edward VI., a mint was established in Durham Place, under the management of Sir William Sherington. The money coined was to have been used in corrupting the army and people, and generally to aid the Lord Admiral, Thomas Seymour, in his designs upon the throne. His practices were discovered, and he suffered death. Sir William Sherington was also condemned, but he escaped punishment, and was employed by the next possessor of Durham Place in a similar occupation. As ambitious as the Seymours, Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, appeared at one time more successful, and his liberality and magnificence were the universal theme of the populace. The marriage of Lady Jane Grey with his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, was celebrated with much splendour within these walls, simultaneously with the marriage of two other members of his aspiring family: Lord Herbert with the Lady Catherine Grey, sister of the Lady Jane, and Lord Hastings, heir of the Earl of Huntingdon, with the Lady Catherine Dudley, the duke's youngest daughter. When the unfortunate Lady Jane was brought from Sion House by her father-in-law to assume the crown, bequeathed to her as if it had been of the goods and chattels of King Edward VI., she was lodged in Durham Place, and from thence escorted, with all the pride, pomp, and paraphernalia of royalty, to the Tower,—the luckless queen of a few days. Queen Mary granted Durham Place to the see to which it originally belonged; but Elizabeth, on her accession, claimed it as one of the royal palaces, and granted the use of it to Sir Walter Raleigh, who continued to inhabit it till a short time after her death. It was one of the charges brought against Raleigh under James I., that he received Lord Cobham at his apartments in Durham Place, and there conspired with him and others how to advance the Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne. In Aubrey's "Letters,"\* there is the following description of Sir Walter's lodgings: "Durham House was a noble palace; after he came

\* Vol. iii., p. 513.



to his greatness he lived there, or in some apartment of it. I well remember his study, which was on a little turret that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect, which is as pleasant, perhaps, as any in the world, and which not only refreshes the eye-sight, but cheers the spirits, and (to speak my mind) I believe enlarges an ingeniose man's thoughts."

On Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower, Durham Place was granted by the King to Toby Matthew, Bishop of Durham, and afterwards Archbishop of York. The stables at this time were in a very ruinous condition. Strype says, "ready to fall, and very unsightly in so public a passage to the Court and Westminster." The Earl of Salisbury, to whom they belonged, granted the site to build an exchange for the sale of millinery. It was built upon the plan of the Royal Exchange, and was solely occupied by sempstresses and milliners. King James and his Queen attended the opening of it, and it was named by the King "Britain's Burse." It was afterwards called the New Exchange. In 1640 Durham Place was purchased of the see of Durham by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, who pulled it down, and converted the site into streets. In 1737 the Exchange was also pulled down, and a frontage of dwelling-houses and shops made to the Strand. Two romantic stories are related of the Exchange, which stood almost directly opposite to the site of the present Adelphi Theatre. In the year 1653, one Don Pantaleon de Saa, brother of the Portuguese Ambassador to the Court of Oliver Cromwell, quarrelled with a gentleman named Geraud in the public walk of the Exchange, whither they had both come, as was the fashion of the young gallants of the day, to ogle and flirt with the milliners. Some opprobrious expressions escaped Mr. Geraud, and the Portuguese determined on vengeance after the manner of his own country. He hired some bravos to come with him to the Exchange on the following day. They waited a short time, and saw a gentleman, whom they mistook for Mr. Geraud, walking with a lady, when they rushed upon him, and stabbed him to death with their poniards. They were immediately seized, and Don Pantaleon being tried, was found guilty and sentenced to death. By a strange coincidence, Mr. Geraud, whom he had intended to make his victim, was executed on the very same scaffold, on the very same day, for being condemned in a plot against the life of Oliver Cromwell.

The other story relating to the Exchange is of the days of William III. A sempstress, whose face nobody had ever seen,

was observed day after day to take her station at her stall, dressed in white, and wearing a white mask. She excited great curiosity, and carried on, in consequence, a more profitable trade than any of her companions. All the fashionable world of London went to visit her, and she became known by the name of the "White Milliner." It was at length discovered that this mysterious lady was no other than the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the widow of Richard Talbot, Lord-Deputy of Ireland under James II., and who was reduced to such extremity of distress that she would have starved if it had not been for the little trade she then carried on. Her relatives, ignorant of her extremity, provided for her immediately the story became known.

The estate of Durham Place was purchased, about the year 1760, of the Earl of Pembroke, by the Messrs. Adam, brothers, and architects, who built the stately terrace overlooking the river, named after them the Adelphi. Durham Yard is a narrow passage, running right under this pile to the coal-wharves on the banks of the river. Mr. Malton says, the project of clearing away the small houses upon this uneven spot of ground, and building so magnificent a terrace upon their site, was "a project that excited very much attention at the time. The extreme depth of the foundations, the massy piers of brick-work, and the spacious subterranean vaults and arches, excited the wonder of the ignorant and the applause of the skilful; while the regularity of the street in the superstructure, and the elegance and novelty of the decorations equally delighted all descriptions of people." Soon after the terrace was built, the centre house was purchased by Garrick, whose widow continued to inhabit it till her death.

Boswell relates that he and Johnson visited Mrs. Garrick here the first day her house was opened after her husband's death, and that they met Sir Joshua Reynolds there, with Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Boscawen, and others. "She looked well," says Boswell, "talked of her husband with complacency; and while she cast her eyes at his portrait which hung over the chimney-piece, said, that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.'" The old lady lived to be ninety years of age. As Johnson and Boswell came away from Mrs. Garrick's, Johnson remembered that his friend Beauclerk had died in one of the houses of the same terrace. The two stopped for awhile, leaned on the rails, and looked into the Thames. "I said to him," says Boswell, with some emotion, "that I was now thinking of two friends

we had lost who once lived in the buildings behind us." "Ay, sir," replied Johnson, tenderly, "and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

Robert, John, George, and James Streets, in the Adelphi, are so called from the names of the brothers Adam. In John Street, at Osborn's Hotel, resided the King of the Sandwich Islands, on his visit to this country in the reign of George IV. His Otaheitan Majesty stands a fair chance of being long remembered in England, from the well-known song made about him, called "The King of the Cannibal Islands," which has been popular ever since. It is probable, however, that the song will outlive his memory, having found its way to and become a favourite in the new world of North America and Australia, where the circumstances that gave rise to it were never known.

In John Street is the building designed by the Messrs. Adam for "The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce;" a building simple without meanness, and grand without exaggeration. The interior, besides the various offices of the Society, contains appropriate apartments for depositing the models which have obtained prizes. The "Great Room" is a noble apartment, forty-seven feet in length, forty-two in breadth, and forty in height, illuminated through a dome. The sides are ornamented by six large pictures, painted by James Barry, so connected in a series as to illustrate the maxim "that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious designation assigned for it by Providence." The first picture exhibits mankind in a savage state, exposed to all the inconvenience and misery of neglected culture; the second represents a harvest-home, or thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the victors at the Olympic games; the fourth, Navigation, or the triumphs of the Thames; the fifth, the distribution of rewards by the Society; and the sixth, Elysium, or the state of final retribution. The pictures are all of the same height, viz., eleven feet ten inches. The first, second, fourth, and fifth are fifteen feet two inches long; the third and sixth, which occupy the whole breadth of the room at the north and south ends, are each forty-two feet long. Besides these the room contains whole-length portraits of the various Presidents of the Society since its establishment in 1753; a bust of Franklin, who was one of

the most active members of the Society, and other busts, statues and pictures of ingenious and illustrious men.

Mr. Robert Adam, the eldest of these brothers, died in March, 1792; he was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the south aisle; his pall was supported by the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Stormont, Lord Frederick Campbell, and Mr. Pulteney. The brothers were the sons of William Adam, himself an architect of some eminence in Scotland. They were born at Kirkaldy, and educated at the University of Edinburgh.

Again returning to the Strand, we arrive at Salisbury Street, which, with Cecil Street, stands upon the site of Salisbury House, the residence of Sir Robert Cecil, second son of the wise Burleigh, the minister of Elizabeth. Salisbury Street was the residence of the famous Partridge, the cobbler and almanack-maker, whose death, as alleged by Swift, under the name of Bickerstaff, kept the town in good humour for a month. Partridge, in a great rage, knocked a man down opposite his own door, for crying about the town an account of his death, an incident which kept up the laugh against him when it was dying away; the joke, however, ruined his almanack, and Partridge never was himself again.

Salisbury House was a large structure, surmounted by turrets, fronting the river, and having a wall to the Strand, which thoroughfare the Earl caused to be levelled, and substantially paved the whole way before it. His successor, the second Earl of Salisbury of this family, divided the mansion into two, the one going by the name of Great, and the other of Little Salisbury House, the Earl himself inhabiting the former, and letting out the latter, as the old book says, "to persons of quality." Little Salisbury House was afterwards pulled down, and a rather mean-looking street built on its site, which, in its turn, was pulled down, and the present handsomer street erected under the superintendence of James Paine, the architect. Between this and Great Salisbury House, which occupied the site of Cecil Street, an exchange was built, upon the plan of the Bourse of Britain, further up the Strand; it was called the Middle Exchange, and consisted of one long covered room, leading from the Strand to the Thames, with shops and stalls on each side, and a flight of steps at the end to the river, where boats could be hired. The place became the resort of abandoned women; no respectable persons would take stalls in it, and it soon went to decay. It was



ultimately pulled down in 1696 by the Earl, along with Great Salisbury House, when Cecil Street was first built.

A little beyond this was Ivy Bridge, under which there was a narrow passage to the Thames, that formed the boundary line between the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster and the City of Westminster. "Near this bridge," says Pennant, "the Earl of Rutland had a house, in which several of that noble family breathed their last." In the Strand, exactly opposite Ivy Bridge, Thomas Parr, the "olde olde man," as he was called, had lodgings when he came to London, to be shown as a curiosity to Charles I. The authority for this fact is a Mr. Greening, who, in the year 1814, being then about ninety years of age, mentioned it to the author, saying, that he perfectly well remembered when a boy, having been shown the house by his grandfather, then eighty-eight years of age. The house, which stood at the commencement of the present century, had been known for more than fifty years as the "Queen's Head" public-house.

On the other side of the Strand stood, up to a very late period, Exeter Change, famous, among other matters, for its wild beasts. This place, which is almost within the recollection of the young generation, was erected on the grounds of Exeter House, the residence of Lord Burleigh. The first house built upon the spot appears to have been the parsonage-house of St. Clement Danes; but the ground having come into the possession of the Crown, it was granted to various persons until the reign of Elizabeth, when again, reverting to the Crown, it was bestowed by the sovereign upon her wise minister, then Sir William Cecil. The house which he built was then called Cecil House, but on his being ennobled, it took its designation from his title. The gardens extended, on the west, to a green lane, the site of the present Southampton Street, and on the east to the spot where the Lyceum is built. The Queen once paid him a visit in this house when he was very ill with the gout.

The Queen, it appears, wore a very high pyramidical head-dress upon this occasion, so high that the master of the household to Burleigh desired Her Majesty to stoop, or she could not enter the door. "For your master's sake I will stoop," replied the Queen, "but not for the King of Spain."

Seeing, on her entrance, that Burleigh could not comfortably stand, she insisted that he should sit in her presence. The minister began to apologize for the badness of his legs, but was stopped with that very civil and very sensible speech which has been so

often quoted: "My Lord, we do not make use of you for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head."

Burleigh usually maintained a household of about eighty persons here, and was very charitable to the poor of his own and the adjoining parishes. It is a pity for his memory that he had so little appreciation of merit, and that he poisoned the Queen's ear against the illustrious and amiable author of the "*Fairie Queene*," and withheld from him, in his distress, the relief that his royal mistress was willing to afford him. Burleigh died in this house in the year 1598, when it became the property of his eldest son Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter. For many years the two sons of this nobleman had mansions opposite to each other in the Strand—Salisbury House, already mentioned, being the abode of Robert, the second son of Burleigh. After the great fire of London, Burleigh, or, as it was generally called, Exeter House, was granted to the doctors of the ecclesiastical law; and here the various Courts of Arches, Surrogates, Admiralty, and the Prerogative Court were kept until new places were found for them in Doctors' Commons. The lower part was then converted into an Exchange for the sale of cutlery and fancy goods, and continued in existence until the year 1828 or 1829, when it was removed, and the Strand widened.

Exeter Hall was erected upon part of the site of the Exchange, as a place where the various charitable and religious societies of the metropolis might hold their meetings, the inconvenience of hiring accommodation in taverns or theatres having been long complained of. It was built in 1830, from the design of Mr. G. Deering. The only part it presents towards the street is a portico of two pillars and two pilasters, over which is the Greek inscription, "*Philadelphia*." The building comprises several apartments used as the offices and committee-rooms of various societies, besides two halls, one accommodating about eight hundred persons, and the other, on the upper floor, spacious enough to hold three thousand. It is a noble apartment, 136 feet long by 76 wide, and adorned with the most magnificent organ in London, made expressly for the use of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose concerts take place in it.

Running west and north of this edifice is Exeter Street, a mean place with no pretensions to beauty, cleanliness, or good character. It was in this street that Samuel Johnson had his first lodgings in London, at the house of a milliner or stay-maker, and where he was often reduced to great straits for a subsistence.

A little to the east, on the river side of the Strand, and adjoining the ancient palace of the Savoy, stood a large mansion, which also boasted of many noble occupants. In the time of Henry VIII. it belonged to the see of Carlisle, and was known by the name of Carlisle House, but being exchanged with the King for Rochester Place at Lambeth, it was granted by Henry to the founder of the ducal family of Bedford, and became their first town residence, being known by the names of Bedford House and Russell House. In the reign of James I. it was the property of the Earls of Worcester, and had altered its name accordingly. The last Earl of that family dying in 1627, it descended to his son, who was created Duke of Beaufort, and once more its designation was exchanged. While the Lord Chancellor Clarendon's great house was building in Piccadilly, he hired this mansion of the Duke, paying him a rental of £500 a-year for it.

Worcester House being at length in a very dilapidated state, was pulled down by the Duke of Beaufort, who purchased another for himself at Chelsea, and built a smaller house in the Strand. In the year 1695 this was accidentally burned down, as appears from the following notice in No. 80 of the "Postman:—"

"On Saturday, in the evening, about five o'clock, a violent fire broke out in Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, in the house of John Knight, Esq., Treasurer of the Custom-house, which, in less than two hours, burnt that house down to the ground, and also consumed the Duke of Beaufort's house and another."

The grounds were shortly afterwards cleared, and some handsome houses, the present Beaufort Buildings, were erected on the site.

The Palace of the Savoy, within the ancient precincts of which we have now arrived, was formerly one of the most magnificent buildings upon the banks of the Thames. The chapel attached to it, and which is not the original edifice, but one rebuilt by George I., is the only remains of this once venerable and historical pile. It obtained its name from Peter de Savoy, uncle of Eleanor, Queen of Henry III., who, being on a visit to his niece in the year 1245, obtained, by means of her influence over the King, not only titles but possessions in England. He was created Earl of Savoy and Richmond, and had a grant of this piece of ground between the Strand and the Thames. It appears from the following extract, there were houses standing upon it at the time, which must have been pulled down when

he built his palace:—"In 30 Henry III. the King granted to Peter de Savoy the inheritance of those houses in the street called the *Strand*, in the suburbs of London, and adjoining to the river of Thames, formerly belonging to Brian de Lisle, paying yearly to the King's exchequer, at the Feast of St. Michael, three barbed arrows for all services." Peter de Savoy not choosing to end his days in England, transferred his mansion to the provost and chapter of Montjoy, of whom it was purchased after the death of Henry III. by the queen, as a residence for her son Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. Henry Duke of Lancaster, his son, repaired and partly rebuilt the palace, which still retained its original name, at an expense of upwards of 50,000 marks. From this powerful noble it descended to one still more powerful, the famous John of Gaunt, who lived here in almost royal state, and where—which is a fact more interesting than his magnificence,—Geoffrey Chaucer was his frequent guest.

Here, under the protection of the Duke and his amiable Duchess Blanche, Chaucer passed the happiest hours of his life, and here also he found a wife in the person of Philippa, a lady of the Duchess's household, and sister to the Lady Catharine Swynford. Some of his happiest poems were composed in the Savoy, and were on the subject of its inmates; among which must be especially noticed the one entitled "*Chaucer's Dream*," which is an allegorical history of the loves of John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, and of his own marriage with the Lady Philippa. Whether the poet were married in the Savoy, or in the neighbouring church, does not appear.

During John of Gaunt's occupancy, the Savoy was twice pillaged by a mob. The first occasion was in the year 1376, when the Duke had made himself unpopular by his bold speech to the Bishop of London in St. Paul's Church at the citation of Wickliffe. Lord Percy, the friend of John of Gaunt, had requested that Wickliffe might be allowed to sit; but the Bishop of London replied, that he must stand up and remain uncovered, for he appeared there as a criminal, and no criminal could be allowed to sit in the presence of his judges. John of Gaunt, in great anger, turned to the bishop, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole assembly, "that he would humble his pride, and the pride of every arrogant bishop in the kingdom." The prelate made some reply, which increased the anger of the Duke of Lancaster so much, that he turned pale in the face, and whispered in the ear of the bishop, that rather than sit there and be insulted by a priest, he would drag him out of the church by



the hair of his head. The threat was heard by the nearest bystander, and was soon whispered from one to another till everybody in the church was aware of it. It then became rumoured among the populace, who, anxious for the condemnation of Wickliffe, had assembled in great multitudes in the churchyard. A cry immediately arose among them, and it was proposed to break into the church, and pull John of Gaunt from his judgment-seat. At his departure he was received with yells by the mob, who ran after and pelted him with dirt. He was so exasperated against them, that he proceeded immediately to Westminster, where the Parliament was sitting, and introduced a motion that from that day forth all the privileges of the citizens of London should be annulled; that there should be no longer a lord mayor, sheriff, or other popular magistrates, and that the entire jurisdiction within the city should be vested in Lord Percy, the chief Marshal of England. When news of this proposal reached the citizens on the following day, they assembled in great numbers, swearing to have the life of the Duke. After pillaging the Marshalsea, where Lord Percy resided, they proceeded to the Savoy, and killed a priest whom they found in the house, and thought to be Lord Percy in disguise. They then broke all the valuable furniture, and threw the fragments into the Thames, and left little more standing than the bare walls of the palace. John of Gaunt and Lord Percy were dining at the house of a wealthy merchant in the city when this news reached them, and from thence they escaped in disguise by rowing up the river in an open boat, passing the Savoy at the very moment while the mob were throwing the magnificent furniture from the windows.

Five years afterwards a still more serious attack was made upon the Savoy. John of Gaunt being particularly obnoxious to the rebels under Wat Tyler, the whole body of the insurgents, under the guidance of that chief, marched to the Savoy with the intention of burning it to the ground. Proclamation was previously made by the leaders that, as their object was not plunder, all the rich jewels, furniture, pictures, plate, and other articles, should be burned or thrown into the Thames, and that any one appropriating the property to his own uses should suffer death. The Duke of Lancaster was then absent, pursuing the war in Scotland, and the attack being sudden, no means of defence were taken by those in possession of the palace. It is not true, as stated in "*Harding's Chronicle*," that the Duke was in the Savoy at the time, and fled into Scotland in consequence. John of Gaunt was no such craven; and if he had been in London,

and had fled, he would not have fled to such a distance. No royal palace in Christendom at that time contained greater wealth than the palace of the Savoy; and the greater portion of it was destroyed. The rebels broke the vessels of gold and silver into small pieces, and threw them into the Thames; tore the rich hangings of velvet silk and embroidered drapery, together with an immense quantity of linen and wearing-apparel into shreds, or burned it; and the rings or jewels were bruised in mortars, and the fragments thrown into the flames, or into the river. It is said, that one of the insurgents being seen to hide a valuable piece of plate in his bosom, was thrust into the fire with his booty and burned to death, amid the shouts of his fellows, who exclaimed that they were freemen and lovers of justice, not thieves and robbers. In the matter of wine they were less scrupulous, and hundreds of them, breaking into the cellars, were soon in a state of utter drunkenness. Thirty-two of them were accidentally enclosed in a cellar, by masses of falling stones and rubbish from the burning palace, where they died of suffocation. Some of the rioters found a number of barrels which they thought to contain gold and silver, and flung them into the flames. They contained gunpowder; an awful explosion was the consequence, which blew up the great hall, completely destroyed several houses, and reduced the palace to a heap of ruins.

It does not appear that it was ever rebuilt. One of the scenes in Shakspeare's affecting play of "Richard II." is supposed to pass in a room of the Savoy, though at the date it was nothing but a ruin. The Duke of Lancaster must, however, have had some residence in London, though historians have forgotten to mention where it was. Throughout the dismal civil strife of the red and white roses, this house of the great ancestor of the Lancastrian line remained a mournful spectacle to the Londoners of the ravages of domestic warfare. In the reign of Henry VII. the ground was cleared, and that prince founded an hospital on its site, for the reception of one hundred poor people. The building was begun by Henry VII., and completed by his son in the fifteenth year of his reign.

The hospital, which was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, consisted of a master and four brethren, who were to be in priests' orders, and officiate in their turns. They were to stand alternately by day and night at the gate, and if they saw any poor distressed persons they were to ask them in and feed them. If such persons were travellers, they were to be lodged for the night, and dismissed on the following morning, with a letter of

recommendation to the next hospital, and as much money as would defray their expenses on the road thither.

In the reign of Edward VI., part of the revenues of the hospital were bestowed on the more recent institutions of Bridewell and Christ Church. The motive for this seems to have been the abuses which had crept into the administration of its affairs. Stow, in speaking of its condition at that time, says, that instead of being a lodging for pilgrims and strangers, it became a refuge for loiterers, vagabonds, and disreputable women; that they lay all day in the field, and were harboured there at night, so that the hospital was rather a maintenance of beggary, than any relief to the poor.

Queen Mary, shortly after her accession, endowed it with other lands in lieu of those of which it had been dispossessed, and refurnished it with beds and bedding; but its affairs continued to be sadly mismanaged, and, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth, it was found necessary to deprive Thomas Thurland, then master, of his office for corruption and embezzlement of the hospital estates.

The mastership of the Savoy was an office promised to the poet Cowley by Charles I., and afterwards by Charles II., neither very remarkable for keeping their promises. Wood says, he lost it through certain persons, enemies of the Muses, but who these persons were we are not informed. When the office was finally bestowed upon another by Charles II., Cowley's disappointment was great, and to add to his chagrin, his play, the "Cutter of Coleman Street," was unsuccessful at the same time. In his despondency, and with a view perhaps to shame the Court for its base ingratitude to a man of genius, who had besides served the Stuarts long and faithfully, he wrote his well-known "Complaint," a poem which Johnson says excited more contempt than pity, probably because it was a confession of weakness, which in illustrious men the envious and ill-natured are but too happy to see. By such, and such only, could Cowley have been looked on with contempt. In an anonymous satire published at the time, he is represented as the "Savoy-missing Cowley, making apologies for his bad play." He shortly afterwards withdrew from courtly life, in which he had been fed for so many years on the poisonous aliment of "hope deferred," to the retirement of the country, where he died.

The Savoy, which as a charity appears never to have answered the purposes of its founders, continuing to be ill-governed by

men who dissipated its revenues, was finally suppressed in the reign of Queen Anne.

It was used as a barracks for five hundred soldiers, and as a prison for deserters during the remaining part of the eighteenth century, and until the approaches to the New Waterloo, or as it was originally called the Strand, Bridge in 1814, rendered its removal necessary.

The church of St. John the Baptist, or of St. Mary, by which it is commonly, though erroneously, designated, and the flight of steps leading from the Strand, are the only remains of the ancient hospital. The church was repaired and partially rebuilt in the reign of George I.

Savoy Street, leading down to the German Church, occupies the site of the Middle Savoy Gate, above which were the arms of Henry VII., and the inscription setting forth that he was the founder. The coal-wharves on the Thames occupy the site of the ancient river-front of the hospital, and the houses in Lancaster Place, leading to Waterloo Bridge, occupy the site of another portion of the edifice.

In the church are several monuments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ; and here, says Aubrey,\* is buried George Wither, the poet. He died on the 2nd of May, 1667, in his eightieth year, and the exact place of his interment, according to Aubrey, was within the east door of the church.

In this chapel was buried another poet—venerable Gawain Douglas, rightly named the Chaucer of Scotland, and Anne Kilgrew, celebrated by Dryden.

At the time when Fleet and May Fair marriages were so notorious in London, it appears that the priest of the Savoy Chapel carried on the same trade. The following advertisement is taken from the "Public Advertiser" of the 2nd January, 1754:—

"BY AUTHORITY.—Marriages performed with the utmost privacy, decency, and regularity, at the Ancient Royal Chapel of St. John the Baptist, in the Savoy, where regular and authentic registers have been kept from the time of the Reformation (being two hundred years and upwards) to this day. The expense not more than one guinea, the five-shilling stamp included. There are five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water."

\* In his "Letters," vol. iii. p. 537.



The chapel also possessed the privilege of Sanctuary, as appears from the following extract from No. 180 of "The Postman" for July, 1696 :—

"On Tuesday a person going into the Savoy to demand a debt due from a person who had taken sanctuary there, the inhabitants seized him, and after some consultation agreed, according to their usual custom, to dip him in tar and roll him in feathers, after which they carried him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him fast to a Maypole, but several constables and others coming in, dispersed the rabble, and rescued the person from their abuses."

We have now arrived at the great theatrical district of London, and must forsake for awhile the straight paths of the Strand, to wander in the crooked and mazy thoroughfares of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, conjuring up at every step some reminiscence of poets and players, and wits and artists, with whose names in these purlieus the very air is thick.

Proceeding up Bedford Street, so named from the noble owner of the district, we arrive within the area of Covent Garden Market. This name, as is well known, is a corruption of Convent Garden, so called from its having originally been the garden of the convent belonging to the Abbots of Westminster. At the dissolution of the religious houses, the estate was granted to John, Earl of Bedford, with an adjoining field called the Seven Acres, afterwards formed into a street, and now called Long Acre.

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## CHAPTER X.

Covent Garden Theatre—The neighbourhood, the resort of wits and poets—St. Paul's, Covent Garden—Anecdotes of celebrated persons buried there—Anecdote of Butler, author of "Hudibras"—His monument—Anecdote of Sir Peter Lely—Sale of his prints and drawings—Covent Garden famous for the game of foot-ball—Celebrated taverns in its vicinity—Quarrel between Hogarth and Churchill—Shuter—Anecdote of Molt King—Tom's, and its distinguished visitors—Button's fate of the Lion's Head—Anecdote of Addison and Pope—Colley Cibber—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson, Boswell and Tom Davies—Bow Street formerly the most fashionable street in London.

IN our account of this neighbourhood, we must proceed, not only with a due regard to time, but of proper topographical order. Beginning with Covent Garden Market and Theatre, we shall take each of the streets in regular succession, and when we

have got through them all, proceed to Drury Lane Theatre, and treat it and its neighbourhood after a similar fashion—from thence proceeding to Long Acre and Great Queen Street to Lincoln's Inn Fields, we will make a circuit, and return again into the Strand, to take our walk down it from the Savoy, where we quitted it, to Temple Bar.

This little spot of ground will detain us long. Within its small area all the wits, since the days of Charles II., were accustomed to meet; and leaving the public career of the players for the moment out of the question, we shall make acquaintance with them in the comfortable arm-chairs and places of honour in tavern parlours,—we shall discourse upon the literary reminiscences of Will's and Button's—visit the place where Boswell was first introduced to Johnson—look into the house where Dryden spent his evenings—visit the burial-place of the author of "*Hudibras*"—stand upon the doorway of the house of Sir Peter Lely—and take a peep at the place where Voltaire had lodgings when he visited England.

We shall begin, then, with the area which gave name to the whole neighbourhood. Covent Garden has been a market for fruit and vegetables, and the finest in England, ever since the year 1634, when Francis, Earl of Bedford, cleared away the old buildings and began the formation of a new and handsome square. Inigo Jones was the architect he employed. The portico, or piazzas, of the north-eastern side, which still remain, were built by him; and the original intention was to have carried them all round the square, after the model of the celebrated square in Arras. There was a continuation of the piazzas on the south-east, which was accidentally burnt down, and never rebuilt. The church was also erected from the design of the same great architect. In Walpole's "*Anecdotes of Art*," there is a story about this building which deserves repetition, whether true or false. The Earl is said to have told Inigo, that he wished to have as plain and convenient a structure as possible,—something; in short, a little better than a barn. The architect replied that he would build a barn, but it should be the handsomest in England. For this barn the Earl paid £4,500. Many doubt the truth of the story altogether. It was related to Walpole by the Speaker Onslow. Of this church, which some have admired as one of the master-pieces of Inigo Jones, Walpole said he could not see any beauty in it. "*The barn-roof over the portico*," says he, in his "*Anecdotes of Art*," "*strikes my eye with a little idea of dignity or beauty as it could do if it covered nothing*

but a barn." He adds in a note that, in justice to its great architect, it must be confessed that the defect is not in the architect, but in the order. Ralph, himself an architect, is as loud in its praise. "The church of St. Paul, Covent Garden," he says, "is one of the most perfect pieces of architecture that the art of man can produce. Nothing can be possibly imagined more simple, and yet magnificence itself can hardly give greater pleasure." The edifice was completely repaired in the year 1788, at an expense of £11,000, and the exterior walls, which were formerly of bricks, substantially cased with Portland stone. Eleven years after, the church was accidentally reduced to a shell by a fire that broke out in consequence of the negligence of some plumbers who were employed to repair the lead on the roof. The parishioners, notwithstanding the great expense of the recent repairs, determined to restore it to its original state, and Mr. Hardwick, the architect previously employed, was entrusted with the work.

Several celebrated personages are buried in the church and churchyard. First, in point of date, though he is more notorious than celebrated, is Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I., and the poisoner of Sir Thomas Overbury. His daughter, sprung of an obscure stock, both by the father's and mother's side, was a virtuous and noble-minded woman, and marrying, the Earl of Bedford, became herself the mother of one of the brightest names in English history—Lord William Russell, the martyr in the cause of freedom, and companion in death with the noble Algernon Sydney. It was the connexion of the infamous Carr with this family, that led to his burial in this church.

The next in point of date is the author of "Hudibras." Mr. Longueville, of the Temple, the steady friend of Butler, and who mainly supported him in his later years, when the ungrateful Stuart upon the throne, whose cause he had so greatly served, had deserted him, was anxious to have buried the poet in Westminster Abbey. He solicited for that purpose the contributions of those wealthy persons, his friends, whom he had heard speak in terms of admiration of Butler's genius and of respect for his character, but none of them would contribute, although he offered to head the list with a considerable sum. Mr. Longueville then buried his friend at his own expense in this church, with the greatest privacy, but very decently, himself and seven other persons following to the grave. The exact place of sepulture is described by the editor, Dr. Zachariah Grey, as

being "at the west end of the churchyard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway." A monument was erected in Westminster Abbey to Butler's memory forty-one years after his death, by Mr. John Barber, a citizen of London.

Sir Peter Lely is also buried in this church. He had a house in the square, where he lived in great magnificence. The original name of the family was Vandervaes; but Sir Peter's father, a gallant fellow and an officer in the army, having been born at a perfumer's shop, the sign of the lily, was commonly known by the name of Captain Lily, a name which his son thought to be more euphonious to English ears than Vandervaes; and which he retained when he settled here, with the slight alteration in the spelling. After Sir Peter's death, his valuable collection of prints was sold by auction at his house in Covent Garden.

Wycherley and Southern, the dramatists, are also buried in the church. The latter died at his lodgings somewhere in Covent Garden. He was the friend of Dryden, Pope, and Gray, and died in 1746, at the age of eighty-five. He is described by Oldys "as a venerable old gentleman, who used to attend the evening prayers at the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden. He was always neat and decently dressed; commonly in black, with his silver sword and silver locks."

Among other persons interred here, are Joe Haines, Macklin, and Estcourt, the comedians; Closterman, the artist; Dr. Arne, the musician; Sir Robert Strange, the engraver; and Dr. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar.

In the open space opposite to the church, are erected the hustings on occasions of a parliamentary election for Westminster; where the wit sometimes flies about, and sometimes the cabbage-stalks and turnips. We once heard of a foreigner who came over to England expressly to witness a contested election for Westminster, and the scene in Covent Garden Market at the nomination and polling. He had been informed that the scene was peculiarly English, and that he could have no opportunity so favourable to obtain an insight into the character of our countrymen. Certainly all Europe could not offer a parallel exhibition; and so far the stranger was right. Whether he came in the now-distant times of Sheridan and Fox, or the more recent times of Burdett and Evans, he would no doubt have been equally surprised at what he saw. This piece of ground is also the scene of Hogarth's well-known picture of the "Frosty Morning."



To recount the various reminiscences of all the taverns and coffee-houses around Covent Garden would require a volume. From the days when this place was first built on until our own, these taverns have been the chief resort of the "men about town;" of playwrights, tragedians, comedians, painters, clowns, dashing wits, and men of pleasure. The reminiscences of the landlord of one of them, "The Bedford," as they have never before been published, will be found of interest, from the celebrity of the names to which they refer. Mr. Stacie, who had kept the "Bedford Arms," or been connected with it, for more than fifty years, related to the author, in 1812, many anecdotes of the illustrious visitors of his parlour during that period; but unfortunately Mr. Smith made no note of the conversation until some time afterwards, when he had forgotten many of the circumstances. This much he remembered, however, that John and Henry Fielding, Hogarth, Churchill, Lloyd, and Oliver Goldsmith, held a gossiping shilling-rubber club in the parlour of the "Bedford" when Mr. Stacie kept it. Henry Fielding was described by Stacie as "a very merry fellow indeed," and Churchill as "a stupid-looking man." The latter was doubtless true enough, for Churchill had by this time become a confirmed rake and drunkard, which no man can be long, without bearing the mark of the beast upon his face. It was at one of these whist meetings that Churchill quarrelled with Hogarth, and used very insulting language towards him. Churchill, swollen with pride, (for his foolish admirers had told him that he excelled Pope in poetry, though Johnson, more just in his estimate of his powers, publicly called him a "very shallow fellow,") perpetuated the quarrel by publishing some foolish verses (there are no less than 654 of them), called an "Epistle to Hogarth," in which the great artist was accused of every crime, and of all dulness; and represented as a man to whom in others

"Genius and merit were a sure offence,  
And whose soul sicken'd at the name of sense."

Hogarth had his revenge; and the stolid sensual face of the rhymester has been handed down to posterity in "*Bruin*."

Among other frequenters of the "Bedford" was Shuter, the comedian, but he came less often than those above named. He preferred low alehouses. In the early part of Mr. Stacie's career there was a tavern in Covent Garden, kept by a woman called Moll King. She was very witty, and her house was much frequented, though it was little better than a shed. "Noblemen

and the first beaux," said garrulous Mr. Stacie, "after leaving Court, would go to her house in full dress, with swords and bags, and in rich brocaded silk coats, and walked and conversed with persons of every description. Moll would serve chimney-sweepers, gardeners, and the market-people, in common with her lords of the highest rank. Mr. Apreece, a tall thin man in rich dress, was her constant customer. He was called Cadwallader by the frequenters of Moll's."

But the taverns and old houses of Great Russell Street and Bow Street claim more attention. For who can forget that in the former were Tom's and Button's? and that Boswell first made the acquaintance of Samuel Johnson in Russell Street? and that in Bow Street was Will's, the grand resort of Dryden and the wits of his day? Many will be pleased to learn that these celebrated houses are still in existence, though they are no longer used for the same purposes as before; the Clubs of St. James's Street having long since extinguished, if we may use such a word in reference to them, the coffee-houses of our ancestors. The house No. 17, Great Russell Street, is the identical Tom's.

"I cannot let slip the present opportunity in mentioning that the house in which I reside (17, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden) was the famous Tom's Coffee House, memorable in the reign of Queen Anne, and for more than half a century afterwards: the room in which I conduct my business as a coin-dealer, is that which, in 1764, by a guinea subscription among nearly seven hundred of the nobility, foreign ministers, gentry, and geniuses of the age, became the card-room and place of meeting for many of the now illustrious dead, till 1768, when a voluntary subscription among its members induced Mr. Haines, the then proprietor, (and the father of the present occupier of the house,) to take in the next room westward, as a coffee-room; and the whole floor *en suite* was constructed into card and conversation rooms. Here assembled Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Murphy, Dr. Dodd, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Foote, Moody, Beard, Count Bruhl, Dr. MacNamara, Sir Philip Francis, (the supposed author of "Junius,") George Colman the elder, the Dukes of Northumberland and Montague, the Marquises of Granby and Monthermor, Admiral Lord Rodney, Henry Brougham, Esq., (the father of the present Lord Brougham,) Dr. Kennedy, (a distinguished Numismatist,) George Steevens, Warner, and other Shakspearian commentators, with a bevy and host of talent, of great and distinguished names, the representa-

tives of foreign courts to England, and many others, all of whom have long since passed to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."\*

Button's Coffee House is spoken of in the "Guardian" as "over against Tom's, in Covent Garden." Addison was the great patron of this house, and by his influence it became the chief resort of the literary Whigs of that day, as Will's was of the literary Tories. Button was once servant to Lady Warwick, with whom Addison contracted so dignified but uncomfortable a marriage, and though at first but a waiter in the house, it was always known by his name. In the 114th number of the "Guardian" it is mentioned that a lion's head was set up at Button's, "a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws," for the reception of the "Guardian's" correspondence. After Addison's death the prosperity of Button began to wane, and a few years afterwards his name appeared in the books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as receiving an allowance from the parish.

"Addison's lion's head, reckoned the best head in England, after having become a receptacle of papers, and a spy for the 'Guardian,' was moved to the 'Shakspeare's Head Tavern,' under the Piazza in Covent Garden, kept by a person named Tomkyns; and, in 1751, was, for a short time, placed in the 'Bedford Coffee House,' immediately adjoining the 'Shakspeare Tavern,' and there employed as a medium of literary communication by Dr. John Hill, author of the 'Inspector.' In 1769, Tomkyns was succeeded by his waiter, named Campbell, as proprietor of the tavern and lion's head, and by him the latter was retained till 1804, when it was purchased by the late Charles Richardson, after whose death, in 1827, it devolved to his son, and has since become the property of his grace the Duke of Bedford."† Addison was considered a sort of demi-god at Button's, where he generally spent his evenings. "Addison," says Pope, as we are informed by Spence, "usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's, dined there, and stayed for five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me. It hurt my health, and so I quitted it." But this was not the only reason; a coolness grew up between these illustrious men: Pope confessed that he always found in Addison something

\* "Till's Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation Medals."

† Ibid.

more pleasing than he found in other men ; but Addison appears to have been envious and jealous ; and to have grown less fond of the society of Pope, as the latter became more celebrated. The favourable reception his proposals met with for translating the "Iliad," was not pleasing to the "Spectator;" and Johnson says, that from that moment his kindness to Pope seems to have abated. When, finally, the "Iliad" was published, the Addison party at Button's spoke of it with disrespect, and lauded the rival version of "Tickell" as by far the most faithful and elegant. "But I," said Pope, "have the town on my side. But it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers. I appeal to the people as the rightful judges, and while they are not inclined to condemn me, I shall not fear the high-fliers at Button's." Many of these high-fliers at Button's he afterwards damned to eternal fame in the "Dunciad;" and Ambrose Phillips, one of them, known in his day as "Namby Pamby," celebrated as "slow and creeping," is said to have hung up a rod at Button's, as an intimation of what Pope might expect if he showed his face there. Colley Cibber, who had much greater provocation than Phillips, is said to have done the same. Phillips was known for his courage and for his superior dexterity with the sword, and Pope prudently kept out of his way. Phillips, who became afterwards a justice of the peace, never forgave the satirist; and used to mention him, whenever he could get a man in authority to listen to him, as an enemy to the Government.

Among other well-known wits who made Button's their headquarters, must be mentioned Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, Savage, Eustace Budgell, Martin Folkes, and Drs. Garth and Armstrong—both able physicians and pleasing poets.

We shall have more to say of the coffee-houses of the last century when we arrive at Will's, and discourse upon Dryden, the tutelary divinity of the place. In the meantime, before we leave Great Russell Street, we must remember that at No. 8, James Boswell was first introduced to Samuel Johnson, to the very great delight of the former, and to the no small entertainment of all lovers of *light* literature ever since. The house was then kept by Davies, the bookseller, whose character cannot be better described than in the words of Boswell himself. "Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor," says he, "who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by



some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. Mr. Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, who had been celebrated for her beauty, though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them as any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent. At last, on the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back parlour, after having drank tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies, having perceived him through the glass-door in the room we were sitting in, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach, somewhat as an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost—'Look my Lord, it comes.' Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell him where I come from.' 'From Scotland,' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as a light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky, for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, 'come from Scotland!' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and as if I had come away from it, or left it, he retorted, 'That, Sir, I find is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next." Boswell then goes very minutely through their conversation; and having presumed to differ with this great bear, with regard to the liberality of Garrick, he got such a rebuff, that he began to fear that the hope he had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. "And in truth," continued Bozzy, "had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncom-

monly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited."

They got on better together at a later hour, and Davies having left them alone for a short time, the Doctor having no one to exhibit his pomposity to, answered the timid remarks of his humble and zealous admirer with more civility. "In short," adds Boswell, "I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door; and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, 'Don't be uneasy; I can see he likes you very well.'"

Turning from Great Russell Street into Bow Street, we arrive at the head-quarters of the poets in the days of Dryden, and of the metropolitan police of our own. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Life of Dryden," furnishes us with much interesting gossip relative to the poet laureate, from which, and from various contemporary passages in plays and poems, it would appear that Bow Street was then the most fashionable part of London,—famous as Bond Street and Regent Street have since become as the walk or lounge of the exquisites and fine gentlemen about town. In the epilogue to one of Dryden's plays, spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, is this passage:—

"I've had to-day a dozen billet-doux,  
From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow Street beaux."

Sir Walter Scott remarks on this, that with merely a slight alteration in the spelling, a modern poet would have written Bond Street beaux. A billet-doux from Bow Street, he adds justly, would now be more alarming than flattering.

## CHAPTER XI.

Jacob Tonson; and anecdote of Dryden—Wycherley's courtship and marriage—The "Cock Tavern"—Infamous frolic of Sir Charles Sedley there—Pickpockets abounded there—Costly wigs—Will's Coffee House—Frequented by Dryden, head-quarters of envy and slander—Dryden attacked by bravoës—Covent Garden Theatre erected, burnt, new theatre erected—O.P. Riots—Compromise effected—Long Acre—Anecdote of Taylor, the water poet—Mug-house Clubs—Anecdote of Prior—Paul Whitehead—Mrs. Clive—Garrick—The mysterious lady—Dr. Arne—Voltaire resided there when in England—Great Queen Street, fashionable in the time of the Stuarts—Anecdote of Lord Herbert of Chisbury, who resided here—Earl of Bristol's mansion—Anecdote of Sir Godfrey Kneller—Freemasons' Tavern—Literary Fund—Sir John Soane's Museum—Whetstone Park, murder committed there by three dukes—Infamous neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Square, *temp.* Charles II.—Proclamation against increase of buildings—Lincoln's Inn Fields—Inigo Jones's plan for, and anecdote of—Ben Jonson—Royal College of Surgeons—Burial-place of Joe Miller—Burial-grounds, their filthy state—Portugal Street; Sir William Davenant's theatre there—Anecdotes connected with—First female performer acted here—Anecdote of Kynaston, who performed female characters.

JACOB TONSON, the bookseller, had a house in Bow Street, in which he drove some of his hardest bargains with Dryden. The bookseller was a Whig, the poet a Tory, and it suited the pecuniary interests of the former, that Dryden's forthcoming translation of Virgil should be dedicated to King William. Dryden would not consent, although Tonson, in furtherance of his own views, had directed the engraver employed upon the illustrations of the work, "to aggravate," as Sir Walter Scott pleasantly expresses it, "the nose of Æneas in the plates into a sufficient resemblance to the hooked promontory on the King's countenance." Dryden still held out,—for though in want of money he had a conscience. Tonson considering, like other tradesmen, that this was very presumptuous in a man who lacked ten guineas, stopped the supplies to bring him to reason. Still the poet remained conscientious; and, failing to induce Tonson to accommodate him by fair means with the money he needed, he sent him the following verses to his house in Bow Street, as a poetical portrait of a shabby bookseller:—

"With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,  
With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,  
And frozy pores that taint the ambient air."

"And tell the dog when you deliver it," said Dryden to his mes-

senger, "that the man who wrote these lines can write more!" The money was paid immediately.

The gallant and handsome Wycherley, the dandy and dramatist, had lodgings in Bow Street, where Charles II. once paid him a visit, when he was ill. So generous was the Prince upon this occasion, when his generosity was not needed, that he gave Wycherley £500 to pay the expenses of a journey to the south of France, which he recommended for the benefit of his health. On his return, Wycherley stayed some time at Tunbridge Wells, where he made the acquaintance of the Countess of Drogheda, whom he afterwards married.

Their courtship thus happened:—As Wycherley and his friend, a Mr. Fairburn, were passing a bookseller's shop, they saw a young and very beautiful lady stop and inquire for the "Plain Dealer," of which Wycherley was the author. "Madam," said Mr. Fairburn, (we quote Cibber's *Life of the Poet*,) "since you are for the 'Plain Dealer,' there he is for you," putting Mr. Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Mr. Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others would, when said to her, be plain dealing." "No, truly sir," said the lady, "I am not without my faults any more than the rest of my sex; and yet, notwithstanding all my faults, I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of a fault." "Then, madam," says Mr. Fairburn, "you and the Plain Dealer seem by heaven designed for each other." This lady was the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, as rich as she was beautiful; and this was the beginning of an acquaintance which ended in their marriage. The King was much displeased at the match, and would not receive Wycherley afterwards. They resided at the bachelor-lodgings of the dramatist in Bow Street. The lady was very fond but very jealous; and when Wycherley occasionally went to the "Cock Tavern," which was exactly opposite his door, he was obliged to prevail upon the drawer to open the windows, while his lady did the same at home, that she might convince herself there was no woman in the company.

The "Cock Tavern" was the resort of the rakes and mohocks of that day. An infamous frolic is related of Sir Charles Sedley and others at this house, which is thus told by Johnson, in his "Life of Sackville, Lord Dorset:"—"Sackville, who was then Lord Buckhurst, with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the 'Cock' in Bow Street, by Covent Garden, and going into the balcony exposed themselves to the public in very



indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language, that the public indignation was awakened. The crowd attempted to force the door, and being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house. For this misdemeanour they were indicted, and Sedley was fined £500. What was the sentence of the others is not known. Sedley employed Killigrew and another to procure a remission of the King, but (mark the friendship of the dissolute!) they begged the fine for themselves, and exacted it to the last groat."

Bow Street being the resort of such gentry as these, it is not to be wondered at if it became the resort of the vicious in a humble sphere. In the time of Gay, the pickpockets were abundant, and a description of thieves, now extinct—the wig and sword stealers—were not unfrequent both here and in other districts.

Wigs in those days were worth stealing, being sometimes of the value of £40 or £50, and in most cases worth from £10 to £15. A hat was never worn over them, but carried under the arm. Dryden speaks of the periwig of a Bow Street dandy as one that "the touch of hat never profaned." Thus the theft was not only profitable, but comparatively easy; and the method of performing it, as described by Gay, was certainly ingenious. No modern improvements in the art of thieving can stand in competition with it.

Sir Godfrey Kneller resided in this street. He and Radcliffe, the physician, were next-door neighbours. Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," relates a story of them. "Kneller," says he, "was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Radcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door. Radcliffe replied peevishly, 'Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it.' 'And I,' answered Godfrey, 'can take anything from him but his physic.'"

Pope and Gay often visited the painter in his studio. The following anecdote of Kneller, whose vanity is well known, was related by Pope to Spence. "As I was sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller one day," said the poet, "while he was drawing a picture, he stopped, and said, 'I can't do as well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little, Mr. Pope; you know I love to be flattered.' I was, for once, willing," continued Pope, "to try

how far this vanity would carry him, and after considering a picture which he had just finished, for some while very attentively, I said to him in French (for he had been talking some time before in that language), 'We read in the Holy Scriptures that God made man after his own image, but I think, if He had man to make again, he would make him after the image on that canvas.' Sir Godfrey Kneller turned round, and said, very gravely, 'You are quite right, Mr. Pope—*par Dieu*, I think so too!'

Will's Coffee House, the predecessor of Button's, and even more celebrated in its time than that, stood in Bow Street. The room in which Dryden was accustomed to sit was on the first floor; and his place was the place of honour—by the fireside in winter, and at the corner of the balcony overlooking the street in the fine weather. It appears from Malcolm, in his "*Londinium Redivivum*," quoting from Spence, that the company did not sit in separate boxes, after the unsocial fashion of taverns and public-houses at the present day, but at open tables in various parts of the room, as at the clubs in England, and common taverns on the Continent. The appeal was made to Dryden upon any literary dispute, and here, as in other similar places of meeting, the visitors divided themselves into parties; and we are told by Ward, that the young beaux and wits, who seldom approached the principal table, thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. We also learn, from the following anecdote, preserved by Spence, some particulars of Dryden's conversation at this place. Dean Lockyer says, "I was about seventeen when I first came up to town, and was an odd-looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time who then resorted thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. 'If anything of mine is good,' says he, 'it is *Mac Flecnœ*; and I value myself the more upon it, as it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics.' On hearing this, I plucked up my spirit so far as to say, in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, 'that *Mac Flecnœ* was a very fine poem, but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way.' On this Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long I had

been a dealer in poetry; and added, with a smile, 'Pray, sir, what is that you did imagine to have been writ so before?' I named Boileau's 'Lutrin,' and Tassoni's, 'Secchia Rapita,' which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. "'Tis true,' said Dryden; 'I had forgotten them.' A little after, Dryden went out, and in going spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation, went to see him accordingly, and was well acquainted with him ever after as long as he lived." In the paucity of materials relating to the manners and conversation of Dryden, this anecdote is not a little valuable. The poet appears in an amiable light in it; and a man of less kindness of heart and good sense would have been for ever offended at being thus corrected by a raw lad, in the presence of strangers. It bears out the character given him by his most intimate and attached friend. "He was," says Congreve, "of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. His friendship, where he professed it, went beyond his profession. He was of a very easy and very pleasing access, but somewhat slow, and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others. He had that in his nature which abhorred intrusion into any society whatever. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer who thought fit to consult him, and full as ready and patient to admit the reprehensions of others, in respect of his own oversights or mistakes."

Pope, before he was twelve years of age, conceived that admiration for Dryden which he encouraged for the remainder of his life. Dryden's versifications he even then considered his model, and he was impressed with such veneration, that he persuaded some friends to take him to Will's Coffee House, and was delighted that he could say he had seen Dryden. Pope afterwards described him as a "plump man with a down look, and not very conversible." Who will not join with Dr. Johnson in the wish, that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the future greatness of his young admirer?

Will's Coffee House being the grand resort of wits and critics, it is not surprising that it should become also the head-quarters of envy, slander, and detraction. Where personal malice against a successful, or jealousy of a rival author, could not vent themselves in print for want of those vehicles which are so abundant in our own day, they were vented, *viva voce*, in the coffee-room.

Here lampoons were read in manuscript, and he who brought most of them was the best companion, and most entertaining fellow. Here new jokes were first put into circulation; here was the heart of wit, whence the streams were distributed through their several channels to the furthest extremities of the town; here was the vestibule to the temple of literary renown, thronged with aspirants who could get no further, and who showed but little mercy to those who could, unless, perchance, they hoped to advance themselves under cover of their wing, and gain renown as the mere adjunct to a greater man than themselves. Dryden, though emphatically the great man at Will's, was not allowed to escape the shafts of envy or ill-nature, which were continually shot at all reputations by the inferior frequenters of the place. In the course of time, one man became the general mouthpiece of all the libellers and satirists. Whenever a new lampoon was made, the author brought it to him, and he read it aloud at Will's, or distributed copies of it in manuscript to all who applied for it. This fellow's name was Julian; and Dryden, who had suffered from his slander, addressed an epistle to him, in which his resentment betrayed him into a coarseness of invective only worthy of the subject of his satires.

Sir Walter Scott\* has collected the following particulars of this fellow and his vocation, which are interesting, though the subject be worthless, inasmuch as they show the manners of the age. He says, "The extremity of license in manners necessarily leads to equal license in personal satire, and there never was an age in which both were carried to such an excess as in that of Charles II. These personal and scandalous libels acquired the name of lampoons, from the established burden formerly sung to them,—

‘Lampone, lampone, camerada; lampone!’ ”

Dryden suffered under these violent and invisible assaults as much as any man of his age; to which his own words, in several places of his writings, and also the existence of many of the pasquinades themselves, in the Luttrell Collection, bear ample witness. In many of his Prologues and Epilogues he alludes to this rage for personal satire, and the employment which it found for the half and three-quarter wits and courtiers of the time. Upon the general practice of writing lampoons, and the necessity of finding some mode of dispersing them, which should diffuse the scandal widely, while the authors remained concealed, was

\* In his edition of Dryden's works.



founded the self-created office of Julian, "Secretary," as he called himself, "to the Muses." This person attended Will's, the "Wits' Coffee House," as it was called, and dispensed among the crowds who frequented that place of gay resort, copies of the lampoons which had been privately communicated to him by their authors. "He is described," says Mr. Malone, "as a very drunken fellow, and at one time was confined for a libel." From a passage in one of the letters from the "Dead to the Living," we learn that after Julian's death, and the madness of his successor, Summerton, "lampoon felt a sensible decay, and there was no more that brisk spirit of verse that used to watch the follies and vices of the men and women of figure, that they could not start new ones, faster than lampoon exposed them."

It would be well for our age if it could boast that these men had left no successors. We have, it is true, no Julians and Summertons to stand in a coffee-house, and spurt out their own slander and other people's; but we have weekly prints that perform an equivalent office, and disperse the slander even more effectually. No doubt these men got well cudgelled sometimes, though there is no record of the fact.

Unluckily for himself, Dryden was suspected to be the author of a lampoon, though he had nothing in the world to do with it, and was waylaid and beaten on his way from Will's to his own house in Gerrard Street. The real libeller was Lord Mulgrave, and the libellee Lord Rochester; and the latter believing the common report of the town, that Dryden was concerned in it, from some praises in it bestowed upon his patron, Lord Mulgrave, hired three bravoës to beat him in Rose Alley, on his way home from Will's. A reward of £50 was offered in the "Gazette," for the discovery of the perpetrators of this outrage, but they remained concealed.

"The town," says Sir Walter Scott, "was, however, at no loss to pitch upon Rochester as the employer of the bravoës, with whom the public suspicion joined the Duchess of Portsmouth, equally concerned in the supposed affront thus avenged."

After Dryden's death in 1701, Will's continued for about ten years to be still the Wits' Coffee House, when Addison, as already stated, transferred all the patronage to Button's.

There was no theatre in Bow Street at this time, though one had been in existence in Drury Lane for about a century. The only rival to Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Dryden, was Davenant's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of which we shall have to speak hereafter.

Covent Garden Theatre was first built in 1733, and opened by Rich, the harlequin, under the patent of Davenant. After various alterations in the course of years, it was almost wholly rebuilt in 1787. It had no front in Bow Street at that time, being surrounded by private houses and shops. It was again enlarged in 1792.

On the 20th of September, 1808, about four o'clock in the morning, the theatre was discovered to be on fire, and in less than three hours, though the greatest exertions were made to save it, the whole of the interior was destroyed, together with the library, most of the scenery, and seven of the adjoining houses, fronting to Bow Street. The value of the property destroyed was upwards of £107,000, of which the insurances only covered about £50,000. By the falling in of the roof, several firemen and other persons, in all nineteen, lost their lives, and many others were seriously injured.

The theatre was at that time under the direction of Messrs. Harris and J. P. Kemble, and great efforts were made by them, in which they were cordially aided by the public, to build a new theatre within the following year. The architect employed was Mr. Smirke; the houses in Bow Street were all cleared away, and in less than twelve months after the foundation was laid, the present building was completed. It is an elegant structure of the Doric order, built on the model of the Temple of Minerva at Athens.

The night of its opening, September 18, 1809, will be memorable on account of the long-contested, bitter, but happily unsanguinary wars, immortalized under the name of O.P.

In consequence of the great expense of the new building, it was deemed advisable by the managers to raise the prices of admission from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings for the pit, and from six shillings to seven shillings for the boxes. This announcement, which was made some weeks previous, excited much angry comment in the newspapers, and as soon as the curtain drew up on the night of opening, the people in the pit made such an uproar, that not a word was audible the whole evening. Their cry was "Old Prices," which they kept up without intermission for hours, when some magistrates, who happened to be present, read the Riot Act from the stage, and some of the most noisy were taken into custody.

On the next night the riot was still more violent, and placards bearing the words "Old Prices" were introduced into the pit. For six nights in succession every variety of noise was made, by

trumpets, cat-calls, watchmen's rattles, hooting, hissing, groaning, and the imitation of the barking of dogs, the mewing of cats, the braying of asses, and the lowing of bulls, till at last the actors made no efforts to proceed with their parts, but merely walked on the stage to see how the row went on, and then walked off again. At last it was found necessary to shut up the house. A statement of the affairs of the theatre was drawn up, and submitted to the arbitration of a committee of gentlemen, who decided, after a few days, that the average profits of the six preceding years had been but  $6\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and that, even under the advanced prices of the then season, owing to the great expense of rebuilding so magnificent a theatre, the profits would be but  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. upon the capital expended, while a return to the old prices could only be effected at the ruinous loss of 15s. per cent. It was hoped that this statement would satisfy the playgoers, who by this time had assumed the name of O.P.s, but they were of opinion that this was not a true statement, and that inordinate salaries, which might advantageously be retrenched, were given to Madame Catalani and other performers. The consequences were, that on the night of reopening the same system was recommenced. Plays were announced, but never performed. Kemble, formerly so great a favourite, was assailed with every opprobrious epithet; placards were stuck up in every quarter of the pit, and affixed on the top of poles, to be thrust into the faces of the actors when they appeared on the stage. Besides cat-calls, trumpets, French bugles, and watchmen's rattles, dustmen's bells were introduced into the pit and galleries to increase the uproar, until at last no person who valued his tympanum would venture into the house. The town seemed to have lost its senses on this subject, and O.P. handkerchiefs, and O.P. waistcoats became all the rage; the latter, which were only worn in the theatre, had an O embroidered upon one flap, and a P on the other. O.P. hats, adorned with the same letters, were also worn; and even ladies sported O.P. bonnets. O.P. toothpicks and O.P. seals were also manufactured, and had a great sale. The O.P. handkerchiefs led to O.P. flags, which were brought into the galleries, and unfurled at intervals amid great applause. The attempts of the constables, and boxers in the manager's pay, to capture the bearers of flags and placards, led to constant fights; and although many were apprehended every evening, and held to bail at Bow Street Police Office, new men were constantly found to keep up the same system.

After some weeks, it was thought that the crowd, who paid to

join in the disturbance, were, notwithstanding all the uproar they created, filling the manager's pockets, and it was thereupon determined by the O.P.s that they would not, in future, favour him with their company till the half-price began. Thus, frequently, the first part of the night's performances passed off with comparative quiet, but the O.P.s had the remainder to themselves. The curtain generally fell at an early hour, when the O.P.s, after singing "God save the King" in full chorus, got up sham fights in the pit, scrambled over the benches into the boxes, and invaded the stage, concluding the whole by dancing the famous O.P. dance. This was done by a number of fellows forming into a ring, and stamping alternately with the right and left foot, calling out "O.P." at intervals of a minute or so, with a drawling and monotonous sound, sometimes loud enough to be heard in the street.

Several lawsuits and prosecutions were the result, the most important of which were those brought by or against a barrister of the name of Clifford, who had, somehow or other, become the acknowledged leader of the O.P.s. Clifford brought an action for false imprisonment against Brandon, the box-keeper, for giving him into custody as a ringleader in these disturbances, and he gained his cause with £5 damages. This victory increased the numbers and pertinacity of the O.P.s, and the placards introduced into the pit bore the words "A British jury for ever," in addition to the letters "O.P." For sixty-six nights, in all, these riots continued, when they were suddenly brought to a close by a concession on the part of Mr. Kemble.

On the occasion of a grand public dinner, given at the "Crown and Anchor Tavern" to Mr. Clifford, to celebrate his victory over the box-keeper, Mr. Kemble made his appearance among the bacchanalians, to their no little surprise, and a conference being held in an adjoining room, a treaty was ultimately agreed upon, by Mr. Kemble as captain of the defensive, and by Mr. Clifford as generalissimo of the offensive belligerents. The terms were, that the boxes should remain at the advanced price, that the pit admissions should be reduced to 3s. 6d., and that all prosecutions and actions on both sides should be immediately stayed. This compromise was announced the same night at the theatre, where its reception was not very cordial, the inveterate O.P.s insisting that Brandon, the box-keeper, should be instantly dismissed. To this the managers could not consent, as the man's only fault was his zeal in the service of his employers, and the pit, offended at the refusal, once more danced the O.P. dance. On the fol-



lowing night it was announced that Brandon had resigned, and good humour was thus finally restored. Mr. Kemble was greeted, on his appearance, with the most rapturous applause; the various actors were severally called upon to receive congratulations; and a large placard, the last of its race, was exhibited in front of the pit, bearing in letters a foot long, the welcome words, "WE ARE SATISFIED." And thus ended the O.P. riots, which for months had kept the metropolis in an uproar.

From Bow Street, the entrance to which has been lately widened, we shall pass into Long Acre, and notice the various streets in the neighbourhood, of which there is not anything to be said, and then through Great Queen Street, into Lincoln's Inn Fields. From thence we shall make our way through Clare Market and its purlieus to Drury Lane and its theatre, and then again by Catherine Street into the Strand.

Long Acre, now inhabited chiefly by coachmakers and the subordinate trades of painters, varnishers, wheelmakers, saddlers, and such like, was, in the reign of Henry VIII., an open field, called the Elms, from a row of those trees that grew upon it. The next name that it acquired was the "Seven Acres," which was, in the reign of Charles I., when it was first laid out into streets, changed into the Long Acre.

Taylor, the "water poet," as he was called, kept a public house in it.

"John Taylor, well known by the title of the water poet. He retained his veneration for the Stuart family long after their more courtly panegyrists had found other subjects of flattery; and when, in his old age, he kept an alehouse in Long Acre, he ventured to set up the sign of the 'Mourning Crown;' but as this gave offence to the saints of the Commonwealth, he was forced to substitute his own head with this motto—

'There's many a head stands for a sign;  
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?'"\*

In "Chalmers' Apology" it is said, "Taylor was born in 1584, and was, of course, the contemporary of Shakspeare, though twenty years younger. The waterman must have often called on Shakspeare, who is said to have lived on Bankside. They must have chopp'd verses together." The Notes to the "Dunciad" give the following account of him:—"John Taylor, the water poet, an honest man, who owns he had not learned so much as the accidence; a rare example of modesty in a poet—

\* Somers' Tracts, vol. iii., p. 43.

‘I must confess I do want eloquence.  
And never scarce did learn my accidence;  
For having got from possum to posset,  
I there was gravelled, and could no further get.’”

“He wrote fourscore books in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and afterwards, like Edward Ward, kept an alehouse in Long Acre. He died in 1654.”

Long Acre enjoys the pre-eminence of having possessed the first Mug-house in London. The Tory riots led to the Mug-house Clubs, in the days of the first George, and will be noticed more particularly when we get to Fleet Street, but the original house, which does not seem to have been at all political, claims some notice. The following account of it appears in the “Journey through England,” and is quoted by Malcolm in his “Anecdotes of London.”

“But the most diverting or amusing of all, is the ‘Mug-house Club,’ in Long Acre, where, every Wednesday and Saturday, a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen meet in a great room, and are seldom under a hundred. They have a grave old gentleman, in his own grey hairs, now within a few months of ninety years old, who is their president, and sits in an armed chair, some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the whole room in order. A harp always plays all the time at the lower end of the room, and every now and then one or other of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song, and (by-the-bye) some are good masters. Here is nothing drank but ale, and every gentleman hath his separate mug, which he chalks on the table where he sits as it is brought in; and every one retires when he pleases, as from a coffee-house. The room is always so diverted with songs, and drinking from one table to another to one another’s healths, that there is no room for politics, or anything that can sour conversation. One must be up by seven to get room, and after ten the company are, for the most part, gone. This is a winter’s amusement that is agreeable enough to a stranger for once or twice, and he is well diverted with the different humours when the mugs overflow.

“On King George’s accession to the throne, the Tories had so much the better of their friends to the Protestant succession, that they gained the mobs on all public days to their side. This induced a set of gentlemen to establish Mug-houses in all the corners of this great city, for well-affected tradesmen to meet and keep up the spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession, and to

be ready upon all tumults to join their forces for the suppression of the Tory mobs."

It is alleged of Prior, the poet, that after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, he would go and smoke a pipe, and drink a bottle of ale with a common soldier and his wife in Long Acre, before he went to bed. This woman, the soldier's wife—some say a cobbler's, and some an alekeeper's wife—was the beauty whom he celebrates under the name of Chloe.

Pope says everybody knew what a wretch this woman was, and adds, on another occasion, "Prior was not a right good man; he used to bury himself for whole days and nights together with this poor mean creature, and often drank hard."

In Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, so named from Henrietta, Queen of James I., died Paul Whitehead, the poet, on the 30th of December, 1774. He was buried at Teddington, with the exception of his heart, which was taken out, as he requested in his will, enclosed in an urn, and deposited in a mausoleum on the grounds of his patron, the Lord Le Despencer, at High Wycombe. Paul bequeathed £50 by his will to defray the expenses of this ceremony.

Mrs. Clive, the actress, also resided in this street, before she retired to her cottage near Strawberry Hill, given to her by Horace Walpole. Partridge, the almanack-maker, had also a shop here before he removed to better lodgings in Salisbury Street, where he told fortunes, and called himself "Student in Physic and Astrology."

In James Street, Garrick had lodgings in 1747, as appears from the following advertisement in the "General Advertiser" for the 7th of April in that year. "Mr. Garrick hopes the gentlemen and ladies who had taken places for his benefit the 16th of last month will excuse his deferring it to the 30th of this, his illness not permitting him to have it sooner. Tickets and places to be had at Mr. Garrick's lodgings, in James Street, Covent Garden, and of Mr. Page, at the stage-door of the theatre."

Some years previously a mysterious lady resided in James Street, who created much interest and curiosity in the neighbourhood and in other parts of the town. "In the month of March, 1720, an unknown lady died at her lodgings in James Street, Covent Garden. She is represented to have been a middle-sized person, with dark brown hair and very beautiful features, and mistress of every accomplishment peculiar to ladies of the first fashion and respectability. Her age appeared to be between

thirty and forty. Her circumstances were affluent, and she possessed the richest trinkets of her sex, generally set with diamonds. A John Ward, Esq., of Hackney, published many particulars relating to her in the papers, and amongst others, that a servant had been directed by her to deliver him a letter after her death, but as no servant appeared, he felt himself required to notice those circumstances, in order to acquaint her relatives of her decease, which occurred suddenly after a masquerade, where she declared she had conversed with the king, and it was remembered that she had been seen in the private apartments of Queen Anne, though after that Queen's demise she lived in obscurity. This unknown arrived in London from Mansfield in 1714, drawn by six horses. She frequently said that her father was a nobleman, but that, her elder brother dying unmarried, the title was extinct, adding, that she had an uncle then living whose title was his least recommendation. It was conjectured that she might be the daughter of a Roman Catholic, who had consigned her to a convent, whence a brother had released her, and supported her in privacy." It seems likely enough that she was connected in some way with the Stuart family, and with their pretensions to the throne.\*

Dr. Arne, the celebrated composer, was born in King Street, where his father kept an upholsterer's shop. His sister, Mrs. Cibber, was born in the same house. Arne, the father, is said to have been the original of the upholsterer in Murphy's farce of that name. He did not encourage the early taste manifested by his son for the study of music; and the future composer, when a boy, was obliged to steal time from the night to devote himself to his darling science, and practise in a garret on a muffled spinet when all the family were asleep. It is related of the old upholsterer, that, going one night to a concert, he saw his son officiating as the leader of the orchestra, and that this was the first intimation he received of his musical proficiency. His house was the sign of the "Two Crowns and Cushions." There was at the same time a tavern in Great Russell Street called the "Crown and Cushion."

Voltaire, in his young days, after his release from the Bastille, where he had suffered imprisonment for libel, came over to England, and took lodgings in Maiden Lane, at a perruquier's, whose house bore the sign of the White Peruke. He made acquaintance with the principal men of letters of that day;

\* See Malcolm's "Anecdotes of London."



and some of his correspondence with Swift is dated from this house.

Voltaire, in his personal appearance, corresponded perfectly with the English popular notion of a Frenchman; "he looked so witty, profligate, and thin," was so polite, satirical, and well-dressed, and seemed so thoroughly in his leanness to convey the notion of a man who fed on frogs and soupe-maigre, that the mob often taunted him as he passed. One day he was beset by so great a crowd that he was forced to shelter himself against a doorway, where, mounting the steps, he made a flaming speech in English, which he spoke with tolerable correctness, in praise of the magnanimity of the English nation and their love of freedom, with which the people were so delighted, that their jeers were turned into applauses, and he was carried in triumph to Maiden Lane upon the shoulders of the mob.

Returning again into Covent Garden and Long Acre, we pass into Lincoln's Inn Fields by Great Queen Street. The latter was one of the most fashionable streets in London in the time of the Stuarts. "It was then inhabited," says Pennant, "by many people of rank. Among others was Conway House, the residence of the noble family of that name; Paulet House, belonging to the Marquis of Winchester, and the house in which Lord Herbert of Cherbury finished his romantic life. The fronts of certain houses, possibly of those of others of the nobility, are distinguished by brick pilasters and rich capitals."

In his house in this street Lord Herbert appears to have written the greater part of his treatise "*De Veritate*," of the publication of which he himself relates so singular a story. He says the book began by him, and formed in all its principal parts in England, was finished in France. "The work was no sooner perfected," says Lord Herbert, "than I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who, having escaped his prison in the Low Countries, came into France, and was much welcomed by me and Monsieur Tieleners, also one of the greatest scholars of the time, who, after they had perused it, and given it more commendation than it is proper for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it. Howbeit, the frame of my whole work was so different from anything that had been written before, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had been written formerly concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure concerning the whole argument of my book. I must confess it did not a little animate me that the two

great persons above mentioned did so highly value it, yet, as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me for awhile to suppress it.

"Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book 'De Veritate' in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: 'Oh thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book "De Veritate." If it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it!' I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud though gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded: whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This (how strange soever it may seem) I protest before the Eternal God is true. Neither am I in any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came."

It should be stated that Lord Herbert disbelieved the truth of revelation, and that his book was written to disprove it. What weak points there are in the strongest minds; and how just, as far as they go, are the remarks of Horace Walpole upon this subject: "How could a man," said he, "who doubted of general, believe in individual revelation? What vanity to think his book of such importance to the cause of truth that it could extort a declaration of the divine will, when the interest of half mankind could not!" It was not only most egregious vanity, but vanity with a touch of madness in it. Indeed, the whole story of this man's life shows him to have been a crack-brained enthusiast, madder in his own way than ever Don Quixote was in his.

Besides the houses of the nobility in Great Queen Street enumerated by Pennant, was the Earl of Bristol's. The following passage occurs in the "Memoirs of Evelyn:"\*—"May 26th, 1671. The Earl of Bristol's house, in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was taken for the Commissioners of Trade and

\* Vol. i., p. 414.

Plantations, and furnished with rich hangings of the king's. It consisted of seven rooms on a floor, with a long gallery, gardens, &c."

At Coachmaker Hall, in Great Queen Street, was held the remarkable meeting of the Protestant Association which led to the riots under Lord George Gordon in 1780. The house of Mr. Justice Cox, in this street, was one of those destroyed by the rioters a few days afterwards.

At present, the most remarkable building in Great Queen Street is the Freemasons' Tavern. The foundation-stone of this edifice was laid on the 1st of May, 1775, by Lord Petre, attended by all the great officers of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. The great hall is both spacious and handsome, and contains several good portraits of illustrious Masons, among whom most conspicuous are the Duke of Sussex, in his once-favourite Highland costume, and his brother, the Duke of York.

We now arrive in Lincoln's Inn Square. Here is the house of the late Sir John Soane, the architect, a neat edifice built by himself in 1792. Since his death, his valuable museum has been opened to the public twice a-week, with certain restrictions. It contains a collection of antiquities, besides books, manuscripts, and pictures, which he bequeathed to the nation, with the sum of £30,000, the interest of which is to be applied in maintaining it. The museum consists of the rooms on two floors of the house. The lower floor is named the sarcophagus room, from the large sarcophagus brought by Belzoni, the Egyptian traveller, from a cave at Gornou, on the Nile, and bought of him by Sir John Soane for £2000. The room is fitted up in the form of a Roman cemetery, with apertures in the walls containing funereal urns, busts, candelabra, and fragments of sculpture. Besides this room are the Picture Cabinets and the Monk's Parlour, the latter fitted up in the style of the 16th century, and containing a spacious window, richly painted with twenty subjects in *chiari-oscuro*, in compartments.

Behind this side of the square was one of the worst neighbourhoods in London in the reign of Charles II. It was called Whetstone Park, and was the great resort of thieves and lewd women. In the "State Poems" there is a set of verses entitled, "On the three Dukes killing the Beadle on Sunday morning, February 26, 1671." The three dukes were the three sons of Charles II., who, in a drunken frolic in this place, had assaulted

the beadle, who unfortunately lost his life in consequence, though that consummation of the frolic was never intended by its perpetrators. It does not appear that the young men were ever called to account for what they had done.

We shall have further occasion to speak of the London thieves and beggars when we arrive in Dyot Street, St. Giles's, and that neighbourhood ; but the one sort that made Lincoln's Inn Fields their head-quarters we had better describe at once. Malcolm, in his "Manners and Customs of London," gives an account of the Lincoln's Inn Field rufflers, from materials supplied by the second edition of the "Canting Academy," published in 1674. The ruffler was a wretch who assumed the character of a maimed soldier, and begged from the claims of Naseby, Edgehill, Newbury, and Marston Moor. Those who were stationed in the City of London were generally found in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden, and their prey was people of fashion, whose coaches were attacked boldly, and, if denied, their owners were told boldly—" 'Tis a sad thing that an old crippled cavalier should be suffered to beg for a maintenance, and a young cavalier that never heard the whistle of a bullet should ride in his coach."

Lincoln's Inn Fields form part of the ancient Ticket Fields, which extended from hence past the spot where St. Giles's Church is now built. Queen Elizabeth, afraid that London would become too large, issued more than one proclamation against the increase of building. James I. was smitten with the same fear, and in a royal mandate, dated the 4th of September, 1612, and addressed to certain justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, he states it to be his express pleasure and commandment that the erection of new buildings in Lincoln's Inn Fields should be restrained, and requires the said justices to apprehend and commit to prison any one who should be found so offending, or to take sureties of him or them to appear before the Privy Council to answer the charge. This measure, it appears, was adopted at the request of the benchers and students of the Inn. It was found unavailing. Buildings continued to be erected, and six years afterwards it was thought a wiser course of policy, to prevent the building of small mean houses by various projectors, to lay out the whole space in a regular plan. A commission was accordingly granted in 1618, intrusted to the care of Lord Chancellor Bacon, the Earls of Worcester, Pembroke, Arundel, and others, for the better disposition of these



grounds. Inigo Jones was employed to draw up a plan. The commission alleged in their report that more public works had been undertaken near and about the city of London within the sixteen previous years than in ages before. That the grounds called Lincoln's Inn Fields were much planted round with dwellings and lodgings of noblemen and gentlemen of quality, but at the same time were much deformed by cottages and mean buildings, encroachments on the Fields, and nuisances to the neighbourhood. The commissioners, desirous to reform those grievances, had determined "to frame and reduce those fields both for sweetness, uniformity, and comeliness into such walks, partitions, or other plots, and in such sort, manner, and form, both for public health and pleasure, as by Mr. Inigo Jones should be accordingly drawn by way of map."

Inigo Jones proposed to build the square on a uniform plan, and a specimen of what it would have been, had his suggestions been carried into effect, may be seen, from the centre house on the west, now divided into two, which was formerly inhabited by the Earls of Lindsay and their descendants the Dukes of Ancaster. The plan was considered too costly, and therefore remained unaccomplished; but noblemen and others, desirous of inhabiting the square, were allowed to build for themselves, and in the course of time many handsome buildings arose, although the uniformity of the square was not preserved. The north side was called Newman's Row, the west, Arch Row, the south, Portugal Row, and the east, Lincoln's Inn Wall.

By the plan of Inigo Jones, the area of the square was to have been made of the exact dimensions of the base of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids.

The large house at the north-west corner, now divided into two, and partly occupied by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, and with a passage under it to Great Queen Street, formerly belonged to the Duke of Newcastle, minister of George II., and is still occasionally called Newcastle House. It was built about the year 1686, by the Marquis of Powis, and called Powis House. On the abdication of James II., Lord Powis followed him to France, where he was created Duke of Powis,—a barren honour, but all that the ex-monarch had it in his power to bestow.

There is a story abroad, that at the wall on this side Ben Jonson worked when he was a bricklayer. The authority for the story is Aubrey, whose words are:—"His mother after his father's death married a bricklayer; and 'tis generally said that

he wrought for some time with his father-in-law, and particularly on the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, next to Chancery Lane. A knight or benchler walking through, and hearing him repeat some Greek names out of Homer, discoursed with him, and finding him to have a wit extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College, Cambridge." Honest old Fuller also tells this story:—"He helped," says he, "in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, where, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." Mr. Gifford, in his edition of the works of Ben Jonson, denies that the poet ever worked as a bricklayer, and treats this story as a "figment."

The entrance to Lincoln's Inn is not from the square, but from Chancery Lane. The gate was built by Sir Thomas Lovel, once a member of this inn, and afterwards treasurer of the household to Henry VII. The other parts were rebuilt at different times, but much about the same period. The inn itself was established at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, whose name it still bears, and who died in it in 1312. The ground originally belonged to the Bishops of Chichester; "one of whom," says Pennant, "in after times granted leases of the building to certain students of the law, reserving to themselves a rent, and lodgings for themselves, whenever they came to London." This seems to have taken place about the time of Henry VII. In the great hall of this inn the Lord Chancellor holds his sittings.

On the south side of the square, various eminent lawyers have in their time resided, including the Lord Chancellors Camden, Loughborough, and Erskine, and the Lords Chief Justices Kenyon and Mansfield. The large centre house was built for the Royal College of Surgeons, incorporated in 1800, when they were first separated from the more ancient corporation of the Barber-Surgeons. Their spacious hall was rebuilt in 1837 as it now stands. In the museum is the extensive anatomical collection of the celebrated John Hunter.

A narrow, dingy street behind this side of the square is still called Portugal Street. A good half of it is occupied by a squalid-looking burial-ground belonging to the church of St. Clement Danes, in which the remains of Joe Miller, "the father of jokes," are interred. Nothing in the streets of London strikes the continental stranger with more disgust than the burial-grounds which are so frequent. In a well-ordered metro-

polis, cemeteries would never be suffered in the midst of the habitations of the living, and public attention, lately directed to the subject, has devised a partial remedy, in the establishment of cemeteries at Highgate, Hampstead, Kensal-Green, Norwood, and other spots, at a short distance from London. It is to be hoped that the time has now arrived when no parish shall be allowed a burial-ground to its church, but shall be compelled to inter its dead at a distance from the living. The recent revelations on the churchyards of London are enough to make the blood curdle, and have done much to call attention to the enormous evil. The plague of cholera which has now carried off such fearful numbers, ought to be sufficient to put an end to these proceedings.

Portugal Street was so named in compliment to the Queen of Charles II., and is celebrated as the site of Sir William Davenant's Theatre, called the Duke's Theatre. Though it is the general opinion that there was but one theatre in this quarter, there appear to have been two; but it is not a little difficult to determine the exact site of each, and the exact periods when they were opened. Killigrew, in the year 1661, had a theatre in the Tennis Court, Vere Street, Clare Market, but he and his company removing to Drury Lane, in 1663, there was an end for the time of this first of the Lincoln's Inn Fields' theatres. In 1662, while Killigrew was still in his old quarters, Sir William Davenant's, or the "Duke's" company, as they were called, to distinguish them from Killigrew's, or the "King's" company, removed from Salisbury Court to a new theatre in Portugal Street. Davenant's company performed here until 1671, when for some reason or other, which does not appear, they returned to Salisbury Court. In 1694, Betterton and Congreve reopened the theatre in Portugal Street, under a licence from King William III., and Betterton continued to manage its affairs until 1704, when the neighbours complained of it as a nuisance. He then assigned his patent to Sir John Vanbrugh, who, finding the premises too small, erected a theatre in the Haymarket. The Portugal Street theatre being thus abandoned, remained empty for about ten years, when it was reopened by Mr. Rich. "The performers were so much inferior to those at Drury Lane, that the latter carried away all the applause and favour of the town. In this distress the genius of Rich suggested to him a species of entertainment which, at the same time that it hath been deemed contemptible, has ever been followed and encouraged. Harlequin, Pantaloon, and all the host of pantomimic pageantry were brought forward, and sound and show

obtained a victory over sense and reason. The fertility of Mr. Rich's invention in these entertainments, and the excellence of his own performance, must at the same time be acknowledged. By means of these only he kept the managers of the other house at all times from relaxing their diligence, and to the disgrace of public taste, frequently obtained more money by ridiculous and paltry performances, than all the sterling merit of the other theatre was able to acquire."\*

Rich and his company removed, in 1733, to the then newly-erected theatre of Covent Garden, and the old one was shut up for about two years. It was then taken by a Mr. Giffard, from Goodman's Fields, who not finding his speculation answer, gave it up in 1737, when it ceased to be a theatre. It was afterwards occupied as a pottery warehouse, and has now disappeared altogether. It stood nearly opposite to the burial-ground.

Many curious particulars relative to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields are to be found in Pepys's "Diary." He says, that at the theatre in Vere Street he first saw a woman on the stage.

It appears from the researches of Malone and others, that Desdemona was the first character ever performed by a female in this country, and that this very necessary reform was first introduced at this theatre on the 8th of December, 1660.

Although the introduction of women on the stage was as successful as it deserved to be, there was for a long time some difficulty in procuring the requisite numbers to fill the parts.

"There was still the necessity now and then to put the handsomest young man into petticoats." Kynaston, an actor, was very often chosen; "and he was," adds Cibber, "so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality prided themselves on taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park in his theatrical habit, after the play, which in those days they might have time to do, as plays were then used to begin at four o'clock." Kynaston's chief female character was Evadne, in the "Maid's Tragedy;" and Cibber tells an amusing story which he heard from Kynaston's own mouth of the shifts the stage was then put to:—

"The King (Charles II.) coming a little before his usual time to a tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin, when his Majesty, not choosing to have so much patience as his good subjects, sent to them to know the meaning of it, upon which the master of the company came to the box, and rightly judging that the best excuse for their default would be the true one, fairly told

\* Baker's "Biographia Dramatica."



his Majesty that *the Queen was not shaved yet*. The King, whose good humour loved to laugh at a jest, as well as to make one, accepted the excuse, which served to divert him till the male queen (Kynaston) could be effeminated.”\*

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## CHAPTER XII.

**Execution of Lord William Russell**—Catholic Chapel, Duke Street, and the No Popery Riots—Anecdote of Benjamin Franklin—Clare Market—Scene of Orator Henley’s eloquence—Announcements of several of his sermons, and anecdotes of him—Drury Lane—Sir William Drury—Sir Robert Drury, the friend of Dr. Donne—Anecdote of Dr. Donne—Tradesmen’s handbills—The first Lord Craven, proprietor of Drury House—Account of his death—Residence of the Queen of Bohemia—Olympic Pavilion—Anecdote of Nan Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle—Nell Gwynne resided here—Drury Lane, the Grubb Street of Queen Anne’s reign—The plague year in Drury Lane—Successive theatres in Drury Lane.

BEFORE quitting Lincoln’s Inn Fields, we must not forget to mention the most remarkable incident in its history, the execution of the patriot, Lord William Russell. The circumstances of his trial, and the heroic conduct of his wife, Lady Rachel, are too well known. They are too much of the history of England to be part of the history of a street, and we need not dwell upon them. The reason of his execution in this spot, says Pennant, was, that it was the nearest open space from Newgate, where he was confined. It was thought more advisable to convey him through the comparatively quiet line of Holborn, than through the crowded city to Tower Hill, for rumours of an intention to rescue him had been circulated.

Burnet says that the Duke of York, the bitter enemy of Lord Russell, moved the King that he might be executed in front of his own door in Southampton Square, but the King rejected this as indecent, and the middle of Lincoln’s Inn Fields was fixed upon. On his way from Newgate, on turning into Little Queen Street, he shed a tear at the remembrance of his wife, for he turned to the Dean of Canterbury, and said, “I have often turned to the other hand (towards his own house) with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater.”

\* Colley Cibber.

“Tillotson and I went with him in the coach to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted. He was touched by the tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at all provoked by the other. He was singing psalms a great part of the way, and said he hoped to sing better soon. As he observed the great crowds of people all the way, he said to us, ‘I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly.’ When he came to the scaffold he walked about it four or five times. Then he turned to the sheriffs and delivered his paper. He protested that he had always been far from any designs against the King’s life or government. He prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion. He wished all Protestants might love one another, and not make way for Popery by their animosities. The substance of the paper he delivered to the sheriffs was, first, a profession of his religion and his sincerity in it; that he was of the Church of England, but wished all would unite together against the common enemy; that churchmen would be less severe, and Dissenters less scrupulous. He owned he had a great zeal against Popery, which he looked on as an idolatrous and bloody religion, but that, although he was at all times ready to venture his life for his religion or his country, yet this would never have carried him to any black or wicked design. No man ever had the impudence to move to him anything with relation to the king’s life. He prayed heartily for him, that in his person and government he might be happy, both in this world and the next. He protested, that in the prosecution of the popish plot he had gone on in the sincerity of his heart, and that he never knew of any practice with the witnesses. He owned he had been earnest in the matter of the exclusion, as the best way in his opinion to secure both the king’s life and the Protestant religion; and to that he imputed his present sufferings; but he forgave all concerned in them, and charged his friends to think of no revenge. He thought his sentence was hard, upon which he gave an account of all that had passed at Shepherd’s. From the heats that were in choosing the sheriffs, he concluded that matter would end as it now did, and he was not much surprised to find it fall upon himself. He wished it might end in him: killing by law was the worst form of murder. He concluded with some very devout ejaculations. After he had delivered this paper, he prayed by himself; then Tillotson prayed with him. After that, he prayed again by himself, and then undressed himself, and laid his head on the block,

without the least change of countenance; and it was cut off at two strokes.”\*

Does it not seem strange that no memorial has been placed upon the spot of this tragedy? James II., in the extremity of the misfortune that deservedly fell upon him, applied to the heartbroken father of Lord William Russell to aid him. “My Lord,” said he, “you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service.” “Ah, sire,” replied the Earl, “I am old and feeble, but I once had a son!” James was so struck with the solemn answer, that he walked about the room, and could not speak for some minutes.

Some writers have, by mistake, repeated that Algernon Sydney, another victim in the same cause, was also executed in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. It will be found, however, that the place of his execution was Tower Hill.

Duke Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, contains a Roman Catholic chapel, the same that was formerly attached to the Sardinian Embassy, and which was nearly destroyed in the “No Popery” riots of 1780.

This street is memorable as the scene of the early life of Benjamin Franklin. His lodgings were in Duke Street, and he worked as a journeyman printer in the office of Mr. Watts, in Great Wyld Street, adjoining. He first of all worked for a twelvemonth at a printer’s named Palmer, in Bartholomew Close; but he worked for Mr. Watts during the remainder of his stay in England. It was in 1725 that he took his lodgings, consisting of one room, at the house of a widow lady opposite the Catholic chapel, for which he paid at the rate of three-and-sixpence a week. His landlady was a clergyman’s daughter, who, marrying a Catholic, had abjured Protestantism, and became acquainted with several distinguished families of that persuasion. She and Franklin found mutual pleasure in each other’s society. He kept good hours, and she, being too lame with the gout to leave her room, their evenings were generally passed together. “Our supper,” says Franklin,† “was only half an anchovy each, on a very little slice of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us; but the entertainment was her conversation.” In the garret of the same house lodged a maiden Catholic lady of great piety, but not without eccentricity. She had been sent to the Continent, when a girl, to take the veil; but

\* Bishop Burnet.

† Franklin’s Memoirs.

the climate not agreeing with her, she returned to England, and lived for the remainder of her life even more strictly than if she had still inhabited a nunnery. She had a small estate, but of which she reserved the sum of £12 a year for her own wants, devoting the rest to charitable purposes, and living almost entirely upon water-gruel. Her presence was thought a blessing to the house, and the occupants refused to take any rent from her. "I was once," says Franklin, "permitted to visit her. She was cheerful and polite, and conversed pleasantly. The room was clean, but had no other furniture than a mattress, with a table, a crucifix, a book, a stool, which she gave me to sit on, and a picture over the chimney, of St. Veronica displaying her handkerchief, with the miraculous figure of Christ's bleeding face on it, which she explained to me with great seriousness. She looked pale, but was never sick; and I give it as another instance on how small an income life may be supported."

Forty years afterwards, when he came to England as the agent of Massachusetts, Franklin went to visit his old office, and the old press where the days of his youth had passed. He went to the two pressmen who were working at it, and inviting them to drink, told them of the circumstances of his early life. This press was long preserved by Messrs. Cox, the printers of Great Queen Street; but a few years since, it was disposed of to Mr. Harrild, who raised a considerable sum by its exhibition, for the benefit of decayed printers; after which it was bought by some American gentlemen, with the intention of having it carefully preserved in Franklin's native city.

We pass from this street into Clare Market, so called from the Earls of Clare, to whom the ground belonged, and one of whom built the market about the year 1657. This now filthy and almost putrid neighbourhood was the scene where "Orator Henley" held forth in the days of Pope, who has damned him to everlasting fame in the "Dunciad." Some describe his oratory as having been in Newport Market; but it would appear from Henley's own advertisements, that it was first in Newport Market, and afterwards in Clare Market, or that Newport and Clare Market must have been one and the same. The price of admission to the lectures of this half-crazed mountebank was one shilling. Pope, in the "Dunciad," speaks of his pulpit as a "gilt tub;" but in a note to the passage it is stated, "the pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub," but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet and adorned with gold. He had



also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, "The Primitive Eucharist." He had, in early life, been a candidate for the lectureship of Bloomsbury parish, but was rejected by the congregation because he threw himself about too much in the pulpit. Rushing into a room where the principal parishioners were assembled, he thus addressed them: "Blockheads! are you qualified to judge of the degree of action necessary for a preacher of God's word? Were you able to read, or had you sufficient sense, you sorry knaves, to understand the renowned orator of antiquity, he would tell you, almost the only requisite of a public speaker was 'action! action! action!' but I despise and defy you—*provoco ad populum*—the public shall decide between us." He therefore published his "Sermon," to show their ill-taste in rejecting him; and when he held forth in Clare Market, if any of his Bloomsbury friends ventured into the room, he could not resist the opportunity of having a fling at him. With a triumphant look at the crowds by whom he was surrounded, he would fix his eyes upon him and exclaim, "You see, sir, all mankind are not of your opinion! There are, you perceive, a few sensible people in the world, who consider me not wholly unqualified for the office I have undertaken." Pope says of him, "that he would have been worthy of ancient Egypt—a decent priest where monkeys were the gods." He lectured upon Divinity on Sundays, and *de omnibus rebus* on Wednesdays and Fridays.

The following are specimens of his advertisements, issued during the year 1729:—"At the Oratory, in Newport Market, to-morrow, at half an hour after ten, the sermon will be on the Witch of Endor. At half an hour after five, the theological lecture will be on the conversion and original of the Scottish nation, and of the Picts and Caledonians, St. Andrew's relics and panegyric, and the character and mission of the Apostles. On Wednesday, at six, or near the matter, take your chance, will be a medley oration on the history, merits, and praise of confusion, and of confounders, in the road, and out of the way. On Friday will be that of Dr. Faustus and Fortunatus, and conjuration. After each, the 'Chimes of the Times,' No. 23 and 24."

The following advertisement was issued for Sunday, September 28th, 1729:—"At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Clare Market, to-morrow, at half an hour after ten; 1st. The postil will be on the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. 2nd. The sermon will be on the necessary power and

attractive force which religion gives the spirit of a man with God and good spirits. At five o'clock; 1st. The postil will be on this point—in what language our Saviour will speak the last sentence on mankind. 2nd. The lecture will be on Jesus Christ's sitting at the right hand of God, and where that is; the honours and lustre of his inauguration; the learning, piety, and criticism of that glorious article.

"The Monday's orations will shortly be resumed. On Wednesday the oration will be on the skirts of the fashions, or a live gallery of flaming pictures in all ages, ruffs, muffs, puffs manifold; shoes, wedding-shoes, two-shoes, slip-shoes, heels, clocks, pantofles, buskins, pantaloons, garters, shoulder knots, periwigs, head-dresses, modesties, tuckers, farthingales, corkins, minnikins, slammakins, ruffles, round-robins, toilet-fans, patches; dame, forsooth, madam, my lady—the wit and beauty of my grannum: Winifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winny, Jenny, and Biddy, fine ladies and pretty gentlewomen; being a general view of the *beau monde*, from before Noah's flood to the year 1729. On Friday will be something better than last Tuesday. After each, a bob at the times."

It would appear that Henley continued to lecture at the same place for nearly twenty years. In one of his lectures during the year of the rebellion in Scotland, he uttered some expressions which were thought seditious, and he was cited before the Privy Council. He was asked why he turned the exertions of good citizens into ridicule, when they were endeavouring to preserve the peace of the empire, and especially why he tried to inflame the minds of the people, by his satires against Archbishop Herring? It should be remembered that the Archbishop, in his zeal for the House of Hanover, had proposed, or actually commenced, arming the clergy, and Henley's reply excited great laughter: "I thought there was no great harm, my Lords," said he, "in cracking a joke upon a red Herring!"

In reply to several other questions, and why he meddled with affairs of state at all, he replied to the Earl of Chesterfield, "My Lords, I must live." The Earl of Chesterfield rejoined, "I see no kind of reason for that;" at which the other Lords were observed to laugh. Henley appeared irritated, and then said—"That is a very good thing, my Lord, but it has been said before." He was detained in custody for a few days, and then dismissed as an impudent fellow, without sufficient reason in him to be dangerous.

It is not exactly known at what period his lectures in Clare

Market were discontinued. His eccentricity became more decided as he grew older, and he appears finally to have gone quite mad. He died in 1756, in the 54th year of his age.

Drury Lane derives its name from the town house of the noble family of Drury, built by Sir William Drury, in the reign of Elizabeth, and which stood on the ground now occupied by Craven Buildings and the Olympic Theatre.

Sir William was Lord Deputy of Ireland, and died at Waterford in 1579—some say, in a duel about precedence, but this is not clear. His son, Sir Robert Drury, was the true friend of Dr. John Donne, that rugged satirist—the “greatest wit, but not the best poet of our nation,” as Dryden characterized him.

When Dr. Donne and his wife were in great distress for a subsistence, owing to the enmity of the lady’s father, Sir George More, who was exceeding wroth at her secret marriage with Donne, they were invited by Sir Robert Drury to live in his house, until better fortune smiled upon them. A curious story is related of them here by Isaac Walton, in his “Life of Dr. Donne,” which we shall repeat, leaving the reader, if he be incredulous, to his incredulity; and if he be, like old Isaac, of abundant faith, to a belief which is not without its comforts, to those who can bring themselves to it.

Sir Robert Drury being sent on an embassy to Henry IV. of France, resolved to take Donne with him; but Mrs. Donne being then far advanced in her pregnancy, and in ill health besides, solicited her husband not to leave her, telling him that her “divining soul boded her some ill in his absence.” Donne immediately determined that he would not go, but Sir Robert Drury treated the refusal as a mere piece of folly, and finally persuaded Donne to accompany him. A few days after their arrival in Paris, Sir Robert, Donne, and some other persons having dined together, Donne was left alone in the dining-room, where he remained by himself for about half an hour. Sir Robert Drury, on re-entering the room, was surprised to find Donne with a pale and haggard face, and a wildness and ecstasy in his eye, and earnestly asked him what was the matter? Donne for some moments could make no reply; but at last he said, “I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you. I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you.” Sir Robert told him that he must have been taking an after-dinner nap in his chair, but Donne protested that he had

not slept, and added, that the second time his wife appeared, she stopped before him, looked mournfully in his face, and vanished. Sir Robert still treated the matter as a dream, and Donne still persisted that the apparition was real, and became in consequence so melancholy, that Sir Robert's doubts were shaken, and he despatched a messenger expressly to Drury House, to learn how Mrs. Donne was. The man went and returned to Paris in twelve days, and brought back, says Walton, this account,—that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed, and that after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child." And upon examination, the abortion proved to have been the same day, and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

"This is a relation," continues Isaac, "that will beget some wonder; and well it may, for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that visions and miracles are ceased. And though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then played upon, the other that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a distance, will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony, in answer to the same tune, yet many will not believe that there is any such thing as the sympathy of souls, and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion."

Walton's illustration is poetical, and not ill-expressed, and he might have left it there without much imputation upon his credulity; but he goes on to prove the reality of the vision by many arguments, into which we shall not follow him, thinking that the story ends much better with his own words in the quotation above.

After the death of Sir Robert Drury, this house became the property of Lord Craven, the hero of Creutznach, so well known for his bravery in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, and for his romantic attachment to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of James I. He was the eldest son of Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London in 1611, and passed the greater part of his life on the continent, whither he had proceeded before the civil wars to join the forces of Gustavus Adolphus, until the Restoration, when Charles II. conferred upon him the titles of Viscount and Earl Craven. He rebuilt Drury Place, and erected on part of the site of the old buildings a large brick house, four stories high, which ever after continued to be called by his name, and where Craven Street now stands. In this house the Queen of Bohemia would appear from some accounts to have resided,



but the truth is, she resided in the adjoining house, probably built for her by Lord Craven, and called, for many years afterwards, Bohemia House, and finally turned into a public house, which bore her head for its sign. Mr. Moser, in his "Vestiges," is of opinion that there was a subterranean communication between the two buildings, and he had seen some vaults accidentally broken into, that tended to confirm him in that belief. The Earl was thought to have been privately married to the Queen,—a woman of great sweetness of temper and amiability of manners, an universal favourite both in this country and Bohemia, where her gentleness acquired her the title of "The Queen of Hearts." By right of their descent from her the House of Hanover ascended the throne of this kingdom. Lord Craven often accompanied her to the play, and other public resorts, and at her death she left him her books, pictures, and papers. There is a likeness of her at Hampton Court.

Lord Craven was a bustling, active man, fond of war, and, strange to say, fond of gardening, and divided his time between both, or at least such imitations of war as he could find in the streets of London. He was colonel of a regiment of guards, and kept the soldiers in continual bustle.

Whenever there was a fire in London, Lord Craven was sure to be seen riding about to give orders to the soldiers, who were generally called out to preserve order; and it became a common saying, that "his very horse smelt the fire at a distance." In the reign of William III., when he was upwards of eighty years of age, but still a hale old fellow, there was some talk of giving his regiment to a younger man, when he exclaimed, "They may as well take away my life as my regiment, for I have nothing else to divert myself with." The regiment was, however, given to a younger man; and the old warrior of Gustavus, corresponding to the very beau-ideal of a soldier, and from whose character Sterne might have conceived his first notion of Uncle Toby, was left without his hobby. But war was still the subject of his talk, although he devoted himself more to his garden than he had previously done. This garden extended a considerable distance in a parallel line with Drury Lane, where Evelyn sometimes visited him. What a pity that there is no record of their conversation left! We know what the man of peace might have said about his beloved trees and flowers; but the answers of the man of war, bound to him by this one congenial sentiment, are more difficult to imagine. The old soldier died in 1697, in his eighty-fifth year, hale, cheerful, and bustling to the last.

The following is the advertisement of his death, copied from No. 301 of "The Post Boy," for the 10th of April, 1697 :—

"Yesterday, 9th, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Right Honourable the Earl of Craven departed this life at his house in Drury Lane, in the 85th year of his age. He was an excellent soldier, and served in the wars under Palsgrave of the Rhine, and also under the great Gustaphus Adolphus, where he performed sundry warlike exploits to admiration; and, in a word, he was then in great renowne. He is succeeded in estate and honour, as Baron Craven, as Hampstead Marshal, by the Hon. William Craven, son to Sir William Craven, of Combe Abbey."

Craven Buildings were erected on part of the grounds of this mansion, about the year 1723. Bohemia House was converted into a tavern, the sign of the "Queen of Bohemia," which it retained till the year 1790 or 1791, when several adjoining houses were accidentally burned down, and itself so much injured as to be rendered uninhabitable. It remained in this state for ten or twelve years, when it was pulled down, and the materials sold. In 1803, Mr. Philip Astley, the celebrated equestrian, took a lease of the ground for sixty-three years, and erected the Olympic Pavilion, the present Olympic Theatre, upon its site, from his own designs, and for equestrian performances exclusively. It was opened by him for that purpose on the 18th of September, 1806. Mr. Elliston, who became the lessee in 1813, changed its name from the Olympic Pavilion to the Royal Olympic Theatre; and the horses being removed to the other side of the Thames, burlettas and other similar entertainments were provided. In 1826, the property was sold by auction, and again in 1828 or 1829. Madame Vestris then became the lessee, and conducted for many years the affairs of this elegant little theatre with some advantage to her interest, and much credit to her taste and judgment, and very much gratification to the town. On her removal to Covent Garden, in 1839, the Olympic was taken by Mr. Butler, who provided the same species of entertainment for playgoers as his predecessor, though scarcely with as much success.

Among the residents in Craven Buildings may be mentioned Hayman the painter, Elliston the actor, and three favourite actresses from the time of Dryden to our own—namely, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Pritchard, and Madame Vestris.

Craven House, which existed in the time of Pennant, is described by him as "a large brick pile, concealed by other buildings." The last vestiges of the building finally disappeared about 1809, when the site was included in the buildings for the Olympic Theatre.

Drury Lane is celebrated as having been the residence of the famous Nan Clarges, Duchess of Albemarle. Her father was a blacksmith in the Savoy.

Nan Clarges was much abused by her contemporaries for the vulgarity of her manners. Even in that age, when refinement of conversation was not very common, she was considered coarse. Monck had a great opinion of her understanding, and often consulted her in the greatest emergencies, and it is said that he was very much afraid of her; "that he did not like to offend her, as she presently took fire, and her anger knew no bounds." Pepys, who had no respect for the Duchess, relates the following, under date of the 4th of November, 1666:—"Mr. Cooling tells me, the Duke of Albemarle is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with, of whom he told me this story, that once the Duke of Albemarle, in his drink, taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchess of York, 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'ne'er wonder at that, for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not a greater miracle. And what was that, but that our dirty Bess (meaning his Duchess) should ever come to be Duchess of Albemarle.'" In other parts of his "Memoirs," Pepys describes the Duchess as a "plain homely dowdy," and "a very ill-looking woman." She died on the 23rd of January, 1670, after a long and tedious indisposition, surviving her husband but twenty days.

Nell Gwynne resided in Drury Lane, before she removed, in the plenitude of royal favour, to more sumptuous apartments in Pall Mall. It should be, however, remembered that Drury Lane was then a fashionable street. It is the minute Pepys, who had an eye for everything and for everybody, who records the fact. He says, under date of May 1st, 1667, "To Westminster, in the way meeting many milkmaids, with garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them, and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging-door in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking at them. She seemed a mighty pretty creature."

We learn from this, that before the sweeps took to celebrating May Day, that duty was performed by the milkmaids. There is a tradition, but resting upon no good authority, that Nell Gwynne, before she went on the stage, used to sell oranges in Drury Lane.

Even so early as the time of Shakspeare there was a theatre in

Drury Lane, which had formerly been a cockpit, and was called sometimes by that name, and sometimes the Phoenix. Mr. Malone says ' was built or rebuilt not very long before the year 1617, in which year, on the 4th of March, we learn from "Camden's Annals of King James I.," it was pulled down by the mob. It was called the Phoenix from its having that fabulous bird for its sign, and is described as having been opposite the "Castle" tavern in Drury Lane.

There are still two alleys in existence which are named after this theatre,—Cockpit Alley, in Great Wyld Street, and Phoenix Alley, leading from Hart Street into Long Acre.

The players here were denominated the Queen's servants until the death of Anne, queen of James I., which title they resumed when Charles I. ascended the throne. The first play in print, expressly said to have been acted at Drury Lane, is the "Wedding," by Shirley, printed in 1629.

Among other plays acted at this primitive house may be mentioned "The Jew of Malta," by Marlowe; "Woman Killed with Kindness," by Heywood; "The Witch of Edmonton," by Ford; the "White Devil," by Webster; and the "New Way to Pay Old Debts," by Massinger, the only one among them all that still retains its place upon the stage. None of Shakspeare's plays were acted in Drury Lane at that period.

During the gloomy times of the fanatics of the Commonwealth, this theatre was shut up with the rest, and some say, turned into a conventicle, but of this there is no evidence. It was reopened by Sir Wm. Davenant in 1658, who had it for a year or two, until he removed to the more commodious building in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of which we have already spoken. Killigrew then performed with a small company at the Phoenix for a short time; when, finding it inconvenient, he pulled it down, and erected a larger edifice on part of its site, and it thus extended to very nearly the same spot on which the present theatre stands. The new house was opened on the 8th of April, 1662, and the company was called the King's servants. Shakspeare's plays now took possession of the boards of Drury, and were occasionally performed with those of Shirley, Massinger, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the newer ones of Dryden and Sir Charles Sedley.

"The King's Theatre," as it was then called, did not last long, being burned down within ten years of its erection, together with upwards of fifty of the adjoining houses. It was rebuilt



by Sir Christopher Wren, and opened again on the 26th of March, 1674; on which occasion a prologue from the pen of Dryden was spoken.

In 1686 it was agreed by the patentees of this theatre and of the Duke's Company, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that as there was not sufficient encouragement on the part of the public to support the theatres, they should unite and perform only at Drury Lane, and upon this occasion also, a play called the "King and Queen," being performed, a prologue was written by Dryden. Rich and Sir Richard Steele were successively patentees; by a licence granted to the latter in the first year of George I., he continued, with the assistance of Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, to carry on its affairs with considerable success, until the year 1733, when the rival theatre of Covent Garden was built, since which time, in spite of the increase of the town, there has never been sufficient encouragement of the drama to maintain these two large theatres together in that degree of prosperity which their managers ought reasonably to look forward to. The next two patentees after Sir Richard Steele, namely Highmore and Fleetwood, were both ruined.

In the year 1741, the building having become ruinous (which shows, by the way, that Dryden's prologue but spoke the truth as to the meanness of the edifice and the poverty of its builders), it was greatly altered and enlarged, and almost rebuilt. Garrick became the manager in 1747, when the well-known address of Dr. Johnson was spoken, beginning—

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes  
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose."

Garrick continued to be almost its sole support until his death, when the property changed. The new proprietors, having also purchased the dormant patent of Killigrew, rebuilt the theatre on a more magnificent scale than before. The architect was Mr. Henry Holland, and the new theatre was opened in 1794, after the sum of £200,000 had been expended upon it. The stage was 75 feet wide, and the interior was calculated to hold upwards of 3,600 persons. The exterior was never completed. This unlucky building scarcely lasted fifteen years.

On the 24th of February, 1809, a fire broke out, which totally destroyed it, with all its scenery, dresses, and appurtenances. Sheridan, whose fortune was involved in it, was at the time in the House of Commons, and a sudden blaze being observed from the windows, several members rushed out to

ascertain where the fire was raging. They soon returned with the information, mournful to all, but especially so to Sheridan, that Drury Lane Theatre was on fire. The House was occupied in discussing the question of the Spanish war, on which Sheridan had expressed his intention of speaking, and so much sympathy was felt for him that a motion was made to adjourn the debate ; but Sheridan replied, with much presence of mind and calmness under misfortune, "that whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped it would not interfere with the public business of the country." With these words he retired from the House, and arrived in Drury Lane just in time to ascertain that he was a ruined man, and that there was no hope of saving any portion of the building. It is said of him, we know not with what truth, that he afterwards went into a tavern on the other side of the street, where he was found by a friend, drinking a bottle of wine. His friend wondered, which Sheridan observing, asked, "If a man might not be allowed to enjoy a glass at his own fire-side?" Thus is wit superior to misfortune ; a man will joke in the jaws of ruin, and some have had their jest, though they knew they must die the next minute.

Great exertions were made to rebuild the theatre, and the requisite funds having been subscribed, the plan of Mr. Benjamin Wyatt was adopted, and the building commenced in 1811. It proceeded with great rapidity, and was opened for the first time on the 10th of October, 1812, the performances being "Hamlet" and "The Devil to Pay." The house is not so capacious as its predecessor, holding about 800 persons less.

The beautiful address of Dr. Johnson for the opening of the former theatre being remembered, the proprietors, anxious to have another as good for their opening night, inserted the following advertisement in the newspapers:—

"Rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre.—The committee are desirous of promoting a fair and free COMPETITION for an ADDRESS, to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on the 10th of October next ; they have therefore thought fit to announce to the public, that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their secretary, at the Treasury-Office, in Drury Lane, on or before the last day of August, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, in the corner, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the author, which will not be opened unless containing the name of the successful candidate.—Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Aug. 6th, 1812."

Other advertisements afterwards appeared, offering twenty guineas as the prize, and extending the time for the sending in of the address to the 10th of September. The result was, that their desks were covered with poetical contributions ; but not one of them was of more than mediocre merit—that species of merit, detested, as the wit said, “both by gods and men.” They were in sad despair, as we learn from the notes to the collected works of Lord Byron, when Lord Holland interfered, and, not without difficulty, prevailed on Lord Byron to write an address for the occasion, “at the risk,” the poet feared, “of offending a hundred rival scribblers and a discerning public.” Lord Byron’s address was accepted, and delivered on the night of opening by Mr. Elliston, who performed the part of Hamlet. The following passage, giving a short history of the former edifice, was much applauded, though the address was generally voted tame by the diurnal critics—perhaps because it was not well spoken :—

“As soars this fane to emulate the last,  
Oh, might we draw our omens from the past!  
Some hour, propitious to our prayers may boast,  
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.  
On Drury, first your Siddons’ thrilling art,  
O’erwhelm’d the gentlest, storm’d the sternest heart;  
On Drury, Garrick’s latest laurels grew,  
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,  
Sigh’d his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.”

The admirable *jeu d’esprit* of James and Horace Smith, entitled “The Rejected Addresses,” will long preserve the memory of the burning of Old Drury.

This theatre has scarcely ever prospered since it was built. It was conducted, after the retirement of Mr. T. Sheridan, by a committee of proprietors, but with such small success, that they became involved in debt and unable to pay the performers. In 1819 it was let for fourteen years to the highest bidder, which happened to be Mr. Elliston, who therefore took it at the yearly rental of £10,200, and to expend £15,000 in repairs. Captain Polhill afterwards became the lessee, and lost large sums of money. The two last lessees, Messrs. Bunn and Hammond, were made bankrupts by their speculation. Towards the middle of the year 1840 it was reopened, after being prematurely closed for some months, for the new entertainment of promenade concerts.

Passing through Brydges Street and Catherine Street, we arrive once more in the Strand, and resume our walk down that ancient thoroughfare towards St. Paul’s.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The Sans Pareil Theatre, the English Opera House—Somerset House—The Protector Somerset and his Execution—Somerset House the residence of the Queen Mother—Queen Henrietta's retinue dismissed by Charles I.—Anecdote of Charles II.—Scene of the murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey—Royal apartment in Somerset House—Royal Society—Anecdote of Charles II.—Society of Antiquaries—Death of Dr. W. King—The Maypole in the Strand—Account of a duel here.

## FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE TO TEMPLE BAR.

RETURNING from Drury Lane, we pass by Catherine Street, which bore rather a questionable character when Gay wrote his "Trivia." It has improved its morals since his time, and is now the head-quarters of newsmen and newspapers. Here is published the "Morning Herald." The Sans Pareil, a small theatre in this street, which has been closed for many years, is now turned into a shop. It was taken about thirty years ago, by a Mr. Scott, who obtained a licence from the Lord Chamberlain for the performance of operettas with the addition of dancing and pantomimes.

Wellington Street, a short distance westward, is a modern street, forming one of the approaches to Waterloo Bridge. At the corner is D'Oyley's warehouse, where there was a fashionable shop of the same name, for the same articles of manufacture, in the days of Addison. This house, which was rebuilt in 1838, stands, as we learn from Pennant, upon the site of Wimbledon House, built by Sir Edward Cecil, son to the first Earl of Exeter, and created Viscount Wimbledon by Charles I.

In this street is the elegant theatre known by the names of the English Opera House and the Lyceum. The original Lyceum, built by Mr. James Payne, the architect, in 1765, fronted towards the Strand, and was occupied for a short period as an academy for the Society of Artists, for the exhibition of their pictures. When they quitted it, the place was let out to various persons, sometimes being occupied by painters, and sometimes by conjurors. In the year 1809 it was opened by Mr. Arnold, for regular theatrical performances, principally operas; and when Drury Lane Theatre was burnt down it was taken by the latter company until their own house was rebuilt. The old house was taken down in 1815, and a new



edifice erected, from the design of Mr. Beazley, the architect and dramatic author. This building was unfortunately destroyed by fire in March, 1830. Preparations were immediately made to construct a still more elegant edifice than that destroyed, and a new site, after some delay, having been fixed upon, the present theatre was built, and opened in 1834.

We are now in sight of Waterloo Bridge, one of the finest structures of its kind in Europe, not even excepting the New London Bridge. A great portion of the precincts of the old palace of the Savoy was pulled down, as we have already mentioned, to make room for it, and the foundation stone was laid in September, 1811. The original name given to it was the Strand Bridge,\* but before its completion the glorious battle of Waterloo was fought, and it was determined to give that name to the new structure. The architect was the late Mr. John Rennie, and the bridge was finished within the short space of six years. It was opened with great pomp on the 18th of June, 1817, the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, in presence of the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, and other illustrious personages.

Canova said of this bridge, that it was "worth a visit from the remotest corner of the earth." It consists of nine elliptical arches, of one hundred and twenty feet span, and thirty-five feet elevation, and from shore to shore measures twelve hundred and forty-two feet. The view from the bridge is particularly fine, and affords a complete panorama of London, Westminster, Southwark, and Lambeth.

Somerset House, the river front of which is by far the most prominent object in the view, stands upon ground of historical importance. According to Stow, the Bishops of Worcester had their town residence here in the thirteenth century, and the Bishops of Lichfield and Coventry, theirs. The latter building, says this author, was called Chester's Inn, as the Bishoprick of Chester was at this time annexed to the see of Lichfield and Coventry. The Bishops of Landaff had also their inn within the same precincts; and close by stood the Strand Inn, an inn of Chancery, belonging to the Temple, in which Occleve the poet,

\* There was a little bridge in the Strand at a very early period, over a small stream that ran down Catherine Street into the Thames, which went by the same name. There is an amusing paper in the "Spectator," No. 454, for the 11th of August, 1712, by Sir Richard Steele, in which he describes the landing of the market-girls at Strand Bridge from Richmond and its vicinity to Covent Garden.

the contemporary of Gower and Chaucer, is said to have studied the law. All these houses were pulled down by the powerful Protector Somerset, to make room for his palace, which he intended to make more magnificent than any that had ever before been seen in England, not even excepting the splendid, and at that time recent, erection of Hampton Court. Sir William Dugdale, in his "*Baronetage*,"\* speaking of this nobleman, says—

"Many well-disposed mindes conceived a very hard opinion of him, for causing a *church near Strand Bridge*, and *two bishops' houses* to be pulled down, to make a seat for his new building (called *Somerset House*); in digging the foundation whereof, the bones of many who had been there buried were cast up and carried into the fields. And because the stones of that church and those houses were not sufficient for that work, *the steeple and most part of the church of St. John of Hierusalem near Smithfield* were mined and overthrown with powder, and the stones carried thereto. So likewise the *cloister on the north side of St. Paul's Cathedral*, and the *charnel-house on the south side thereof*, with the *chapel*; the tombes and monuments therein being all beaten down, the bones of the dead carried into Finsbury Fields, and the stones converted to this building. And it was confidently affirmed, that, for the same purpose, he intended to have pulled down *St. Margaret's Church at Westminster*, but that the *standing thereof* was preserved by *his fall*."

After his execution the palace became the property of the Crown, and the use of it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to her cousin, by the mother's side, Lord Hunsdon, and here she frequently visited him. Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I., kept her court here; and during her lifetime, it was known by the name of Denmark House. "The Queen kept a continual mascardo in it; she and her ladies, like so many sea-nymphs or Nereides, appearing in various dresses, to the ravishment of the beholders."†

From this time the palace appears to have been considered the appanage of the Queen Consort of England. Queen Henrietta Maria resided in it with her extravagant French household, and the too open encouragement which she gave to Catholics and foreigners, was the occasion of many disputes between her and her husband, and of no little ill-will towards her on the part of

\* Vol. ii. p. 363.

† Wilson's Life of James I.

the nation. The following particulars, extracted from L'Estrange's "Life of Charles I.," afford an interesting specimen of court manners. After having endured repeated annoyance from the Queen's French household, Charles determined at last, by one bold effort, to get rid of them altogether, and having summoned them all together, says L'Estrange, he addressed them in the following speech:—

"Gentlemen and ladies,

"I am driven to that extremity, as I am personally come to acquaint you, that I very earnestly desire your return into France. True it is, the deportment of some amongst you hath been very inoffensive to me; but others again have so dallied with my patience, and so highly affronted me, as I cannot, and will not, longer endure it."

"The King's address, implicating no one, was immediately followed by a volley of protestations of innocence. An hour after he had delivered his commands, Lord Conway announced to the foreigners, that early in the morning carriages and carts and horses would be ready for them and their baggage. Amidst a scene of confusion, the young bishop (he was scarcely of age) protested that this was impossible; that they owed debts in London, and that much was due to them. On the following day, the Procureur-General of the Queen flew to the Keeper of the Great Seal at the Privy Council, requiring an admission to address his Majesty, then present at his Council, on matters important to himself and the Queen. This being denied, he exhorted them to maintain the Queen in all her royal prerogatives; and he was answered, 'So we do.' Their prayers and disputes served to postpone their departure. Their conduct during this time was not very decorous. It appears, by a contemporary letter-writer, that they flew to take possession of the Queen's wardrobe and jewels. They did not leave her a change of linen, since it was with difficulty her Majesty procured one. Every one now looked to lay his hand on what he might call his own. Everything he could touch was a perquisite. One extraordinary expedient was that of inventing bills to the amount of £10,000 for articles and other engagements in which they had entered for the service of the Queen, which her Majesty acknowledged, but afterwards confessed that the debts were fictitious."

The King, after waiting a reasonable time for their departure, at last grew so indignant at the continual delays and obstacles

which arose every day, that he sent the following letter to the Duke of Buckingham to make an end of it, in answer to one from the Duke:—

“ Steenie,

“ I have received your letter by Dic Greame (Sir Richard Grahame). This is my answer: I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the towne, if you can by fair meanes (but stike not long in disputing), otherways force them away, dryving them away lyke so manie wilde beastes, until ye have shipped them, and so the devil goe with them. Let me heare no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest

“ Your faithful, constant, loving friend,

“ C. R.”

“ Oaking,

“ The Seventh of August, 1626.”

“ This order put an end to the delay, but the King paid the debts, the fictitious ones and all,—at the cost, as it appears, of £50,000. Even the haughty beauty, Madame St. George, was presented by the King, on her dismissal, with several thousand pounds and jewels.

“ The French bishop and the whole party, having contrived all sort of delays, to avoid the expulsion, the yeomen of the guard were sent to turn them out of Somerset House, whence the juvenile prelate, at the same time making his protest and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure ‘ head and shoulders.’ In a long procession of near forty coaches, after four days’ tedious travelling, they reached Dover; but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners, so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame St. George, whose vivacity is always described as extremely French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap. An English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot, but no further notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of the English courtier.”\*

The following extract from a tract, entitled “ Certain informa-

\* D’Israeli’s “ Commentaries.”



tion from several parts of the Kingdom," p. 87, No. 11, under date of Friday, March 31, 1643, shows the popular feeling against popery and the French at that time:—

"This day, the images and popish pictures that were found in Somerset House, and the chappell thereof, were all burnt and utterly destroyed, together with all the Jesuits' call-papers and bookes that could be found there; and the costly hangings in the chappell were also totally defaced and spoiled, to the end that no signe or character of popery might remain there."

In the year 1659 an Act was passed for the sale of the honours, manors, and lands belonging to King Charles, his consort, and son, for the payment of the army, and it would appear from Ludlow's "Memoirs," that Somerset House, with the exception of the chapel, was sold for £10,000. The Restoration, however, intervened before the bargain was completed. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," thus details the circumstances by which Somerset House escaped destruction during the period of the Revolution:—"An account of it," says he, "is preserved in a very scarce tract, intituled, 'An Essay on the Wonders of God in the times that preceded Christ, and how they meet in Him; written in France, by John D'Espagne, Minister of the Gospel, who died in 1650, and now published in English, by his Executor, Henry Browne; London, 1662, 8vo.' In the preface, the Editor tells us that the author preached at the French Church in Durham House, where his sermons were attended by many of the nobility and gentry. That being demolished, he says it pleased God to touch the hearts of the nobility to procure us an order of the House of Peers to exercise our devotions at Somerset House Chapel; which was the cause not only of the driving away of the Anabaptists, Quakers, and other sects that had got in there, but also of hindering the pulling down of Somerset House, there having been twice an order of the late usurped powers for selling the said house; but we prevailed so, that we still got an order to exempt the chapel from being sold, which broke the design of those who had bought the said house, who thought for their improvement to have made a street from the garden through the ground the chapel stands on, and so up the back yard to the great street of the Strand, by pulling down the said chapel."

Among other reminiscences of Somerset House at this period, it should not be forgotten that Inigo Jones, the architect of the building, and who had lodgings in it, died here on the 21st of July, 1651, and that the body of Cromwell was laid in state in

the great hall. Hither it was removed from Whitehall, where he died, and lay in state on the 1st of November, 1658, and following days. "He was represented," says Ludlow, "in effigie, standing on a bed of crimson velvet, covered with a gown of the like-coloured velvet, a sceptre in his hand and a crown upon his head." Ludlow adds, that upon the occasion of his funeral, the people were so provoked at the gorgeous and royal display, that they threw dirt in the night upon his escutcheon, which was placed over the great gate of Somerset House.

After the Restoration, Somerset House again became the residence of the widowed Henrietta Maria, who spent considerable sums in beautifying and improving it.

But Queen Henrietta Maria was not permitted to have all the palace to herself. It was by right the residence of the Queen Consort, and the unhappy and neglected Catharine of Portugal kept her Court in it, inferior however in splendour to that of Henrietta Maria. Pepys in his "Diary," gives a description of the sort of life that was led here at this period. "Meeting," says he, "Mr. Pierce, the chirurgeon, he took me into Somerset House, and there carried me into the Queen Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queen, sitting on the left hand, whom I did never see before; and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good modest and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's bastard, a most pretty spark, of about fifteen years old; who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her, and I hear both the Queens are mighty kind to him. By-and-by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess (of York); so that they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and then went away; the King and his Queen, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great stores of ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry, and he would have made the Queen Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so, and the young Queen answered, 'You lie,' which was the first English word that ever I heard her say, which made the King good sport, and he would have made her say in English, 'confess and be hanged.'"

After the death of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, which took place at his lodgings, in the Cockpit, Whitehall, on the 4th of January, 1670, the king gave orders that his remains should be

conveyed to Somerset House, to lay in state. The ceremony is described as being more magnificent than was ever known before in the case of a subject. He was afterwards buried with almost regal pomp in Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

It was long believed that Somerset House was the scene of the extraordinary and still mysterious murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey; but Pennant's reasons for supposing this opinion to be erroneous seem quite satisfactory. "The infamous witnesses," says he, "declared that he was waylaid, and inveigled into Somerset House, under pretence of keeping the peace between two servants who were fighting in the yard; that he was there strangled, his neck broken, and his own sword run through his body; that he was kept four days before they ventured to remove him. At length, his corpse was first carried in a sedan chair to Soho, and then on a horse to Primrose Hill, between Kilburn and Hampstead. It is not probable the murder was committed within these walls, for the assassins would never have hazarded a discovery by carrying the corpse three miles, when they could have so safely disposed of it in the Thames. The abandoned character of the witnesses Prance and Bedloe, together with the absurd and irreconcilable testimony which they gave on the trial, has made unprejudiced times doubt the whole story."

On the death of Charles II., Catharine of Braganza removed entirely to this palace, where she kept her court for nearly seven years. She quitted England for Portugal in 1692, leaving the care of the palace to the Earl of Faversham, who resided in it until after her death in 1705, when the place reverted to the Crown. It then became appropriated as the occasional lodgings of illustrious persons, or ambassadors, who visited England; and so continued until its demolition.

In the year 1775, Somerset House, which had been settled on the Queen Consort in 1761, in the event of her surviving his Majesty, was again vested in the King, and Buckingham House or Palace settled upon the Queen instead. The object of this change was to enable the Government to demolish the old building, and erect a new one to be laid out for the various public offices. The Act to this effect was passed on the 26th of May, and the demolition shortly afterwards commenced. The designs of Sir William Chambers for the new edifice having been adopted, the works were commenced under the superintendence of that architect, and five years afterwards the Strand and river fronts were nearly completed.

Here are the Navy, the Navy Pay, the Victualling, and the

Sick and Hurt Offices, the Ordnance Office, the Stamp, Salt, and Tax Offices, the Surveyor-General of Crown Lands, and the offices of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall; also the offices of the two Auditors of Imprests and the Pipe, the Measurer's Remembrancer, the Clerk of the Estreats, and Comptroller of the Pipe, with various apartments for secretaries and other persons whose residence in their several offices has been judged convenient for the public service. The architect calculated the total expense of the building at £250,000, but various applications to parliament for further sums increased the cost of it to more than half a million sterling. Many of the public offices mentioned in the list above given are still kept here, besides various others since established; and there is still accommodation for such new departments as the exigencies of the public service require.

The Strand front of this fine edifice, though much admired, is not equal in beauty to that upon the river. The latter has a proud and commanding appearance; and were it not for the insignificant cupola upon the top of it, would be, St. Paul's excepted, the noblest edifice in London.

In Somerset House are the chambers of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. The Royal Society, established in the reign of Charles II., had its first locality in Old Gresham College, Aldersgate Street, whence, after the Great Fire of London, it removed to Arundel House, in the Strand. When its former premises were rebuilt, the Society returned to them. It then went to Crane Court, Fleet Street; but its various lodgings being all found inconvenient, apartments were allotted to it in Somerset House by George III., soon after the completion of the present edifice. Dr. Spratt ascribes the origin of this distinguished Society to the Hon. Robert Boyle, Sir William Petty, and Dr. Wilkins, who, with the Bishop of Bristol, Drs. Wallis, Goddard, Willis, Bathurst, Christopher (afterwards Sir Christopher) Wren, and Messrs. Rook and Matthew Wren, were in the habit of meeting in the apartments of Dr. Wilkins, of Wadham College, Oxford. Their meetings were interrupted in 1658 by the breaking up of their company, owing to the necessary absence of various members to fulfil their duties in different parts of the country; but a few of them meeting again in London, once more became the focus of a new society. They at last excited the attention of Charles II., who, by letters patent of the 22nd of April, 1663, incorporated them under the appellation of "The President, Council, and Fellows



of the Royal Society of London for improving Natural Knowledge." It is said that Charles frequently attended the meetings of the Society, and an amusing story is related of a hoax that he once played off upon the learned members, some of whom were continually flattering him for an extent of erudition and knowledge which he well knew he did not possess. No one presumed to doubt his word,—no one ventured to differ with him in opinion, however absurd it might be.

One day, says the story, the King entered the apartments of the Society apparently lost in meditation, and advancing to the table, said, with a grave air and accent, "Mr. President, my lords, and gentlemen: What is the reason that, if I nearly fill two pails of equal dimensions with water, and then put into one of them a living fish weighing four pounds, that the one containing the fish will still not be heavier than the other?" An animated discussion immediately arose, and various opinions were stated with due gravity, and abundance of learned arguments and authorities in support of each. "The fish being buoyant, is the cause of no accession of weight," said one. "The momentum of life, and the *vis inertiae* of the animal," said another, "prevent any pressure on the sides of the vessel, and an atmosphere existing around a living body, the fish is, as it were, suspended therein, so that the scale cannot be at all affected by its individual weight;" while a third advanced a proposition equally intelligible to others, but far more satisfactory to himself. "Please your Majesty," said an old member, at last, "I doubt the fact." "Ods bodikins, and so do I, honest man," exclaimed the King, bursting into laughter; "and I hope, for the future, before you reason upon alleged facts, you will first of all ascertain them to be so." This story, like most very good stories, has been most probably heightened, to produce an effect, by the various narrators whose mouths or books it has passed through; but if true, His Majesty, after all, had more sense than the world has given him credit for. However, it would be a pity that such a story should be lost; and it will serve as an admirable pendant to the as-well-known story of Canute, who took as effective but a more striking course to rebuke his flatterers.

The Society of Antiquaries, established in 1572, met for many years at the Heralds' College, Doctors' Commons, but took up its abode in Somerset House, about the same time as its sister society already mentioned. Among the original members of the infant society were Camden, "the nourrice of antiquity," Arch

bishop Parker, honest John Stow, and Sir Robert Cotton. Application was made to Queen Elizabeth, in 1589, for a charter of incorporation ; but was refused, upon various pretexts. James, to whom a similar application was made, also refused it, and the society became extinct. It was revived again, under happier auspices, in 1707 ; but a charter was not obtained until 1751. .

The first president was Martin Foulkes, and the present is the Earl of Aberdeen. The proceedings of the society are annually printed, under the title of "Archæologia." Their library contains many valuable manuscripts, besides a choice and extensive collection of printed books.

The exhibitions of the Royal Academy of Arts have been removed from Somerset House, since the erection of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, where they are now held.

In a lodging opposite to Somerset House, supposed to be in the house occupied at present by the "Morning Chronicle," died the once-celebrated Dr. William King, author of the "Art of Cookery," and other humorous poems. This author, with great natural powers, had no industry ; he loved pleasure, and was careless of money ; and with these various qualities, it is not surprising, though he had many friends, that he should have died at last in comparative poverty. He had been living for some months with a friend in Lambeth, when the Earl of Clarendon, his relative, who had apartments in Somerset House, hearing of his distress, and that his health was rapidly failing, took lodgings for him opposite to his own windows, that he might render his last days comfortable. He was the friend of Swift and other leading politicians of that party, by whose influence he was more than once provided with a place ; but he never kept one long, or saved any money while he had one. He died on Christmas-day, 1712.

Proceeding down the Strand, we arrive at the handsome church of St. Clement Danes. Near this spot formerly stood the Maypole, alluded to by Gay in his "Trivia," and by Pope in the "Dunciad." Originally there was a cross at this place, of which Stow, in his "Survey of London," says, that in the year 1294, and previously, the justices itinerant sat to administer justice without London. In place of this cross, a Maypole was set up, some say by John Clarges, the blacksmith, the father of the famous Ann Clarges, first Duchess of Albemarle. It is probable, however, that a Maypole stood here long before his time ; and it is not even sure whether the one which he erected stood in the Strand or in Drury Lane.

During the austere reign of the Puritans, when theatres were closed, and every sort of popular amusement was considered sinful, the Maypoles fell into disrepute, and were pulled down in various parts of London. Among the rest, the famous Maypole in the Strand came to the ground. With the restoration of the Monarchy, the people saw the restoration of their ancient sports; and on the very first May-day after the return of Charles II., the Maypole in the Strand was set up again, amid great popular rejoicing.

In the year 1677, a fatal duel was fought under this Maypole. Early one morning, Mr. Robert Percival, second son of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Percival, was found dead under the Maypole, with a deep wound under his left breast. His sword, drawn and bloody, lay beside him. This young man was the most notorious duellist of his time; and although but nineteen years of age, had fought as many duels as he numbered years. His antagonist was never discovered, although great rewards were offered for his apprehension. The only clue was a hat with a bunch of ribbons in it, suspected to belong to the celebrated Beau Fielding; but it was never traced home to him. Sir Philip Percival, the elder brother of this unhappy youth, made great efforts to discover the murderer; and it is related that he violently attacked a gentleman in the streets of Dublin, whom he accidentally met, whose name he did not know, and whom he had never seen before, declaring that he had killed his brother. They were parted by the spectators, and Sir Philip could only account for his conduct by saying, that as soon as he saw the gentleman, he was convinced that he was concerned in the death of his brother, though why such a belief had taken possession of him he could not tell.

The Maypole, having long been in a state of decay, was pulled down in 1713; and a new one, with two gilt balls and a vane on the top of it, was erected in its stead. This did not continue long in existence; for, being in 1718 judged an obstruction to the view of the church then building, orders were given by the parochial authorities for its removal. Sir Isaac Newton begged it of the parish, and it was conveyed to Wanstead Park, where it long supported the largest telescope in Europe, belonging to Sir Isaac Newton's friend, Mr. Pound, the rector of Wanstead. It was 125 feet long, and presented to Mr. Pound by Monsieur Hugon, a French member of the Royal Society.

## CHAPTER XIV.

St. Mary-le-Strand Church—Fatal accident near—Introduction of hackney-coaches—Proclamation to restrain the abuses of hackney-coaches—Holywell Street, the resort of Jew clothes-dealers—St. Clement Danes, inscription in; frequented by Dr. Johnson—Clement's Inn—New Inn—Butcher Row—Clifton's Eating-house in Butcher Row—Death of Nat Lee—The celebrated Daniel Burgess—Bath's Inn—Career of Lord Seymour—Anecdote of Queen Elizabeth—Residence of the Great Minister Sully—Arundel House—William Penn, the Quaker—Mrs. Bracegirdle—Particulars of the murder of Mr. Mountford—The Czar Peter—Palace of the Bishop of Exeter, who was murdered there, *temp.* Edward II.—Exeter Place (afterwards Paget House)—Sir William Paget—Norfolk House—Execution of the Duke of Norfolk—Dudley, Earl of Leicester—Devereux, Earl of Essex, his Trial and Execution—Sir Philip Sidney—Essex, the Parliamentary General—Club at the Essex Head—The Kit-Cat Club—Tonson expelled from it.

THE church of St. Mary-le-Strand, built by Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, is one of the fifty ordered to be built in the reign of Queen Anne. The old church of the same name stood considerably more to the south, and was pulled down by the Protector Somerset to make room for his new palace. The parish was without a church in consequence, from the reign of Edward VI. to that of Queen Anne. The first stone was laid by Mr. Gibbs, on the 25th of February, 1714, and the edifice was completed in three years and a half. It was not, however, consecrated until the 1st of January, 1723.

A serious accident, by which three lives were lost, happened at this church on the proclamation of peace in 1802. Just as the heralds came abreast of this place, a man on the roof of the church at the eastern end leaned too forcibly upon one of the stone urns, which ornament the stone railing that runs around the roof. The stone gave way, and the street below being crowded with people, three young men were killed by its fall. The one was struck upon the head, and killed on the spot; the second so much wounded that he died on his way to the hospital; and the third died two days afterwards. A young woman was seriously injured, and several others were more or less hurt. The urn, which weighed about two hundred pounds, struck against the cornice of the church in its descent, and carried part of it away. Such was the force of the fall, that the urn broke through a large flagstone of the pavement below, and buried itself upwards of a foot in the



ground. The man who had accidentally done all the mischief fell back on the roof and fainted away, in which state he was found by the persons who came to take him into custody. It appeared that no blame was attributable to him, and he was discharged. The urn stood upon a socket, but instead of being secured by a strong iron spike running up the centre, there was nothing but a wooden one, which was entirely decayed, and broke off by the pressure of the man's hand, as he was leaning forward to obtain a better view of the proceedings below.

The space to the west of St. Mary-le-Strand is thought to have been the first coach-stand in London. Coaches were first introduced into England from Hungary, in 1580, by Fitzallan, Earl of Arundel; but it was not until nearly, if not more than half a century afterwards, that the luxury of riding in this manner descended to the people. In the year 1634, Captain Baily, who accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh in his famous expedition to Guiana, employed four hackney-coaches, with drivers in liveries, to ply at the May-pole in the Strand, fixing his own rates. It is not very clear, however, that Captain Baily was the first who carried on this speculation in London, though his name is the earliest mentioned.

In Hone's "Every Day Book," vol. i., p. 1300, it is mentioned that, in the year 1613, Stourbridge Fair had acquired such celebrity, that hackney-coaches attended it from London; and that subsequently not less than sixty coaches plied at this fair, which was then the largest in England.

In 1625, the number of coaches for the whole city amounted only to twenty. In the course of about thirty years the number of hackney-coaches in London had so prodigiously increased, that it was thought necessary to issue a proclamation, compelling the proprietors to keep them in their several coach-houses.

Under the date of 1667, the following, with relation to hackney-coaches, appears in Pepys's "Diary:"—"Nay, and he (Evelyn) tells me he met my Lord Oxford and the Duke of Monmouth in a hackney-coach with two footmen in the Park, with their robes on; which is a most scandalous thing, so as all gravity may be said to be lost amongst us."

To the southward of St. Mary-le-Strand, and parallel with the main street of the Strand, to the south of it, runs the ancient thoroughfare of Holywell Street, the resort of Jew clothes-dealers, and a rather dangerous street for quietly-disposed people of shabby gentility to pass through. It appears to have received its name from one of the numerous springs in this district, and which are described by FitzStephen in his account of London, and translated

by Stow, "as sweete, wholesome, and cleere, and much frequented by schollers and youth of the citie in summer evenings, when they walk forth to take the aire." Various other springs about London appear to have received at times the same name of Holywell, and, among others, may be mentioned Holywell near Bishopsgate Street, and the more famous spring at Sadler's Wells, which, as may be seen in Strutt's interesting volume on the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," went by this name about the time of the Restoration.

Before turning down into the various memorable streets branching from the south of the Strand, and leading downwards to the Thames, we shall proceed eastward, as far as the church of St. Clement Danes.

The church, it is true, still encroaches too much upon the highway, and the coal-merchant's steeds yet draw the black load up steep Milford Lane; but the dangling combs have disappeared, and there is no necessity for such excessive caution as was then recommended.

The name of this church has given rise to much learned research and angry controversy. According to William of Malmesbury, the Danes burned down the church that stood on this spot when the country was infested by those invaders. "Desirous at length to return to Denmark," says this old historian, "they were about to embark, when they were, by the judgment of God, all slain at London, in a place which has since been called the church of the Danes." In the account given by Mr. Recorder Fleetwood to Lord Burleigh, who lived in the parish, it is stated that when the Danes were driven out of England, a few who were married to English women were allowed to remain, upon condition that they should reside between Ludgate and Thorney Island, Westminster. Here they erected a church, which was called "*Ecclesia Clementis Danorum*." Mr. Moser, in his "*Vestiges*," is of opinion that the church was first dedicated to St. Clement in the reign of Richard I., to compliment Clement III., who then filled the papal chair. This, however, must be erroneous, as FitzStephen, who wrote in the reign of Richard's father, speaks of the well adjoining, as St. Clement's well. It appears certain, however, that a church has stood on this site for upwards of eight hundred years. The present edifice was rebuilt in the year 1680 by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, as we learn from the following inscription on a marble stone on the north side of the chancel:—

*“ To the Glory of God,*

and for the solemn worship of his holy name. This old church being greatly decayed, was taken down in the year 1680 and rebuilt and finished in the year 1682 by the pious assistance of the Rev. Dr. Gregory Hascara, rector, and the bountiful contributions of the inhabitants of this parish, and some other noble benefactors, Sir Christopher Wren, his Majesty's surveyor, freely and generously bestowing his great care and skill towards the contriving and building of it; which good work was all along greatly promoted and encouraged by the zeal and diligence of the vestry.”

St. Clement's Church was the one most frequented by Dr. Johnson. Sir John Falstaff and Justice Shallow, as the readers of Shakspeare will remember, make especial mention of the chimes, and Shallow studied the law in the neighbouring inn of the same name.

The street has not mightily improved in its morals since Shakspeare wrote. St. Clement's is one of the very few churches that still keeps up the old practice of the chimes. Hentzner, in his “Travels,” speaking of the bells of London, says, page 89, “They (the English) are vastly fond of great noises, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells, so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go up into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together.” The Londoners still encourage the same practice, to the great annoyance sometimes of quiet people.

To the left of us are three inns of the law—dark, dingy, dirty, desolate-looking places, which almost make one melancholy to go into them, and conjure up visions of bankruptcy, distress, starvation, and legal plunder, which it is difficult to repress. The Temple itself, the parent of them all, is gloomy enough, but there is an air of elegance, substantiality, and honourable antiquity about that, which is sadly wanting here. To call them antique would be to flatter them: they are frail and squalid, and crazy to a degree; the bricks of each desolate house are black with age; the window-panes an inch thick with the dust of neglect; the stairs worn hollow by the repeated tread of clerks and clients, and as black as the walls without; while the passages and banisters are greasy with the marks of unclean fingers.

The first is Clement's, and is an Inn of Chancery. “It has been conjectured,” says Mr. Moser, in his “Vestiges,” “that near this spot stood an inn as far back as the time of King Ethel-

red, for the reception of the pilgrims who came to Clement's Well; that a religious house was in process of time established, and that the church arose in consequence. Be this as it may, the holy brotherhood was probably removed to some other situation. The 'Holy Lamb,' an inn on the west side of the lane, received the guests; and the monastery was converted, or rather perverted, from the purposes of the gospel to those of the law."

In the garden of Clement's Inn is to be seen the figure of a naked negro, supporting a sun-dial. It was presented to the society by the ground-landlord, Holles, Lord Clare, and was once thought a great ornament. Public opinion, however, is not now so favourable to it.

New Inn may boast of having educated the great Sir Thomas More, who here studied the law previously to his removal to Lincoln's Inn, of which he afterwards became a member. This inn, before it was appropriated to the lawyers, was a common hostelry, known by the sign of the "Blessed Virgin." It was procured, in 1485, from Sir John Finerx, some time Chief Justice of the King's Bench, for £6 per annum. It is now an Inn of Chancery, and the only one belonging to the Middle Temple.

Lyon's Inn, the third to be noticed, is an appendage to the Inner Temple, and is the dirtiest and gloomiest-looking of the three. It is an inn of considerable antiquity, entries having been made in the stewards' books as early as the time of Henry V.

On the same, or northern side of the Strand, a little further towards Temple Bar, and immediately beyond St. Clement's Church, is a row of houses named Pickett Street. This was formerly called Butcher Row, which, in 1790, is described as a dirty place, composed of wretched fabrics and narrow passages, undeserving of the name of streets. The houses overhung their foundations, the receptacles of dirt and disease, and the bane of London. Alderman Pickett projected improvement, by which all these houses were removed, and the new street built upon their site was appropriately named after him. While this improvement was in progress in 1802, the workmen who were constructing the sewers to the eastward of St. Clement's Church, discovered an ancient stone bridge of one arch, about eleven feet in length. It was covered, several feet in depth, by rubbish and soil, and found to be of great strength in the construction. A doubt arises whether this was the 'Pons Novi Templi,' or Bridge of the New Temple, passed by the lords and others who attended Parliament at Westminster, after going out of the city



to this place by water, which, wanting repair, Edward III. called upon the Knights Templars to effect, or an arch turned over a gully or ditch, when the road, now the street termed the Strand, was a continued scene of filth.

Clifton's eating-house in Butcher Row was the resort of Dr. Johnson, as we learn from the minute Boswell. "Happening to dine," says Mr. Boswell, "at 'Clifton's Eating House' in Butcher Row, I was surprised to see Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be peculiarly unsocial, as there is no ordinary or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, sir, (said Johnson,) it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed amongst naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said, is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions, upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius.'"

It was in returning from an eating-house or tavern in Butcher Row that Nathaniel Lee, commonly known as the mad poet, met his death. He was going to his lodgings in Duke Street from the "Bear and Harrow," when, having taken too much wine, he stumbled and was stifled in the snow. This man's madness was chiefly, if not entirely, brought on by his beastly intemperance; and he was long confined in Bedlam, where he wrote a play in twenty-five acts. He was only in his thirty-fifth year when he died in this melancholy manner, and he was buried in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Clement's.

Through the gateway in Pickett Street are Shire Lane and New Court, the latter well known for an Independent Meeting-house, where the celebrated Daniel Burgess used to hold forth in the days of the Revolution and Restoration. Of Daniel many

stories have been told, of the same texture as those which are now circulated with regard to Whitfield, Rowland Hill, and others. To him is attributed a facetious sermon upon the text taken from Job, in which he speaks of "a robe of righteousness." "If," said the preacher, "any of you would have a suit for a twelvemonth, let him repair to Monmouth Street; if for his lifetime, let him apply to the Court of Chancery; and if for all eternity, let him put on the robe of righteousness." His chapel was burnt by the mob during the riots in Sacheverel's time. Bradbury and Winter, almost as celebrated in their day as Burgess was in his, were successors at his chapel.

Returning again to the Strand, we must retrace our steps westward, and notice the various streets leading down to the river, of which the names are Surrey Street, Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, Essex Street, Milford Lane; and Howard Street, which intersects them, running for a short distance parallel with the Thames and the Strand.

To the eastward of Somerset House, where the various streets just mentioned are situated, stood Bath's Inn, or, as it was sometimes called, Hampton Place, the town residence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. During the time of Edward VI., when the Seymours were all-powerful in England, this palace was taken possession of by one of the family, the Lord Thomas Seymour, High Admiral, from whom it received the name of Seymour Place. This ambitious nobleman married Henry VIII.'s widow, Catherine Parr, and she dying in childbed, he made advances to the Princess Elizabeth, then in her 16th year. "The latter," says Hume, "whom even the hurry of business and the pursuits of ambition could not, in her more advanced years, disengage entirely from the tender passion, seems to have listened to the insinuations of this man, who possessed every talent proper to captivate the affections of the fair." The Princess Elizabeth had lived for some months in this house, under his protection and that of her mother-in-law, Catherine Parr, and the enemies of Lord Seymour accused him of a design upon the hand of the Princess long before his own wife's death. It appears, indeed, from Burleigh's "State Papers," that the handsome and intriguing nobleman was fond of romping with this young girl in his wife's absence, and that Elizabeth was far from displeased at his attentions. He used to go to her bedroom before she was up, and when she heard him coming, "she run out of her bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtains of her bed." At Hanworth also he romped with her in the garden, and cut her

gown in a hundred pieces. It was also noticed of Elizabeth, that she always blushed modestly whenever the Lord Thomas was spoken of. But Elizabeth's consent to their marriage was not sufficient; for Henry VIII. had excluded his daughters from the succession, if they married without the consent of his executors. This Lord Seymour could not hope to obtain, and his ambition leading him to more violent measures, he finally perished on the scaffold, as is well known to all the readers of English history. His death seems to have been as unquiet as his life, for "he dyed," to use the words of Bishop Latimer, "very daungerouslye, yrksomelye, and horriblye."

After his death, the house became the property of the Howards, Earls of Arundel, and took the name of Arundel Palace. In this house, it appears from the parish register of Chelsea, extracted by Mr. Lyson, in his "Environs of London," died, on the 25th of February, 1603, the Countess of Nottingham, who was buried at Chelsea three days afterwards. Her death brings to recollection another romantic story of Queen Elizabeth, for this was the lady who withheld from the Queen the ring she had given to her unhappy favourite, Essex. The following is the story as related by Dr. Bird, and inserted in the "Memoirs of the Peers of England during the Reign of James I." The Countess was related by marriage to the Howard family, which accounts for her dying in their palace:—

"The following curious story," says Dr. Bird, "was frequently told by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, great granddaughter of Sir Robert Cary, brother of Lady Nottingham, and afterwards Earl of Monmouth, whose curious memoirs of himself were published a few years ago by Lord Corke:—'When Catherine, Countess of Nottingham, was dying (as she did according to his lordship's own account, about a fortnight before Queen Elizabeth), she sent to her Majesty to desire that she might see her, in order to reveal something to her Majesty, without the discovery of which she could not die in peace. Upon the queen's coming, Lady Nottingham told her, that, while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of asking her Majesty's mercy, in the manner prescribed by herself, during the height of his favour; the queen having given him a ring, which being sent to her as a token of his distress, might entitle him to her protection. But the Earl, jealous of those about him, and not caring to trust any of them with it, as he was looking out of his window one morning, saw a boy, with whose appearance he was pleased, and engaged him by money and promises, directed him

to carry the ring, which he took from his finger and threw down, to Lady Scroope, a sister of the Countess of Nottingham, and a friend of his lordship, who attended upon the queen, and to beg of her that she would present it to her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, the admiral, an enemy to Lord Essex, in order to take his advice. The admiral forbid her to carry it, or return any answer to the message; but insisted upon her keeping the ring. The Countess of Nottingham having made this discovery, begged the queen's forgiveness: but her Majesty answered, '*God may forgive you, but I never can!*' and left the room with great emotion. Her mind was so struck with the story, that she never went into bed, nor took any sustenance from that instant, for Camden is of opinion, that her chief reason for suffering the Earl to be executed, was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy.'"

In this house lodged the Duke de Sully, then Marquis of Rosny, when he was sent over ambassador from Henry IV. to James I. Sully, who was somewhat neglected by the master of the ceremonies on his first arrival, was too well bred to complain, and with a philosophy which did him credit, appeared determined to make the best of everything. He describes the house in his "Memoirs," as one of the finest and most commodious of any in London, from the great number of apartments on the same floor; but the prints of it represent it as a rather mean and low building, commanding, however, a very fine view of the river and Westminster. Dr. Hughson says, "To any one who remembers the structure of these old houses, it will appear difficult to conceive how the ambassador and representative of Henry IV. could in those days of state and splendour, be, even for a short period, accommodated in this place. Its interior (for I witnessed its demolition) consisted of small, incommodious rooms, four, nay six or eight upon a floor; a well-staircase running up the middle in the rudest style, lighted by a skylight which only diffused a darkness visible over the upper stories, while the lower were, as Dr. Johnson says, totally adumbrated. The ceilings were low, traversed by large unwrought beams in different directions, and *lighted*, if that phrase could with propriety be applied, by small casement-windows; yet here we find that Gallic complaisance induced the Marquis to reside without murmuring."\* There seems to be some mistake here, for the princely

\* Note in Moser's "Account of Butcher Row."



Lord Seymour of Sudeley, when his brother the Duke was building so fine a house next door to him, would never have been content with an edifice such as this description would lead us to believe it was; neither would James I., whose desire it was to treat Sully with the greatest respect and consideration, have lodged him in a mean building. The fact is, that this description applies to a house in Butcher Row, occupied by Count Beaumont, the French ambassador, where Sully slept for one night only, and not to Arundel Palace, which stood on the opposite side of the way, further down towards the river, and was demolished long before the time either of Dr. Hughson or Mr. Moser. It was not in a house with such low miserable rooms that a few years after Sully's time the magnificent Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, would have resided, or where he would have placed his fine collection of marbles, some of which are still to be seen at Oxford, and bear his name. Clarendon, who was no friend of the Earl, thus describes the house and its owner:—

“The Earl,” says he, “seemed to live, as it were, in another nation, his house being a place to which all people resorted, who resorted to no other place; strangers, or such as affected to look like strangers, and dressed themselves accordingly. He was willing to be thought a scholar, and to understand the most mysterious parts of antiquity, because he made a wonderful and costly purchase of excellent statues whilst in Italy and in Rome, (some whereof he could never obtain permission to remove out of Rome, though he had paid for them,) and had a rare collection of medals. As to all parts of learning, he was almost illiterate, and thought no other part of history so considerable as what related to his own family, in which, no doubt, there had been some very memorable persons. It cannot be denied that he had in his own person, in his aspect and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in pictures of the most considerable men: all which drew the eyes of most, and the reverence of many, towards him, as the image and representative of the ancient nobility, and native gravity of the nobles, when they had been most venerable; but this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity and delights, which indeed were very despicable and childish.”

Arundel House, after the great fire of 1666, became, as we have already mentioned, the temporary lodging of the Royal

Society, whither they were invited by the then owner, the Duke of Norfolk, into whose possession it had come by succession. It was inhabited by that family, and called Norfolk House, till near the close of the seventeenth century, when it was pulled down, and the site laid out into Norfolk, Howard, Surrey, and Arundel Streets. It was originally intended to build a more magnificent house for the Duke of Norfolk upon the spot, or, at least, upon the part of the property adjoining the river; but, although an Act of Parliament for the purpose was applied for and obtained, the design was abandoned.

In the Strand, between Arundel and Norfolk Streets, in the year 1698, lived Sir Thomas Lyttleton, speaker of the House of Commons. Next door to him lived the father of Bishop Burnet. "This house," says Dr. Hughson, writing in 1810, "continued in the Burnet family till within memory, being possessed by a bookseller of the same name,—a collateral descendant from the bishop." At the south-west corner of Norfolk Street, the celebrated Quaker Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, had lodgings; and in the same street, Dr. Brocklesby, the physician, the friend of Burke and Dr. Johnson, resided for more than thirty years. In Norfolk Street, also, lived Mountford, the player; and in Howard Street, the once popular and engaging Mrs. Bracegirdle. The street opposite her house was the scene of a melancholy event, of which her beauty, acting upon another's madness, was the principal cause. Mrs. Bracegirdle was one of the most fascinating women of her age, and half the fashionable young men of that day were, or pretended to be, in love with her. Colley Cibber says, it was a kind of fashion among them to avow a tenderness for her. Rowe, in an "Imitation of Horace," book 2, ode 4, addressed to the Earl of Scarsdale, alludes to the passion for her, which that nobleman took no pains to conceal, and in a tone of banter advises him to marry her, (although he had a wife living,) and set the town at defiance.

Among others who were smitten with her charms was a half-cracked fellow, of the name of Hill, a captain in the army, a man about town, a drunkard, and companion of bullies and profligates. One of her favourite parts was Statira, in which she always gained much applause; and her lover, Alexander, was performed by her friend and neighbour Mountford, who was generally as much applauded in his part, as she was in hers. In Alexander, as performed by Mountford, were to be seen, says Cibber, "the great, the tender, the penitent, the despairing, the transported,

and the amiable, in the highest perfection ; and if anything could excuse that desperate extravagance of love, that almost frantic passion, it was the Statira of Mrs. Bracegirdle." This Captain Hill imagined that this fictitious love was real ; and having made proposals to the lady, which she had rejected on account of his bad character, he nourished the fiercest jealousy against Mountford, whom he supposed to be his rival, and swore, with many bitter oaths, that he would be revenged upon him. One night, when this play had been performed, the mimic passion of the pair so penetrated his soul that he could not rest, and he resolved to carry off the lady.

The infamous duellist, Lord Mohun, to whom he communicated his design, agreed to assist him in it. Upon the night appointed, they dined together ; and, having changed clothes, went to Drury Lane Theatre at six o'clock, where the desperate lover expected to feast his eyes upon the beauty of Mrs. Bracegirdle. It appears, however, that she was not to perform that night ; so, taking a coach, they drove to her lodgings, in Howard Street. Here they found that she had gone out to supper, to the house of a Mr. Page, in Princes Street, Drury Lane. Thither, accordingly, they drove, without loss of time, and waited patiently till she came out. She appeared, at last, at the street door, with her mother and brother, Mr. Page lighting them out. Hill immediately seized her, and endeavoured, with the aid of some ruffians whom he had hired for the purpose, to place her in the coach, where Lord Mohun sat, with a loaded pistol in each hand. Old Mrs. Bracegirdle screamed, and threw her arms around her daughter's waist ; her brother and Mr. Page rushed to the rescue ; and a crowd assembling, Hill was forced to let go his hold, and decamp as fast as he was able. Mrs. Bracegirdle and her friends then proceeded to her lodgings, in Howard Street, Captain Hill and Lord Mohun following shortly afterwards on foot ; they knocked at the door with the intention, it is said, of begging pardon of Mrs. Bracegirdle for the outrage upon her ; but the people inside refused to open it ; upon which, Hill and Mohun, half mad with drink, sent to a neighbouring tavern for a bottle of wine, which they drunk in the street, and then began to perambulate before the door, with drawn swords in their hands. Mrs. Brown, the landlady of the house, being greatly alarmed, sent out to know what they meant by such conduct, when they said, they were waiting for Mountford, the actor, and whenever they met with him they would have revenge. Messengers were immediately

despatched to Mountford's house close by ; and he not being at home, his wife in great alarm sent to all his usual places of resort, but, unfortunately for him, he was not to be found. The watch were also sent for, and questioned Hill and Lord Mohun, and begged them to depart peaceably. The watch, it is to be supposed, were discreet men, and did not like to get into a fight with two such desperate-looking bullies, so they spoke them fair, and learned from Lord Mohun, who was very civil, that "he was a peer of the realm ; that he had been drinking a bottle of wine ; but that he was ready to put up his sword, if they particularly desired it." The watch, with proper respect to this "peer of the realm," asked if his friend would not put up his sword also ; but Mohun replied, that his friend could not do so, as he had lost the scabbard of it. The watchmen, still prudent and cautious with such dangerous customers,—peers both of them, for all they knew,—went to the tavern where the wine had been procured, to make further inquiries about them, leaving the bullies to themselves. In the meantime, the unhappy Mountford, suspecting no evil, passed down the street, on his way home ; and Mrs. Brown, the landlady, who had been anxiously waiting all the while at her window, rushed out to warn him of his danger. Not understanding her, he continued his course down the street, and coming up with the bullies, the following conversation took place, according to the testimony of a female servant who lived next door, and who heard the whole proceedings.

Lord Mohun spoke first, and embracing Mr. Mountford, said, "Mr. Mountford, your humble servant : I am glad to see you."

"Who is this ?—Lord Mohun ?" said Mountford.

"Yes it is," said his lordship.

"What brings your lordship here at this time of night ?"

Lord Mohun answered the query by another, and said, "I suppose you were sent for, Mr. Mountford ?"

"No, indeed," replied he, "I came by chance."

"Have you not heard of the business of Mrs. Bracegirdle ?"

"Pray, my lord," said Hill, breaking silence for the first time, "hold your tongue. This is not a convenient time to discuss this business."

The servant, who repeated this conversation at the trial, added to this, that Hill seemed desirous to go away, and pulled Lord Mohun, as if he were anxious to proceed no further ; but that Mountford, taking no notice of Hill, continued his conversation



with Lord Mohun, and said he was sorry to see him assisting Captain Hill in such an evil action as that, and desiring him to forbear.

Hill immediately struck him a box on the ear, and upon Mountford demanding, with an oath, what that was for, attacked him sword in hand. Mountford drew in self-defence, but was run through the body before he had time to strike a blow. He died of his wound the next day, declaring, with his last breath, that Lord Mohun offered him no violence, but that Hill struck him with his left hand, and then stabbed him before he had time to draw his sword. Hill fled from justice, but Lord Mohun was taken into custody, and tried for the murder. He was acquitted, however, for want of evidence. It is not known what became of Hill, but the end of the bloodthirsty duellist Mohun is notorious.

Congreve, who was a frequent guest at Mrs. Bracegirdle's, was her neighbour also, and lived for many years in Surrey Street. He first of all lived in Howard Street, but he quitted that house for a better one in Surrey Street, when he first became acquainted with the Duchess of Marlborough. Voltaire, on his arrival in England, anxious to see Congreve, whose works he very much admired, paid him a visit. Let Voltaire himself relate the circumstance. "At our interview," says he, "Congreve spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him, and hinted to me in our first conversation that I should visit him upon no other footing than upon that of a gentleman, who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, *that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman* I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity." Congreve died at this house on the 28th of January, 1728-9, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In relation to a house in Norfolk Street, the following paragraph appears in No. 411 of "The Postman" for January 13, 1698:—"On Monday night the Czar of Muscovy arrived from Holland, and went directly to the house prepared for him in Norfolk Street, near the water-side." He was visited here on the following day by King William, and afterwards by the principal nobility, and indeed by such a host of persons that he was quite incommoded. The following appeared in No. 424 of "The Postman":—"The Czar of Muscovy being too much crowded with visits in town, has taken that which was Admiral Benbow's house at Deptford, that he may live more retiredly." The house here alluded to was Saye's Place, where the Victualling Office

now stands, and belonged to the celebrated John Evelyn. An account of the Czar's doings here is to be found in "The Thames and its Tributaries."

Eastward, nearer to Temple Bar, is Essex Street, which derives its name from the unhappy Earl, the last favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Formerly a portion of the Temple, called the Outer Temple, extended over this ground, which, in the reign of Edward II., became the property of Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, and Lord Treasurer of England. Here he built a town residence for the bishops of that see. In the sanguinary troubles that signalized this reign, the Bishop of Exeter was firm to the King's cause against the Barons. The city of London embraced the contrary side, and the bishop having been appointed *custos* of the city, demanded the keys from the Lord Mayor, Hammond Chickwell, that he might prevent the entrance of any troops which the Barons might send to aid the Revolution. The populace, hearing of the circumstance, arose, and, fearful that the Lord Mayor would obey the mandate, proceeded in a body to his residence, where they seized his person, and took away the keys. They then went to the bishop's newly-erected house in the Strand, which they sacked and destroyed. The bishop, on the first alarm, mounted his horse and endeavoured to escape. He got safely through Temple Bar, but was pursued by the mob, and overtaken at the northern entrance to St. Paul's, in which he was desirous of finding sanctuary. He was pulled off his horse, and dragged through the mire of the street to Cheapside, where, after a mock trial in the open air, that lasted but a few minutes, he was declared an enemy to the people and the country, and sentenced to be beheaded. The sentence was carried into effect immediately; one of the mob undertook the office of executioner, and the head of the luckless prelate was smitten from his body at one blow, and paraded round the city on the point of a spear. His brother, and one of his domestics, who had been seized by the mob before they sacked the house in the Strand, shared a similar fate; and their bleeding and naked bodies were ignominiously thrown, without burial, into a heap of rubbish on the banks of the Thames.

Exeter Place, as it was called, was shortly afterwards rebuilt, and continued to be the town residence of the bishops of that see until the reign of Henry VIII. But this was a house of troubles; and, with the exception of the bishops, after Walter Stapleton, almost every one of its owners died a violent death. Lord Paget, its possessor in the reigns of Henry VIII. and

Edward VI., and from whom it took the name of Paget House, had a narrow escape of losing his life by the hands of the executioner. This nobleman, who, as Sir William Paget, had filled various public offices in the reign of Henry, and fought at Boulogne, with great credit, under the command of the poetic Earl of Surrey, was destined to higher honours in the reign of his successor. He (being still a commoner) negotiated a peace between France and England, and was sent Ambassador to the Court of Charles V. After his return, he was rewarded for his services with the Garter, made Comptroller of the Royal Household, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall; and was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Paget of Beaudesert. The Protector Somerset, who was the great source of his honours, fell, and Lord Paget fell with him. He was accused of having conspired with the Duke to invite several noblemen to Paget House, with the design of having them assassinated; and upon this charge he was committed to the Tower. He was kept for many months a prisoner; and although his innocence was made apparent by the trial of Somerset, he was formally degraded from the order of the Garter, upon pretence that he was not a gentleman by blood, and then set at liberty. Queen Mary, however—for he was a good Catholic and had shown his zeal—restored him to all his honours, employed him as an ambassador, and bestowed upon him the office of Lord Privy Seal.

The next occupier of this house was Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, son of the chivalrous, ill-fated, and poetic Earl of Surrey, executed by Henry VIII., and destined to a life almost as romantic, and quite as ill-fated, as that of his father. From him this building, which is described at this time as being very magnificent, took the name of Norfolk House. His ambition, and its sad result, are well known. For a design to espouse Mary Queen of Scots he was tried for high treason by the advisers of Elizabeth. The charges against him were,—“that he had entered into a treasonable conspiracy for deposing the Queen, taking away her life, and invading her kingdom, by bringing in a foreign power; that though he knew for certain that Mary, late Queen of Scots, had usurped the crown, the title, and the arms of England, he had treated about a marriage with her, without acquainting the Queen, and had lent her a sum of money, contrary to what he had promised under his hand; that though he was sure that the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and others, had raised a rebellion against the Queen, and were driven into Scotland, yet he had supplied them

with money; that he had, by his letters, craved aid from the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Alva, to set the Queen of Scots at liberty, and to restore the Popish religion in England." Upon these charges he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered. When in the Tower, a few days prior to his execution, he wrote several affecting letters to his son Philip, bidding him worship God, and beware of ambition; and if he valued happiness, to avoid Courts altogether, "Except," said the dying father, "it be to do your prince a service, and that, as near as you can, in the meanest degree, for this place hath no certainty; either a man, by following thereof, hath too much worldly pomp, which in the end throws him down headlong, or else he liveth there unsatisfied, either that he cannot attain to himself that he would, or else that he cannot do for his friends as his heart desireth." The unhappy young man did not inherit his father's honours; he preserved his title of Earl of Arundel, which he had borne by courtesy during his father's lifetime, and was, like him, committed to the Tower upon various charges which were never proved, where he died, after a dreary imprisonment of ten years.

Norfolk House then became the residence of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the princely owner of Kenilworth, at that time basking in the sunshine of royal favour, and once more changed its name. By him it was bequeathed by will to his son-in-law, the unhappy Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the last favourite of Elizabeth. It was now called Essex House, and became more celebrated than ever it was before. While still in the occupation of the Earl of Leicester, we should not forget to mention, that the author of "The Fairy Queen" was a frequent visitor there, and that his visits did not altogether cease when the house came into new hands, for both these noblemen were warm friends of genius; and Essex himself was a poet of no mean order, or, rather, he might have been, if the cares of state and the turmoil of ambition had left him leisure for the cultivation of the muse. Spenser dedicated his pretty poem of "Virgil's Gnat" to the Earl of Leicester; and in his "Prothalamion, or spousal verses on the marriages of the Ladies Elizabeth and Catherine Somerset," he recalls to the mind of Essex the benefits which he, the poet, had received from his predecessor, and hints that he is still in a state when such benefits would be useful to him. The hint was not lost upon Essex.

It was in this house that the high-spirited, hot-blooded, and ambitious Earl shut himself up, after he had received the box on



the ear from Queen Elizabeth. That hasty blow and its results led to his ruin. He might have curbed his pride a little, when he reflected that it was but a woman's hand that inflicted it; and if, instead of resenting it as he did, he had affected to consider it as a proof that he was not altogether indifferent to her, his fate would not have been so tragical in its conclusion as it was. In fact, it showed Elizabeth's tender regard for the man; and, great as her anger might have been against any other lord of her council, against Burleigh, Egerton, or Sir Walter Raleigh, or any other whom she respected, but did not love, she would never have forgotten herself, or lost sight of the dignity of the Queen in the petulance of the woman. But Essex did not feel that tenderness for her that she felt for him; and clapping his hand to his sword, he swore that he would not bear such usage, were it from Henry VIII. himself. He then hastily retired from Court to Essex House, where he shut himself up for some days, refusing to see any but his most intimate friends. Sir Thomas Egerton, the Chancellor, wrote to him to make proper submission, but Essex stoutly refused. "If the vilest of all indignities is done me," he wrote to the Chancellor in reply, "does religion enforce me to sue for pardon? Doth God require it? Is it not impiety to do it? Why? Cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, my lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their price of princes show no sense of princes' injuries. As for me, I have received wrong—I feel it. My cause is good—I know it. And whatsoever happens, all the powers on earth can never exert more strength and constancy in oppressing, than I can show in suffering, everything that can or shall be imposed upon me." When this letter, containing many as noble passages as the foregoing, was shown to Elizabeth, she had good sense enough to perceive the fine manly feeling that pervaded it, and perhaps loved Essex all the more for his independence and scorn of flattery. He was soon drawn from his retirement in the Strand, reinstated in all his former favour, and sent as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His discontent and impatience while in Ireland are well known. He neither liked the service on which he was employed, nor the absence from Court which it occasioned. He was afraid that his enemies at home were endeavouring to supplant him, and in all his letters to Elizabeth at this time he expressed a dissatisfaction, which to her seemed anything but loyal. When prose would not do to convince the under-

standing of the sovereign, he tried verse, to work upon the sensibility of the woman ; and he concluded one letter, in which he had called Ireland " the cursedest of all islands," by the following rhymes, which must have given his royal mistress but a poor opinion of his discretion. After wishing that he could live like a hermit for the remainder of his days, he says,—

" From all society, from love and hate  
Of worldly folk ; then should he sleep secure.  
Then wake again, and yield God every praise,  
Content with hips and hawes, and bramble-berry ;  
In contemplation parting out his days,  
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry.  
Who when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,  
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.  
" Your Majesty's exiled servant,  
" ROBERT ESSEX."

His sudden return from his government was a grievous error on his part. It is always dangerous to play the lover with an old woman ; and so Essex found it to his cost. On his arrival in London he, without stopping at his own house, hastened to the palace before any one knew of his return, and, besmeared with dirt and sweat from hard riding, forced his way into Her Majesty's bedchamber. The Queen had just arisen, and was sitting with her hair about her face. Essex fell on his knees, kissed her hand, and was so well received, that he flattered himself he had made a master-stroke of policy. He was dismissed for that morning, and went to his own house with a light heart. On his return to the palace in the afternoon, he found things had altered, and he was ordered into the custody of the Lord Keeper, and prevented from returning to his countess, although she was in daily expectation of her accouchement. He remained for upwards of six months in custody in the Lord Keeper's house, during which period he fell dangerously ill ; so dangerously, that the Queen was alarmed, and sent no less than eight physicians to him, and also a message that she would visit him herself if it were consistent with her honour. Upon his recovery he was allowed to retire to his own house ; Elizabeth declaring, in the presence of those who she knew would repeat the matter to Essex, " that all she did or designed to do against him was for his reformation, and not his ruin." Sir Richard Berkeley was installed in his house by the Queen as his nominal goaler ; and Essex, showing great humiliation and contrition, was ultimately relieved of this indignity, and left with no other restraint than

that he should not appear at Court or approach Her Majesty's person.

Essex sent her a letter of thanks. "This further degree of goodness," saith he, "doth sound in my ears as if your Majesty spake these words, 'Die not, Essex, for though I punish thine offences, and humble thee for thy good, yet will I one day be served again by thee.' My prostrate soul makes this answer, 'I hope for that blessed day.' And, in expectation of it, all my afflictions of body and mind are humbly, patiently, and cheerfully borne by me." "The Countess of Essex," says Hume, "daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, possessed, as well as her husband, a refined taste in literature; and the chief consolation which Essex enjoyed during this period of anxiety and expectation, consisted in her company, and in reading with her those instructive and entertaining authors, which, even during the time of his greatest prosperity, he had never entirely neglected.

Essex remained but for a short time at his house in the Strand, thinking it better for his health and peace of mind to retire into the country with his countess. Before his departure he charged Lord Henry Howard to inform the Queen, "that he kissed her hands and the rod she had used in correcting him; but could never regain his usual cheerfulness till he was vouchsafed an admission to that presence which had always influenced his happiness, and in which he was sufficiently blessed as long as he moved within its sphere. He had now resolved to make amends for his error, and to say, with Nebuchadnezzar, 'Let my dwelling be with the beasts of the field, to eat grass as an ox, and to be wet with the dew of heaven,' till it shall please her to restore my understanding to me." The Queen, when this was reported to her, replied, "That she heartily wished his actions might accord with his expressions. But," she added, "all is not gold that glitters; and if the furnace of affliction produce such effects, I shall hereafter have the better opinion of my chemistry."

But the patience of Essex could not endure for ever. He had too many enemies at Court, who were continually exasperating the Queen against him, and when he applied for the renewal of a patent office which he held, it was not only denied, but an insulting expression was added, "that an ungovernable beast should be stinted in his provender, that he might be the better managed," Essex at last threw off all restraint; and, trusting to his popularity among the people of London, which had been for some time daily increasing, returned to Essex House, ready for the most desperate enterprises. He gave sumptuous entertainments

daily to men of all parties, but courted chiefly the Catholics and the Puritans, until he discovered which of the two would be most flattered by his adhesion, and most likely to do him service in return. He finally attached himself to the Puritans, then a daily-increasing sect. "He engaged," says Hume, "the most celebrated preachers to resort to Essex House. He had daily prayers and sermons in his family, and invited all the zealots in London to attend these pious exercises; for such was the disposition now beginning to prevail among the English, that instead of feasting and public festivals—the methods anciently practised to gain the populace—nothing so effectually ingratiated an ambitious leader with the public as these fanatical entertainments." In these designs he was aided, if he were not instigated, by Meyrick, his steward, and Cuffe, his secretary, by whose manœuvres with the people and persuasion with Essex, the popularity and discontent of the Earl increased daily. A man so pettish and yet so open-hearted as Essex, was not the fittest to succeed in treason. His mind was upon his tongue, and he spoke it freely on all occasions. Every word was reported to Elizabeth, who had her spies in his household; but that which gave her more offence than all was, that he should have said that "her mind was as crooked as her body." This was a double insult, and its very truth in one sense but rendered it the more intolerable to the beauty of nearly threescore and ten. He also made overtures to the King of Scots, which, however, Elizabeth did not know at the time, or in all probability his career would have been much sooner brought to a termination. Finally, in 1601, eaten up with ambition, smarting under the sense of wrong, that usually exasperates a discarded favourite, and impelled onwards by designing men, he formed his grand project for an overthrow of the Government. A council of malcontents in the Earl's confidence was formed, who met frequently at Drury House, on the other side of the Strand, in order that, should intelligence of their meeting get abroad, the suspicion should not be directed against Essex. The principal persons engaged besides Essex were, the Earl of Southampton (Shakspeare's friend), Sir Ferdinand Gorges, Sir Christopher Blount, Sir John Davies, John Littleton, and Sir John Davers, the latter being at that time owner of Drury House. The project at last determined upon by Essex, in conjunction with these associates, was to seize upon the palace, and force the Queen to dismiss all her advisers. It was resolved that Sir Christopher Blount should attack the palace-gates with a body of picked men; that Sir John Davies should occupy the hall with



another detachment ; that Sir John Davers should obtain possession of the guard and presence-chamber ; and that Essex himself, with the main body of his adherents, should rush in upon the Queen's apartments ; which done, he would entreat her upon his bended knees, and with every manifestation of respect and loyalty, to remove his enemies from Court, call another parliament, and by common consent settle a new plan of government.

The Queen, who had some suspicion of their plans, despatched Sir Robert Saville to discover whether there were any unusual concourse of people daily at Essex House ; and he obtained admittance upon the pretence of a friendly visit. In consequence of his report to the Queen, whatever it was, Essex received a summons to appear before the Privy Council. He excused himself on the plea of indisposition, and immediately assembled all his principal adherents to deliberate on what was now to be done. This was on the 7th of February ; and as affairs had now come to a crisis, it was determined to risk all, or perish in the attempt. The idea of seizing the palace was abandoned as impracticable, and Elizabeth, as if she had been fully informed of all their designs, had doubled all her guards. It was therefore resolved, as the only alternative, to arouse the people, Essex fondly imagining that his voice, if he called upon them, would bring them in their thousands and tens of thousands to support his cause. On the following day, the Earls of Southampton and Rutland, the Lords Sandys and Mounteagle, with about three hundred gentlemen of inferior degree, assembled at Essex House. One of them, Sir Ferdinand Gorges, proving false to his accomplices, took care to inform Elizabeth of their proceedings by intelligence secretly conveyed to Sir Walter Raleigh. While they deliberated, measures were taken to apprise the Lord Mayor of the attempt about to be made upon the city, and the Lord Keeper Egerton, together with the Earl of Worcester, Sir William Knollys, and Lord Chief Justice Popham, with a retinue, were despatched to Essex House to learn the cause of their assembling. They were admitted to the house one by one through a wicket, but their attendants were excluded. "After some altercation," says Hume, "in which they charged Essex's retainers upon their allegiance to lay down their arms, and were menaced in their turn by the angry multitude who surrounded them, the Earl, who found that matters were past recal, resolved to leave them prisoners in his house, and to proceed to the execution of his former project." He accordingly communicated this design to his friends, and it being approved by them, the Lord Keeper, and the Chief Justice, and

the rest who accompanied them, were shut up in a room, while Essex and his friends, to the number of about two hundred, armed only with their walking-swords, sallied forth to arouse the people. Temple Bar was opened for him, and he was joined in his progress by the Earl of Bedford and Lord Cromwell, and some others. The citizens gathered around in great numbers, more from surprise and curiosity than for any other motive, as Essex soon discovered to his sorrow.

In vain he exhorted them to take up arms. The crowd, which first was only curious, grew every moment more hostile, until Essex, hearing that he had been publicly proclaimed a traitor at Westminster, determined to retreat and seek for safety in his own house. He turned back for that purpose, but found that the streets had been barricadoed against him by the citizens, and a strong company under the command of Sir John Levison. He attempted, however, to force his way; and in the skirmish which ensued, Tracy, a young man to whom he bore great friendship, was killed. The Earl then struck suddenly down into one of the narrow passages leading from Fleet Street to the river, at the bottom of which he and several of his company procured boats, and rowed themselves to Essex House, the garden of which abutted upon the Thames. On their arrival they found that Sir Ferdinand Gorges had set their prisoners at liberty, and had accompanied them to Court. Essex, reduced to despair, now determined to fortify his house, and hold out to the last extremity. He stood a siege of four hours, and then surrendered at discretion. The night being very dark, and the tide not serving to pass the cumbrous and dangerous bridge to the Tower, Essex and Lord Southampton were conveyed up the river in a boat to Lambeth Palace, where they passed the night. On the following morning they were conducted to the Tower, together with the Earl of Rutland, Lords Sandys, Cromwell, and Mounteagle, Sir John Davers, and Sir Henry Bromley. Others, prisoners of inferior note, were conveyed to Newgate.

Ten days afterwards, Essex and Southampton were brought to trial, and found guilty of high treason. Southampton threw himself upon the Queen's mercy, protesting that he had never harboured a thought of evil against his Prince; that all he had done was purely owing to his affection for the Earl of Essex; and that his going into the city was with no other design than to facilitate the access of Essex to the Queen, that he might make a personal complaint of the wrongs that were done him. He declared, moreover, that he had never drawn his sword on the

occasion, and that he had hindered, as much as in him lay, the firing of any shot from Essex House.

Essex begged with great eloquence for the life of his friend, but declared that for himself he had no boon to ask. He protested, however, that he never had any evil intentions against the Queen; that he was a good subject, and a true friend to the kingdom. Lest even this should be construed into a prayer for mercy, he begged the Lords to understand that he said this much, not to preserve a life of which he was heartily weary, but purely for the sake of his friends, whose affection for him had led them into this peril.

The Lord High Steward passed sentence of death upon them both, and advised Essex to implore the Queen's mercy. When the sentence was given that he should be beheaded and quartered, Essex said, in a serious tone, "If Her Majesty had pleased, this body of mine might have done her better service,—however, I shall be glad if it prove serviceable to her any way."

The struggle in Elizabeth's breast on the condemnation of her favourite is well known. During the six days that he lived after his condemnation "she felt," to use the language of Hume, "a perpetual combat between resentment and inclination, pride and compassion, the care of her own safety, and concern for her favourite; and her situation during this interval was perhaps more an object of pity, than that to which Essex himself was reduced." If the Earl would have asked for pardon, her proud heart would have been but too happy to have granted it; but he would not sue for it; and Elizabeth, with deep anguish—all the deeper and more poignant because she was compelled to conceal it—signed the warrant for his execution, and he died.

The affecting story of the ring withheld from the Queen, by the Countess of Nottingham, we have already related. Essex was only in his thirty-fourth year when he thus perished. He was the most popular nobleman of his day, and died universally regretted. Warton says of him, so popular was he during his bright, brief, troubled career, that he scarcely ever quitted England, or even the metropolis, on the most frivolous enterprise, without a pastoral or other song in his praise, which was sold and sung in the streets.

The Earl of Southampton was retained a close prisoner in the Tower until the accession of James I., when he was liberated. Sir Gilly Meyrick, the steward, and Henry Cuffe, the secretary of the Earl of Essex, were hanged and quartered at Tyburn, and Sir Charles Davers and Sir Christopher Blount were beheaded on

Tower Hill. Of the other conspirators, some were pardoned, and some were sentenced to fine and imprisonment, but none suffered capitally except those above-mentioned.

In Essex House was born that other Earl of Essex, as celebrated in the annals of England as his father. He had less romance in his composition than his luckless sire, and his life was all the happier for it. He was quite a child when his father died, and Lady Walsingham, his grandmother, took charge of his education. He had just entered his fourteenth year when he was betrothed to the Lady Frances Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, who was a year younger. The Earl travelled on the Continent for four years, and was married at Essex House shortly after his return. The lady, however, had formed another connexion during his absence, and refused to share his bed, and ultimately separated herself from him, to throw herself into the arms of the handsome Carr, Viscount Rochester, and afterwards Earl of Somerset. Their infamous career, and their participation in the wicked murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, are well known. Essex was too happy to be rid of such a woman, and a divorce took place upon a pretext and after a trial which are a disgrace to the age and to the Court and character of James I. The future career of Essex, as general of the Parliamentary army during the civil war, is too familiar to all readers of English history to need repetition. His death, during the time that Charles I. remained a prisoner with the Scottish army at Newcastle, was, says Hume, "a public misfortune. Fully sensible of the excesses to which affairs had been carried, and of the worse consequences which were still to be apprehended, he had resolved to conciliate a peace, and to remedy, as far as possible, all those ills to which, from mistaken, rather than any bad intentions, he had himself contributed. The Presbyterian, or the moderate party among the Commons, found themselves considerably weakened by his death, and the small remains of authority which still adhered to the House of Peers were, in a manner, wholly extinguished."

Essex House was occupied by men of rank till after the Restoration, when it fell to neglect and ruin, and was appropriated to various uses. The greater part of it was pulled down towards the close of the seventeenth century, and the present Essex Street, Devereux Court, and other neighbouring thoroughfares, laid out upon its site. The Unitarian chapel in Essex Street was formerly called Essex House, and is a part of the original building.

In Essex Street, Dr. Johnson, as the curious may see in Boswell, formed a club, the year before he died. It was held at



a tavern or public-house called the "Essex Head," kept by a man who had been a servant of Mr. Thrale. "The terms," said Johnson, writing to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and inviting him to become a member, "are lax, and the expenses light. We meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits twopence." Sir Joshua declined to become a member of an association so plebeian as to fine a man twopence;\* but the club prospered, nevertheless, and survived its founder.

In Devereux Court is the "Grecian Coffee-house," standing upon the site of a tavern of the same name, of which Sir Richard Steele makes mention in the "Tatler."

We now return again to the Strand, and are in sight of Temple Bar; but before proceeding in our next walk, we must take notice of some other matters of interest connected with this street, which we have omitted in our progress. In the Strand lived Dodsley, Tonson, and Miller, the celebrated booksellers, whose names are intimately connected with the literature of England. In connexion with the name of Tonson, we must not omit to mention the well-known Kit-Cat Club. This club derived its name from Christopher Cat, who kept the "Fountain Tavern" in the Strand, and who was celebrated for the excellence of his mutton-pies, and in whose house the club first met. The forty-two pictures presented by the members of this club to Tonson, the bookseller, were removed by him, in the beginning of the last century, to Barnes Elms, and placed near his house in a handsome room, lately standing on the grounds of Henry Hoare, Esq. It was lined with red cloth, and measured 40 feet in length, 20 in width, and 18 in height. At the death of Mr. Tonson, in 1736, they became the property of his great nephew, who died in 1767; they were then removed to Water Oakley, near Windsor, and afterwards to Mr. Baker's, at Hertingfordbury.

Relative to the withdrawal or expulsion of Jacob Tonson from the Kit-Cat Club, there is a curious hand-bill of the day, preserved in the collection of the King's Pamphlets, vol. xix., in the British Museum, a collection, by the way, which is little known, and seldom called for, but which contains matters that will repay the student of history who will take the trouble to examine them:—

\* The true reason was, that Barry, whom he hated, and perhaps envied, was one of the members.

### “ADVERTISEMENT.

“Whereas some persons have maliciously reported, that the famous bookseller was on Thursday, the 4th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1704, infamously expelled a certain society call’d the K—t C—t Club: and that the said bookseller, for his ill-timed freedom with some of the principal members, at the réading of a late satyr upon his parts and person, was beaten to an ungentleman-like degree, and is since clapt up in a mad-house. This is to certify, that the said bookseller did of his own free motion valiantly withdraw himself from the said society, in scorn of being their jest any longer; and that he was not beaten (whatever he had reason to fear) in his intellects, but at this very day walks the publick streets without a keeper, and to satisfy any gentleman’s curiosity, is still ready to talk as sensibly as ever.

“Subscribed

“Jurat. coiam me

“JACOB.

“Nosno T. loca J.

“There is now in the press, and will speedily be published, a POEM, call’d

“Jacob’s Revenge;

“Being a comical account of the grounds and reasons of the bookseller’s quitting the K—t C—t Club, to be sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.”

In the “New View of London,” published in 1708, it is mentioned as a remarkable circumstance attaching to the history of Prescott Street, Goodman’s Fields, that instead of signs, the houses were distinguished by numbers, as the staircases in the Inns of Court, and Chancery. The following advertisement, taken from newspapers a century and a half old, are interesting at this distance of time, as they show the shifts to which advertisers were reduced, to point out their houses to their customers, in the absence of numbers:—

“Doctor James Tilborgh, a German doctor, states that he liveth at present over against the New Exchange in Bedford St., at the sign of the ‘Peacock,’ where you shall see at night two candles burning within one of the chambers before the balcony; and a lanthorn with a candle in it upon the balcony: where he

may be spoke withal alone, from 8 in the morning till 10 at night."

The following is of the year 1699 :—

"Dr. Anderson's pills, sold by J. Inglis, now living at the 'Golden Unicorn,' over against the Maypole in the Strand."

The next is from the "Spectator" of the 29th of April, 1718, when numbers were becoming more common :—

"In George Street, in York Buildings in the Strand, the third house on the *right hand*, number 3 being over the door, may be had money lent, upon plate and jewels, at reasonable rates.

"Attendance from 8 o'clock in the morning till 2 in the afternoon."

## CHAPTER XV.

### FROM TEMPLE BAR TO BLACKFRIARS.

Temple Bar—Heads of the Scotch Stuart Adherents affixed to—Civic Ceremonies performed at—Fleet Street, memorabilia connected with; Wynkyn de Worde, Isaac Walton, Ben Jonson, and Dr. Johnson—The Devil Tavern—Celebrated coffee-houses in the neighbourhood—The Temple—Treasury of the Templars robbed—The Master of the Temple—Persecution of the Knights Templars—The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem—Lawyers first settled there—Depredations committed by Jack Cade's rioters—The Temple Gardens—Grand Chivalric entertainment in Queen Elizabeth's reign—Celebrated residents in the Temple—Boswell's introduction to Dr. Johnson—Witty lines on the Armorial Bearings of the Temple—The Round Church—Effigies of the Knights Templars there—Inner Temple Hall—Middle Temple Hall—King's Bench Walk.

TEMPLE BAR, at which we have now arrived, is the western limit of the city of London. In early times, the bounds at this place were marked by posts, rails, and a chain, and merely consisted of a bar and not a gate, whence, from its contiguity to the Temple, the name by which it has been so long known. Early in the seventeenth century, a wooden house was erected across the street, with a narrow gateway underneath, and an entrance on the south side to the house above. This was burned down in the great fire of 1666, when the present gate was erected by Sir Christopher Wren. It was begun in the year 1670, and finished in 1672. It has been several times in contemplation to have it pulled down; but a very general feeling in the city has opposed this proposition. People acknowledge

that it is not very ornamental, and that, moreover, it is in the way of the traffic: nevertheless, the gate has been spared. Temple Bar is built of Portland stone, and rusticated, having a large flattened arch in the centre for the carriage way, and a smaller arch at each side for foot passengers. Over the gateway is an apartment, with a semicircular arched window on the eastern and western sides, the whole being crowned with a sweeping pediment. On the western side, towards Westminster, are two niches, in which are placed statues of Charles I. and II. in Roman costume; and on the east or London side, are corresponding niches with statues of Queen Elizabeth and James I. The gate house is held of the City by the representatives of the very ancient firm of Childs', the bankers. Upon Temple Bar were affixed the heads of many unhappy persons, who suffered execution during the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745. One of the iron poles or spikes on which the heads were affixed, was only removed at the commencement of the present century. Nichols, in his "Literary Anecdotes," has the following passage, relating to the head of one councillor Layer, who was executed for high treason in 1723. The head it appears was blown off the spike many years afterwards during a violent storm. "When the head of Layer was blown off Temple Bar, it was picked up by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, Mr. John Pearce, an attorney, who showed it to some friends at a public-house, under the floor of which, I have been assured, it was buried. Dr. Rawlinson, meanwhile, having made inquiry after the head, with a wish to purchase it, was imposed on with another instead of Layer's, which he preserved as a valuable relic, and directed it to be buried in his right hand." Whether this odd wish of the antiquary were complied with, does not appear. It seems, however, that political feeling, as well as antiquarian, was at the bottom of it; for the doctor was a Jacobite.

Various ceremonies are performed at Temple Bar, whenever the Sovereign enters the City of London. The gate is shut, and permission to enter is asked of the lord mayor. Permission, of course, being granted, the gate is opened, and the lord mayor presents the keys of the city to the Sovereign, who returns them with many flattering expressions, that they cannot be in better hands. The last time this ceremony was performed was on the opening of the Royal Exchange in 1844, when Her Majesty partook of a collation with the civic authorities and the members of the Gresham Committee. The following ceremonies took place at this gate, on the proclamation of peace in 1802. The



gate having been shut, to show that the jurisdiction was in the lord mayor, the King's marshal with his officers having ridden down the Strand from Westminster, stopped before it, while the trumpets were blown thrice. The junior officer of arms then knocked at the gate with his cane, upon which the city marshal, on the other side, demanded "who was there?" The herald replied, "the officers of arms, who ask entrance into the City, to publish his Majesty's proclamation of peace." On this, the gates were opened, and the herald alone admitted and conducted to the lord mayor. The latter, having read the royal warrant and returned it to the bearer, ordered the city marshal to open the gate for the procession. The lord mayor and civic authorities then joined it, and proceeded to the Royal Exchange, when the proclamation was read for the last time. A similar form is always performed upon the proclamation either of peace or war.

Having passed through Temple Bar, we find ourselves in Fleet Street, rich in remembrance of the olden time;—of Templars, of booksellers, of wits, and poets, and lawyers, and of hosts of persons whose residences it is interesting to know. Here Wynkyn de Worde, Isaac Walton, and Bernard Lintot kept shops; here Ben Jonson drank and was merry; here Samuel Johnson meditated upon the vanity of human life; and here regiments of lawyers have for ages passed continually to and fro, musing on their deep-laid schemes of ambition and aggrandisement, or bent as determinately on increasing their pelf.

This celebrated street takes its name from the little stream called the "Fleet," once a clear and ornamental water, but now covered over in nearly all its course, as too offensive to be looked upon, and the channel conveying half the filth of London into the capacious reservoir of the Thames. The street seems to have borne this name long before the Conquest.

Close to Temple Bar, to the right, is the banking-house of Messrs. Childs, supposed to stand on the site of the famous Devil Tavern, the resort of all the wits from Ben Jonson to Addison. At this tavern, rare Ben reigned the arbiter of wit and judge of poetry, and drew up his well-known "*Leges Conviviales*," for the guidance of the members of the club he founded. Swift, in a letter to Stella, says, "I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar, and Garth treated." The house continued to be the resort of literary people till the year 1750. It was pulled down in 1787 by Messrs. Childs, the bankers, and a row of houses erected on the site.

Near this, and between the Temple gate, are several houses

tenanted by Messrs. Cook, which are of the Elizabethan style of architecture. These houses have been renovated, but they are as old as they appear. One of them was inhabited by Bernard Lintot, the great bookseller of the last century, and close by were Nando's, Dick's, the Rainbow, and other coffee-houses, so frequently mentioned by the essayists of that age.

Lintot's shop is called by Pope, "the rubric post;" and it appears from the notes to the "Dunciad," that the reason for this appellation was, that he usually adorned his shop with the titles of his books in large red letters. Within a door or two of Lintot's, was the house of another bookseller, named Benjamin Motte, to whom Swift, under the assumed name of Richard Sympson, sold the copyright of "Gulliver's Travels," for £200.

We have now arrived at the entrance to the Temple,—the prime seat of law; rife with reminiscences of some of the most glorious names in English history and literature. The Templars appear to have established themselves in England in the reign of King Stephen, and their first house in London was in Holborn, on the site of the present Southampton Buildings. Increasing in power and wealth, they removed in the reign of Henry II. to the spot in Fleet Street, which is still named after them. Prince, afterwards King Edward I., during the riots occasioned by the great revolt of the barons under Simon de Montfort, broke open the treasury of the Templars at the head of an armed force, and carried away £1000 belonging to some citizens of London, which had been deposited there for security. This outrage so exasperated the Londoners, that they arose and plundered the houses of Lord Grey and other friends of the King, and afterwards marched to join the banners of Simon de Montfort against the King at Isleworth. The result was, that the charters of the city were for a considerable period in abeyance, its magistrates deposed, and a heavy fine levied upon its principal inhabitants.

The Master of the Temple, or of the New Temple as it was then called, was summoned to parliament in the 49th of Henry III., and continued to sit among the peers until the dissolution of the order. The persecution raised against them in France is well known, and the calamitous results are a blot upon the age. In England they were treated with less rigour than in France and other countries in Europe; and it would appear that this was chiefly owing to the good offices of Edward II., who wrote letters, dated the 4th of December, 1307, to the Kings of Portugal, Castile, Sicily, and Arragon, and on the 10th of December

to the Pope, entreating them not to believe the scandalous stories so industriously circulated over Europe, to the prejudice of the knights. The Pope, however, was not to be persuaded—the doom of the Templars was sealed, and the bull arrived from Rome, which Edward, with all his willingness, dared not resist. The bull was directed to Richard Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his suffragans; and the Templars under that authority were summoned before Ralph de Baldock, Bishop of London, to answer a variety of charges, including sorcery, heresy, and idolatry. The evidence was miserably incomplete, but they were, of course, found guilty: their estates were confiscated; the order abolished; and the brethren condemned to various degrees of punishment and penance in the monasteries among which they were distributed. No such scenes, however, were enacted in England as those which took place in France; and William de la Moore, the English Grand Master, escaped the dreadful fate of Jacques de Molay. The number of Templars on their suppression in England in 1312, was about two hundred and fifty.

Spenser has touched only upon the most striking portions of their attire. They wore bands, linen coifs, and red caps close over them; shirts and stockings of twisted mail, a sopra vest, broad belts, and swords. Their outer habit was a white cloak reaching to the ground, embroidered with a red cross on the breast.

In the year 1314, the Temple and its appurtenances in Fleet street were granted by the King to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but the grant was revoked two years afterwards, the earl having in the mean time received other rewards. The Temple was then granted to Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who being attainted of treason, the property once more became vested in the Crown. In compliance with the injunctions of the council held at Vienna, in 1324, the Temple was granted to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who held possession until the dissolution of their order in the reign of Henry VIII., with the exception of an interval in the reign of Edward III. The Knights Hospitallers granted a lease of the Temple and its appurtenances, about the year 1375, for an annual rent of £10, to a society of students of the common law, who were formerly settled at Thavies Inn, in Holborn, which has long been, as Pennant says, “an extinct volcano.”

The lawyers had not been long here before a calamity befel them, partly on their own account, and partly on that of their landlord, the Prior of St. John. The rebels under Wat Tyler,

six years after the Temple had become devoted to the study of the law, vented a portion of their mad fury upon this ancient precinct and its indwellers. After breaking into the Fleet and committing other damage, "they destroyed and burnt many houses," says Stow, "and defaced the beauty of Fleet Streete. Thence they went to the Temple to destroy it, and plucked down the houses, tooke off the tyles of the other buildings left; went to the Church, tooke out all the bookes and remembrances that were in the hatches (desks) of the prentices of the law, carried them into the high streete and there burnt them. This house they spoyled for the wrath they bare to the Pryor of St. John's, unto whom it belonged; and after a number of them had sacked this Temple, what with labour and what with wine being overcome, they lay down under the walles and housing, and were slain like swyne, one of them killing another for old grudge and hatred, and others also made quick despatch of them. A number of them who burnt the Temple went thence to the Savoy, destroying in their way all the houses that belonged to the Hospital of St. John."

The Temple also had a narrow escape from destruction during the riots of Jack Cade in the following century.

Shakspeare, apparently on the authority of a tradition current in his day, laid the scene of the first feud between the rival houses of York and Lancaster in the Temple Gardens.

In the reign of Elizabeth, a grand chivalric entertainment was given in the Temple, of which an interesting account is preserved in Dugdale's "*Origines Judiciales*."

Among the celebrated students or inhabitants of the Temple in early times may be mentioned the poets Chaucer, Gower, and Spenser. Chaucer, who was of the Middle Temple, makes mention of the Manciple, or steward of the Temple, in the prologue to the "*Canterbury Tales*;" and Spenser, in a true but not strictly poetical epithet, speaks of the Temple as

"— those *bricky* towers  
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers.  
There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,  
Till they decayed through pride."

Lord Mansfield, the "dear Murray" of Pope, had chambers in the Temple, and the exact house is thus identified. Pope, in his "*Epistle to the future Peer*," used the well-known splendid example of the bathos,—

"Graced as thou art with all the power of words,  
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords,"



which excited much laughter in the town, and occasioned the following parody by a writer named Brown :—

“Persuasion tips his tongue whene’er he talks,  
And he has chambers in the King’s Bench Walks.”

The number of the house in King’s Bench Walk is fixed by Pope in his “Ode to Venus,” imitated from Horace, book iv. ode 1. The poet thus addresses the goddess :—

“Mother too fierce of dear desires,  
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires,  
To *number five* direct your doves,  
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves.”

The steps at the door of this house are old and worn ; but to our eyes it would be little short of sin to remove them for new ones, for they are the very same on which Lord Mansfield trod, and where the foot of the classic poet must have often stepped on his visits to his friend. Dirty, and cracked, and rotten as they are, genius has hallowed them. The inner staircase cannot be so old, but it is the same house, and they are the same rooms—those on the first floor—where the lawyer and the poet met so often.

Among other great statesmen, lawyers and poets, who have inhabited the Temple, we may enumerate the names of Sackville, Earl of Dorset, author of the “Mirror of Magistrates,” Lord Clarendon, Coke, Plowden, Selden, Beaumont, Congreve, Wycherley, Edmund Burke, Cowper, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and in later times, Lord Eldon, Lord Erskine, &c.

Oliver Goldsmith, who was not a Templar, but merely held lodgings from a Templar, resided for some time, and died on the first floor of the house No. 2, Brick Court. We shall have further occasion to speak of poor Noll, when we reach his previous lodgings in Wine Office Court and Green Arbour Court. We may state, however, that those were his prosperous days, when he lived in the Temple ; and that before taking up his residence in Brick Court, he lived in the Library Staircase and in King’s Bench Walk.

Johnson’s apartments, when Boswell first made his acquaintance, were on the first floor of the house No. 1, Middle Temple Lane. “I entered these chambers,” says the enthusiastic laird in his well-known book, “with an impression given me by the Rev. Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having ‘found the giant in his den ;’ an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself.

“He received me very courteously; but it must be confessed that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; and he said to me, ‘Nay, don’t go.’—‘Sir,’ said I, ‘I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you.’ He seemed pleased with this compliment which I sincerely paid him, and answered, ‘Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.’” Such was the doctor’s costume upon another occasion, and while he still resided in these chambers. Madame de Boufflers being in England, went to see the doctor among other lions whom it was necessary for a foreigner to see, and was introduced to the great man by Topham Beauclerk, a relation of the St. Albans’ family. We are also indebted to Boswell for the story. “When Madame de Boufflers,” says Mr. Beauclerk, “was first in England, she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into the Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, on a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honours of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality; and eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the stairs in violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple gate, and brushing in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conducted her to the coach. His dress was a rusty-brown mourning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by his singular appearance.”

The well-known armorial bearings—of the Inner Temple, a Holy Lamb, and of the Middle Temple, a Pegasus—gave rise to a witty self-glorification of some learned member, and to a no less witty and perhaps more true reply, which are both subjoined. Thus wrote the man of law:—

“As by the Templars’ holds you go,  
The HORSE and *Lamb* displayed,  
In emblematic figures show  
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence,  
How just is their profession;  
The LAMB sets forth their *innocence*,  
The HORSE their *expedition*.

Oh, happy Britons! happy isle!  
Let foreign nations say;  
When you get *justice* without *guile*,  
And law without *delay*!”

The following was the feeling reply :—

“Deluded men! these holds forego,  
Nor trust such cunning elves,  
These artful emblems tend to show  
Their CLIENTS, not THEMSELVES!

’Tis all a trick; these all are shams  
By which they mean to cheat you;  
So have a care, for you’re the LAMBS,  
And they the WOLVES that eat you!

Nor let the thoughts of no delay,  
To these, their courts, misguide you;  
For you’re the showy HORSE, and they,  
The JOCKIES that will ride you!”

The Round Church in the Temple is the only remaining portion of the ancient building erected for the Knights Templars. It was founded so early as the reign of Henry II., upon the model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and consecrated in 1185, by Heraclius, the patriarch of that see. The patriarch was at that time on a visit to England, whither he had been sent by the Pope to invite the English king to ascend the throne of Jerusalem. Stow, in his “Survey,” says the church was again dedicated in 1240, and “belike also newly re-edified then.” “To the architectural antiquary this building is particularly interesting; for though there is such a remarkable dissimilarity between the circular vestibule and the rectangular body of the church, there is great reason to believe that they were built from one original design. All the exterior walls, which are five feet in thickness, are strengthened by projecting buttresses. In the upright the vestibule consists of two stories, the upper one being about half the diameter of the lower story, which measures fifty-eight feet across the area. The lower part of the upper story is surrounded by a series of semicircular arches, intersecting each other, and forming a blank arcade, behind which, and

over the circular aisle (if it may be so termed), there is a continued passage. The staircase leading to the latter is on the north-west side; and about half-way up, in the substance of the wall, is a small dark cell, most probably intended as a place of confinement. Over the arcade are six semicircular-headed windows. The clustered columns which support the roof are each formed by four distinct shafts, which are surrounded near the middle by a triplicated band, and have square-headed capital ornaments in the Norman style. The principal entrance is directly from the west; but there is a smaller one on the south-west side. The former opens from an arched porch, and consists of a receding semicircular archway, having four columns on each side, supporting archivolt mouldings, which, as well as the capitals and jambs, are ornamented with sculptured foliage, busts, and lozenges. A ponderous organ-screen of wainscot, erected in George Ist's reign, separates the vestibule from the interior, which is neatly pewed, and has a very airy appearance. The nave is divided from the aisle by four clustered columns on each side, or rather, single columns wrought into the resemblance of four, supporting pointed arches. On each side are five windows, and at the east end are three others; all these windows, which are on a uniform plan, are composed of three high lance-headed divisions, but the central one is considerably more lofty than those at the sides. The altar part is handsomely fitted up, and exhibits the tables of the Decalogue, Belief, and Lord's Prayer."\*

In this interesting church the first object that strikes the stranger's attention are the remarkable ancient monuments of men in armour, generally supposed to be those of Knights Templars. From the crowded and peculiar manner in which the monuments are arranged, it has been thought that they have been brought from other situations, most probably from tombs destroyed at some remote period. This conjecture is supported by the fact of an excavation having been made in 1811, under the northernmost group, for the purpose of discovering whether there was any vault or coffin beneath, when it was satisfactorily ascertained that there was not either. Five of the effigies are cross-legged, a fact supposed by some to prove that they are the monuments of Knights Templars; but this is disputed. Gough† is of opinion that the oldest of them, the first in the southernmost

\* Mr. Brayley, in his "Londiniana," vol. iii., page 282.

† In his "Sepulchral Monuments."



group, is the effigy of Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex in the reign of King Stephen. He received a mortal wound at the siege of the Castle of Burwell in Cambridgeshire, in October 1148. Being under sentence of excommunication at the time of his death, it was not lawful to bury his body in consecrated ground, but it was taken by the Knights Templars, arrayed in the habits of their order, and conveyed to their inn in Old Bourne, where, after being enveloped in lead, it was deposited in the hollow of a large tree in their orchard. The sentence of excommunication being afterwards revoked by the Pope, in consideration of the penitence he had expressed in his last moments, his remains were interred in the chapel at Holborn, and on the removal of the Templars to their new abode in Fleet Street, they took the body with them, and it was interred where it now rests.

The second figure is supposed to represent William de Mareschall, first Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1219; the third, Lord de Ros, surnamed Fursan, who bestowed the manor of Ribston in Yorkshire on the Knights Templars, and having taken the vows of the order himself, was buried here in 1226. The fourth figure is supposed to represent William, the second Earl of Pembroke, son of the first earl already mentioned; and the fifth has been claimed for William Plantagenet, son of Henry III., who died in his infancy, and was buried in 1256. In the northernmost group, not a single figure can be decidedly appropriated, except, perhaps, the fifth, which is cross-legged, and may be that of Gilbert, third Earl of Pembroke, whose remains were deposited near those of his father in this edifice. He had been bred to the Church, but, though unskilled in chivalric exercises, his gallant spirit led him to engage in a tournament near Ware, in June, 1241, when he was thrown from his horse and mortally wounded. Camden mentions having remarked these monuments of the three Earls of Pembroke in the Temple Church, and that he read upon one of them the now effaced inscription, "*Comes Penbrochiæ,*" and at the side, "*Miles eram Martis. Mars multos vicerat armis.*" Antiquaries have argued a great deal upon the identity of these monuments, but it would be a bootless task to follow their prosy dissertations. All seem, however, to agree that they are of the thirteenth century, to whomsoever they were erected, and this fact may be considered indisputable.

Of the more modern monuments in this church, which, we should not omit to state, is dedicated to St. Mary, are many to the memory of eminent lawyers, which deserve more than a passing notice from the stranger. A long list of them is to be

found in Dugdale's "*Origines Judiciales*," and in Strype's edition of Stow. It may suffice to signalize those of Selden, Plowden, and the Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

The Inner Temple Hall was built in the year 1678, and contains several portraits of eminent judges, among others, those of Judges Littleton and Coke; Sir Thomas Twisden, Justice of the King's Bench in 1660: the Lord Chancellor Sir Simon Harcourt, first Earl of Nottingham; and Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Besides these, there are portraits of King William and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, George II., and Queen Caroline.

The Middle Temple Hall is more ancient, having been begun in the year 1562, and finished in 1572. There is a story told that the famous oak screen which is still to be seen here, formed part of the spoils of the Spanish Armada; but this is an error, as we learn from Dugdale, under date of 1575, that the screen was made in that year (thirteen years before the invasion of the Spanish Armada), and that towards the expenses of it, every benchman was assessed at twenty shillings, every master of the Outer Bar Office and common attorney at ten shillings, and each person else of the Society at six shillings and eightpence. Among the portraits in this hall are those of Charles I. and II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, and George II.

The Middle Temple gate was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1684. That of the Inner Temple is of an earlier date. It was built in 1611, at the expense of John Benet, the King's Serjeant.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Whitefriars (Alsatia), Convent first there—Sir Richard Grey—Shadwell's "Squire of Alsatia"—Sanctuary in Whitefriars—Sanctuary abolished—Theatre in Dorset Gardens; performances at—Richardson's House—Mug-house riots in Salisbury Court—Ballad in praise of the Mug—Chancery-lane—Isaac Walton's House—Serjeants' Inn—Privileges and Ceremonies of Serjeants-at-Law—Splendid Entertainment to the Judges—Contest for precedence between the Lord Mayor and Lord Treasurer—"Serjeants choosing their pillars"—Cowley's House in Fleet Street—St. Dunstan's-in-the-West—Statue of Queen Elizabeth there—The celebrated Romaine—Clifford's Inn—Fetter Lane—"Praise God Barebones"—Fleur-de-Lys Court—Mrs. Brownrigg's execution for Murder—Moravian Chapel—Destruction of Meeting-house by the Sacheverel rioters—Conduit in Fleet Street—Queen Anne Boleyn's triumphal procession through the City—Shoe Lane in the time of Queen Elizabeth—Bishop of Bangor's Palace—St. Andrew's Church—Chatterton's Grave—Anecdote of Dean Swift and Dr. Sacheverel—The learned Whiston—Gunpowder Alley—Death of Lovelace the Poet—Lilly, the Astrologer—Dr. Forman, the Quack.

BEFORE returning to Fleet Street, let us again pass by King's Bench Walk, and by the new range of buildings which has been raised in place of the pile accidentally burnt down in 1838, and then by the eastern gate of the Temple to the renowned precincts of the White Friars—the Alsatia so well known to all readers of romance, since the admirable description of it and its inhabitants given by Sir Walter Scott in the "Fortunes of Nigel." Its name of White Friars is derived from the church and convent of the Carmelites or White Friars, founded in this place in the year 1241, by Sir Richard Grey, ancestor of the Lords Grey of Codnor. The Church was built by Sir Robert Knolles, the same who built Rochester Bridge, and of whom Stow has preserved some laudatory verses—

"O Robert Knolles, most worthy of fame,  
By thy powers France was made tame;  
Thy manhood made the Frenchmen yield,  
By dint of sword in town and field."

This celebrated knight was buried in the church in 1407. On the dissolution of the religious houses, the revenues of this convent were £63 2s. 4d. "Part of the house," says Pennant, "was granted by Henry VIII. to one Richard Moresque, and the chapter-house and other parts to his physician, Henry Butts, immortalized by Shakspeare. Edward VI. bestowed the

house inhabited by Dr. Butts, together with the church, on the Bishop of Worcester and his successors. It was afterwards demolished, with all its tombs, and several houses were built, which were inhabited in that reign by people of fashion." But the privilege of sanctuary, which the district had long possessed, remained to it, and it soon became the resort of all the most abandoned characters of London. When it first acquired the slang name of Alsatia does not appear; but perhaps the earliest mention of it is in a play of Shadwell's, entitled, "The Squire of Alsatia." He thus, in describing his *dramatis personæ*, gives us the character of the district:—

"*Cheatley*. A rascal, who by reason of debts dares not stir out of *White-fryers*, but there inveigles young heirs in tail, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages; is bound for them, and shares for them until he undoes them. A lewd, impudent, debauch'd fellow, very expert in the *cant* about the town.

"*Shamwell*. Cousin to the Belfonds: an heir, who, being ruined by Cheatley, is made a decoy-duck for others; not daring to stir out of Alsatia, where he lives: is bound with Cheatley, for heirs, and lives upon 'em a dissolute, debauched life.

"*Capt. Hackman*. A block-head bully of Alsatia; a cowardly, impudent, blustering fellow, formerly a sergeant in Flanders, run from his colours, retreated to *White-fryers* for a very small debt, where by the Alsatians he is dubbed a Captain; marries one that lets lodgings, sells cherry-brandy, &c.

"*Scrapeall*. A hypocritical, repeating, praying, psalm-singing precise fellow, pretending to great piety; a godly knave, who joins with Cheatley, and supplies young heirs with goods and money."

Besides these vagabonds, the place was a great resort of poets and players, who have from time immemorial been classed under the same generic appellation. The players and poets were brought hither by its contiguity to the theatre in Dorset Gardens, erected upon the site of the city mansion of the Bishop of Salisbury, of which we shall have occasion to speak when we get beyond the limits of Alsatia. The place, too, was inhabited by dancing-masters and fencing-masters; and a melancholy story is related in which one of the latter profession plays a conspicuous part. His name was Turner; and being a great proficient in his art, he had many pupils among the nobility. One of them was Lord Sanquhir, a Scotch nobleman, drawn to England with the Court in the reign of James I. Playing at foils with his master,



the lord, anxious to show his skill, pressed so hard upon Turner, that the sport became somewhat too like earnest fighting, and he received a thrust in the eye from the sword of the fencing-master. Lord Sanquhir lost the sight of it in consequence; but conscious that he was himself to blame, bore his calamity with as much patience as he could command. Turner expressed great sorrow, and Lord Sanquhir to all appearance forgave him the injury. Three years afterwards, Lord Sanquhir being at Paris, was presented at the Court of Henry IV., and the monarch, thinking no evil, carelessly asked him how he had lost his eye? Lord Sanquhir blushed, and not liking to tell that the injury was inflicted by a fencing-master in a trial of skill, merely replied that it was done by a sword. Henry rejoined, "Does the man live?" and the question made Sanquhir a miserable man for the remainder of his days: he retired in confusion from the presence of the monarch, with a beating heart and a burning brain, to brood over his shame, and concert schemes of revenge against the unhappy fencing-master. "Does the man live?" It appears that the question haunted his disordered fancy by night and by day, and allowed him no peace, no repose wherever he went. At last, he returned to England thirsting for revenge. His first thought was to challenge Turner to single combat; but as the result of this might be doubtful, and he might lose his other eye or his life in an encounter with a more skilful master of the weapon, he abandoned this idea as beneath the dignity of his rank and as insecure for his vengeance, and determined to murder him. For this purpose he employed two bullies, countrymen and dependants of his own, named Gray and Carlisle, to waylay and dispatch the fencing-master. Gray, however, refused at the last moment to assist in the foul deed, and another man named Irving was employed in his stead.

A reward for the apprehension of all the parties was offered by Government, and after a short time the three were captured, brought to trial, and found guilty of murder. Carlisle and Irving were hanged in Fleet Street, opposite the entrance of Whitefriars, and Lord Sanquhir was hanged in Palace Yard. Lord Sanquhir was a Scotchman; and his death was a proof that the king would not pardon even a Scot, if he were guilty.

The privilege of sanctuary enjoyed by the precinct of the Whitefriars was continued until the year 1697, when it was abolished by Act of Parliament. It had originally been a sanctuary for thieves and murderers, and all offenders whatever, except traitors; but after the fifteenth century was a refuge for debtors

only. The sanctuaries abolished during this year, in addition to that of Whitefriars, were those of Mitre Court, Ram Alley, and Salisbury Court, Fleet Street; the Savoy in the Strand; Fulwood's Rents, Holborn; Baldwin's Gardens in Gray's Inn Lane; the Minories, and Deadman Place, Montague Close; the Clink and the Mint in Southwark. The last-mentioned, however, continued to be notorious harbours for rogues of every description, in spite of the Act of Parliament, and have not quite lost their character, even at the present day.

Salisbury Court, Whitefriars, was once the inn of the Bishops of Salisbury. It afterwards became the residence of the Sackvilles, held at first by a long lease from the see, and then alienated by Bishop Jewel, for a valuable consideration, from that great family. It was successively called Sackville House and Dorset House. The place was pulled down before the great fire of London, and its site laid out into streets; the latter being destroyed in the conflagration, a theatre was built under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, in which Sir William Davenant's company of comedians (the Duke of York's servants, as they were called) performed for a considerable time, prior to their removal to Lincoln's Inn Fields, in our account of which we have already taken some notice of them. The most celebrated actor who performed at this theatre was Betterton. The following advertisement, in reference to some of the amusements, is from the "Postman," of Saturday, December 8th, 1679:—

"At the request of several persons of Quality, on Saturday next, being the 9th instant, at the Theatre in Dorset Gardens, the famous Kentishmen, Wm. and Rich. Joy, designs to show to the Town before they leave it, the same Tryals of Strength, both of them, that Wm. had the honour of showing before His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, with several other persons of Quality; for which he received a considerable Gratuity. The lifting a Weight of Two Thousand Two Hundred and Forty Pounds. His holding an extraordinary large Cart Horse; and Breaking a Rope which will bear Three Thousand Five Hundred weight. Beginning exactly at 2, and ending at 4. The Boxes, 4s.; the Pit, 2s. 6d.; 1st Gallery, 2s.; Upper Gallery, 1s. Whereas, several scandalous Persons have given out that they can do as much as any of the Brothers, we do offer to such persons 100l. reward, if he can perform the said matters of strength, as they do, provided the Pretender will forfeit 20l. if he doth not. The day it is perform'd, will be affixed a signal Flag on the Theatre. No money to be return'd after once paid."

The following, in relation to the same place, is of the year 1698, from No. 325 of the "Post Boy." "DORSET GARDENS. Great preparations are making for a new Opera in the Playhouse in Dorset Garden, of which there is great expectation, the scenes being several new sets, and of a model different from all that have been used in any theatre whatever, being twice as high as any of the former scenes."

It would appear, however, that there was a theatre in this district before the one built by Sir Christopher Wren. The following is quoted by Malone in his "Prolegomena" to Shakespeare,\* and shows that one was in existence in 1634. It is a memorandum from the MS. book of Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels to King Charles I. "I committed Cromes, a broker in Long Lane, the 16th of February, 1634, to the Marshalsey, for lending a church robe with the name of Jesus upon it, to the players in Salisbury Court, to represent a Flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his petition of submission and acknowledgment of his fault, I released him the 17th of February, 1634."

In a house near the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court, as it was then called, Richardson wrote his "Pamela." He resided here for some years, and then removed to Fulham, where he built a range of warehouses and printing-offices. In Salisbury Court he was visited by some of the most eminent men of his age, including, among others, Hogarth, Dr. Johnson, Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Grantham. The following account of his manners and mode of life, was given by a lady who knew him well, to the editress of his correspondence, the well-known Mrs. Barbauld. "My first recollection of Richardson," says the lady, "was in the house in the centre of Salisbury Square, or Salisbury Court, as it was then called; and of being admitted as a playful child into his study, where I have often seen Dr. Young and others; and where I was generally caressed, and rewarded with biscuits or *bonbons* of some kind or other, and sometimes with books, for which he, and some more of my friends, kindly encouraged a taste, even at that early age, which has adhered to me all my long life, and continues to be the solace of many a painful hour. I recollect that he used to drop in at my father's, for we lived nearly opposite, late in the evening to supper; when, as he would say, he had worked as long as his eyes and nerves would let him, and was come to relax with a little friendly and domestic chat.

\* Vol. iii., p. 287.

“ He had many *protégées*;—a Miss Rosine, from Portugal, was consigned to his care; but of her, being then at school, I never saw much. Most of the ladies who resided much at his house acquired a certain degree of fastidiousness and delicate refinement, which, though amiable in itself, rather disqualified them from appearing in general society to the advantage that might have been expected, and rendered an intercourse with the world uneasy to themselves, giving a peculiar air of shyness and reserve to their whole address; of which habits his own daughters partook in a degree that has been thought by some a little to obscure those really valuable qualifications and talents they undoubtedly possessed. Yet this was supposed to be owing more to Mrs. Richardson than to him; who, though a truly good woman, had high and Harlowean notions of parental authority, and kept the ladies in such order, and at such a distance, that he often lamented, as I have been told by my mother, that they were not more open and conversible with him.

“ Besides those I have already named, I well remember a Mrs. Donellan, a venerable old lady, with sharp, piercing eyes; Miss Mulso (afterwards Mrs. Chapone), &c. &c.; Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury; Sir Thomas Robinson (Lord Grantham), &c. &c., who were frequent visitors at his house in town and country. The ladies I have named were often staying at North End, at the period of his highest glory and reputation; and in their company and conversation his genius was matured. His benevolence was unbounded, as his manner of diffusing it was delicate and refined.”

Salisbury Court is famous as the scene of the Mug-house riots of 1716. Party feeling ran high in London at that time; and various mug-houses, or places of resort of the Whig party, where they drank beer out of small mugs, existed in various parts of London and Westminster; the three most noted being in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street; Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; and Long Acre. A traveller\* in England at this time describes a mug-house meeting. He says of the one he saw, that “ A mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen met in a great room; a grave old gentleman, in his gray hairs, and nearly ninety years of age, was their president (one who must have remembered the execution of Charles I.), and sat in an arm-chair some steps higher than the rest. A harp played all the while at the lower end of the room, and now and then one of

\* Hone's “ Table Book,” part i., p. 378.



the company rose and entertained the rest with a song, and, by the by (he says), some were good masters. Nothing was drank but ale, and every gentleman chalked on the table as it was brought in; and every one also, as in a coffee-house, retired when he pleased." From this description, it is clear our traveller visited the mug-house upon some quiet evening, when there was no political matter under discussion. It was just after the chief actors in the Rebellion of 1715 had paid the penalty of their offences with their blood, when the Mug-house riots broke out. The Whigs, who met in the mug-house kept by Mr. Read in Salisbury Court, were peculiarly noisy in their cups, and thus rendered themselves obnoxious to the mob, and in those days the mob was Tory. On one occasion they were even more than usually clamorous, and their violent party toasts, which they drank in the parlour, with open windows, soon collected a crowd of people. These became at last so incensed by the toasts and by some insulting remarks of some inebriated Whig inside, that they commenced a furious attack upon the house, swearing that they would level it with the ground, and make a bonfire of its materials in the middle of Fleet Street. The Whigs immediately closed their windows, barricaded the doors, and sent a messenger by a back-door to the mug-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, begging that the persons there assembled would come to the rescue. The call was immediately responded to; the mug-house men proceeded in a body down the Strand and Fleet Street, armed with staves and bludgeons, and commenced an attack on the mob, which still threatened the demolition of the house. Being joined by those within, who sallied out armed with pokers and tongs, and every kind of weapon they could lay hands upon, the mob was put to flight, and the mug-house men remained masters of the field. The popular indignation was very great when the circumstances became known; and for two days it was feared that serious riots would ensue, for crowds collected in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, and swore that they would have revenge. The knowledge, however, that a squadron of horse was drawn up at Whitehall, ready to ride into the city on the first alarm, kept them in order, and all passed off quietly. On the third day, however, the people found a leader in the person of one Vaughan, formerly a Bridewell boy, who instigated them to take revenge for their late affront. They followed him with shouts of "High Church and Ormond! Down with the mug-house!" and Read, the landlord, dreading that they would either burn or pull down his house, made ready

to defend himself. He threw up a window, and presented a loaded musket, swearing that he would discharge its contents in the body of the first man who advanced against his house. The threat only exasperated the crowd, who ran against the door with furious yells. Read was as good as his word—he fired, and the unfortunate man Vaughan fell dead upon the spot. The people, now perfectly frantic, swore to hang the landlord at his own sign-post. They assaulted the door, broke the windows, pulled down the sign, and entered the house, where Read would assuredly have been sacrificed to their fury if they had found him; he, however, managed, with great difficulty, to escape by a back-door. Disappointed in this, they broke the furniture into pieces, destroyed everything that came in their way, and left nothing more than the bare walls of the house standing. They now threatened to burn down the whole street, and were proceeding to set fire to Read's house when the sheriffs of London, and a posse of constables, arrived. The Riot Act was read, but no attention was paid to it; and the sheriffs sent off messengers to Whitehall for a detachment of the military. A squadron of horse soon afterwards arrived and cleared the streets, taking five of the most active of the rioters into custody.

Read, the landlord, was taken into custody on the following day, and tried for the wilful murder of Vaughan. He was, however, acquitted of the capital charge, and found guilty of manslaughter only. The five rioters were also brought to trial, and met with a harder fate. They were all found guilty of riot and rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged. The sentence was carried into effect shortly afterwards at Tyburn turnpike, in presence of an immense multitude.

In a scarce work, entitled "A Collection of one hundred and eighty Loyal Songs, all written since 1678, and interrhymed with several new Love Songs; the Fourth Edition, with many additions. London, printed and to be sold by Richard Butt, in Princes Street in Covent Garden, 1694," is a song in praise of the "Mug," which shows that mug-houses had that name previous to the Mug-house riots. It has been stated that these beer-mugs were originally fashioned into a grotesque resemblance of Lord Shaftesbury's face, or "ugly mug," as it was called, and that this is the derivation of the word.

Returning again through Whitefriars and the Temple, we again enter Fleet Street opposite to Chancery Lane, and take a stroll up that great legal thoroughfare—not forgetting, as we pass, to look at the site of the house and shop of old Isaac Walton.

The spot is thus fixed by a quotation from a legal document published by Sir John Hawkins in his life of the great angler: "He dwelt on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." Sir John, who wrote in 1760, says that until within a few years of that date, an old wooden house known by that sign was in existence at the spot mentioned. It is, therefore, beyond doubt that Walton lived at the very next door, and in this house he is, in the deed above referred to, and which bears date 1624, said to have followed the trade of a linen-draper. It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Isaac Walton and John Mason, hosiers, from whence we may conclude that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton. In the year 1632, Walton removed from Fleet Street into Chancery Lane, a few doors up—we cannot ascertain how many—on the left hand, where he is described as carrying on the business of a milliner-sempster, or dealer in shirts.

Chancery Lane, the name a corruption of Chancellor's Lane, was built in the reign of Henry III. It was so dirty, and so full of deep ruts and holes in the reign of Edward I., that John Briton, the *custos* of London, ordered it to be barred up to prevent a thoroughfare, "and that no harm might happen to persons passing that way." The Bishops of Chichester, who had their inn or town-house at the corner of the lane, kept up the bar for many years, but the inquest of the ward presented it as a nuisance to the Court of Aldermen, and it was removed. The ruts were then filled up and the lane rendered safe for carts and other vehicles.

On the east side of Chancery Lane is Serjeants' Inn, where the judges transact business at chambers. It was occupied by the serjeants and judges so early as the time of Henry IV., when it was called Farringdon Inn, and so continued to be called until the year 1484. The serjeants-at-law were formerly designated, in Latin, *narratores*, and in Norman-French, *counteurs*, or *plaidoyeurs*. They may plead in any of the courts, but in the Common Pleas they only enjoyed that privilege, until this last session of parliament, when a bill was brought in to deprive them of such an exclusive and invidious legal right. Formerly, the judges were always chosen from that body; and now, when a barrister is elevated to the bench, he is first invested with the coif and robe of a serjeant, to keep up the ancient formality.

As the serjeants die off and the number becomes few, the

Judges select a number of those barristers whom they consider most learned in the law, and most worthy to receive the dignity, which they present to the sovereign. A royal mandate is then directed to those royal persons, calling upon them under a penalty to take their degree within a certain period. The following is the oath they take at the Chancery Bar: "I swear well and truly to serve the King's (or Queen's) people, as one of the serjeants-at-the-law, and will truly conceal them that I be retained with, after my cunning, and I will not defer or delay their causes willingly for covet of money, or other thing that may turn me to profit, and I will give due attendance accordingly. So help me God."

Formerly, it was the custom for the newly-made serjeants to be conducted by the society to which the lord chief justice for the time being belonged, to perform the ceremony of counting, which is thus described: "Having had their coifs of white linen or silk put on, without any black ones over, and being clothed in robes of two colours, they walked to Westminster Hall, accompanied by a great number of gentlemen of the long robe of several houses of Court and Chancery, the warden and marshal of the Fleet, &c., and attended by clerks, two of each serjeants immediately following them; also by the stewards, butlers, and other servants of the houses, all bareheaded and clothed in short party-coloured vestments, (mus colour on the right, and murrey on the left, were the usual colours in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,) where at the bar of the Court of Common Pleas they were counted, and gave rings to the several judges, and to one another. They then proceeded to the Middle Temple Hall, where they gave a splendid entertainment to the judges, the nobility, and other distinguished persons."

A singular squabble arose in 1463, on the occasion of the grand dinner of the new serjeants. The lord mayor, Sir Matthew Phillips, the sheriffs, aldermen, and others, were invited, together with the lord high treasurer, Grey de Ruthyn. When the viands were served up, and the guests were proceeding to take their places, Lord Grey sat himself down in the most honourable place. The lord mayor was very indignant, and insisted that within the city of London he was the first in dignity, and took precedence even of the king himself, and that if he took a second place in the presence of royalty, it was by courtesy alone, and not as a matter of right. Lord Grey de Ruthyn would not move, having apparently a true aristocratic contempt for linen dresses, however rich they were. The citizens and the whole of



the guests were armed, and the givers of the feast were for a long time in considerable alarm that blood would be shed, for swords were drawn, and angry looks and words pretty freely interchanged. The serjeants being appealed to, decided in favour of the superior claims of the lord high treasurer: upon which the lord mayor turned upon his heel, with the aldermen and sheriffs, and declared he would no longer honour with his presence an assembly which could so far forget itself. He then retired, and had a great feast for himself and his companions the same evening, and forgot his anger in copious libations.

Another custom connected with the serjeants, which was observed until the time of Charles I., was a procession to St. Paul's Cathedral, where each serjeant "chose his pillar." The origin of this is believed to be, that in very early times the lawyers stood at the pillars of the cathedral waiting for clients, wearing an inkhorn at their breasts, and noting upon a piece of paper on their knee the particulars of each case. This must have been before they were installed in the comfortable quarters of the Knights Templars.

In a house now no more, which abutted upon Serjeants' Inn, was born Abraham Cowley. His father was a grocer in Chancery Lane, who died early, and left him to the care of his mother, who continued the business. Mrs. Cowley must have been a woman of an education superior to her class. She struggled hard to procure her son a literary education, and succeeded. In the window of her apartment lay a copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen," in which it was the greatest delight of young Abraham to read. He gloated over these delicious pages, until, as he himself related, "he became irrecoverably a poet." "Such," says Dr. Johnson, "are the accidents which, sometimes remembered and sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of a mind and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."

Falcon Court, Fleet Street, at a short distance from the entrance to Chancery Lane, took its name from an inn, the sign of the Falcon. This messuage formerly belonged to a gentleman named Fisher, who, out of gratitude to the Cordwainers' Company, bequeathed it to them by will. His gratitude is commonly said to have arisen from the number of good dinners that the company gave him. However this may be, they are the present owners of the estate, and are under the obligation of having a

sermon preached annually at the neighbouring church of St. Dunstan, on the 10th of July, when certain sums are given to the poor. Formerly, it was the custom to drink sack in the church, to the pious memory of Mr. Fisher, but this appears to have been discontinued for a considerable period. This Fisher was a jolly fellow, if all the stories are true which are related of him; as, besides the sack-drinking, he stipulated that the cordwainers should give a grand feast on the same day yearly to all their tenants. Wynkyn de Worde, the father of printing in England, lived in Fleet Street, at his messuage or inn known by the sign of the Falcon. Whether it were the inn that stood on the site of Falcon Court is not known with certainty, but most probably it was.

On the same or southern side of Fleet Street, is a small square of modern erection, entered through an iron gateway, which is also called Serjeants' Inn, though not inhabited *ex officio* by either serjeants or judges, like the inn already mentioned in Chancery Lane. It was inhabited by the serjeants from, or perhaps prior to, the reign of Henry VI., until it was destroyed by the great fire of 1666. It was rebuilt in 1670, by a voluntary subscription of the serjeants, with a handsome hall and chapel, and a spacious kitchen. The inn or square itself was rebuilt in the early part of the present century. The Amicable Life Assurance Society's office stands on the south side of Fleet Street at the corner of this inn.

On the northern side of Fleet Street is the handsome modern church of St. Dunstan's in the West, erected in the year 1831, from the design of Mr. Shaw. Over the door leading from the lobby into the corridor, is a plain circular tablet, supported by angels, on which are inscribed the following, in Tudor characters:—"The foundation-stone of this church was laid on the 27th day of July, 1831, and consecrated to the worship of Almighty God on the 31st day of January, 1833. John Shaw, Esq., architect; who died July 30th, 1832, the 12th day after its external completion, and in the 57th year of his age. To his memory this tablet is here placed by the inhabitants of this parish." Its appearance is chaste and elegant, and altogether superior to the old edifice which it replaced. A church is mentioned in this place so early as the year 1237, when it belonged to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, and was given by them to King Henry III. The old church, which will be long remembered by the people of London, from the two figures armed with clubs that struck the hour, was supposed to have been at least four hundred

and twenty years old when it was pulled down. It escaped the great fire of 1666; and was handsomely repaired in the year 1701. In 1766, shortly after the demolition of the city gates, a statue of Queen Elizabeth was placed over the east end of the church, with the following inscription:—"This statue of Queen Elizabeth formerly stood on the west side of Ludgate. That gate having been taken down in 1760, to open the street, it was given by the city to Sir Francis Gosling, Knight, and Alderman of this ward, who caused it to be placed here." This statue, which was removed for many years prior to the erection of the present edifice, has been cleaned and replaced in its original position. The celebrated Romaine, author of "The Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith," was lecturer of this church. He was appointed in 1749, and here it was that he first excited that great degree of public attention which he ever after held. A division occurred between Mr. Romaine and the rector of the church; and many impediments being thrown in his way by the latter, he often preached by the light of a single candle, which he held in his hand. The crowds of persons, however, who flocked to hear him, were so great as to cause disturbances in the street; and Malcolm states that during this period, the pew-opener's place was worth £50 per annum. He was author of many theological treatises, but none are so well known as the "Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith," on which his popularity as an author now mainly rests.

A narrow court by the side of the church leads to Clifford's Inn, so called from the ancient family of that name, its former possessors. It was demised in the year 1337 by the widow of Robert de Clifford, to students of the common law, at the yearly rent of £10, and afterwards to Nicholas Sulyard, Esq., for a yearly rent of £4, and a premium of £600. The society of Clifford's Inn is governed by a principal and twelve rulers. It was in the hall of this inn that the judges sat after the great fire of 1666, to determine causes between claimants, arising out of that calamity.

Clifford's Inn communicates with Fetter Lane, anciently called Fewterer's Lane, of which the present name appears to be a corruption. Fewterers were a sort of idle and disorderly persons, described by Stow, who frequented this neighbourhood: the word is probably slang of ancient date. Stow says the lane led through to gardens; but at the time he wrote "it was built through on both sides with many fair houses."

In Fetter Lane resided that celebrated leather-seller of the

times of the Revolution, known by the name of "Praise-God Barebones," and who has bequeathed his name to one of Cromwell's parliaments. The leather-seller had a brother, who chose a still more extraordinary prefix to his,—*"If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-damned Barebones."* This, however, was rather too long a name for ordinary people, and they made an abbreviation to suit him, and called him *"Damned Barebones."* This fanatic appears to have been a man of some property. He inhabited the same house in Fetter Lane for twenty-five years; and paid a rent of £40 per annum—a very considerable rental in the seventeenth century.

The house in Flower-de-luce (Fleur-de-lys) Court, at the right-hand corner, entering from Fetter Lane, was once inhabited by the infamous Mrs. Brownrigg, whose execution for the murder of Mary Clifford, her apprentice, made so much noise in London in 1767. James Brownrigg, the husband, who was a painter, and his son John, were taken into custody along with Mrs. Brownrigg, for the cruelties inflicted on the child. It was proved in evidence, however, that the wife was by far the most culpable; that she used to strip the child naked, and tie her to a staple in the wall, and, in this helpless condition, beat her with canes and horsewhips. The cellar in which the girl was confined is still shown, as well as the iron grating whence her doleful cries were heard by the neighbours.

Mrs. Brownrigg, who absconded after the coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against her, was apprehended at Wandsworth. Her trial was the chief topic of conversation in London for many weeks; and on the day of her execution at Tyburn (September 14th, 1767), the crowd was greater than had been remembered since the days of Turpin and Jack Sheppard, and several persons were seriously injured by the pressure.

The chapel of the United Brethren, or Moravians, in Fetter Lane, was the meeting-house of the celebrated Thomas Bradbury. During the riots which occurred on the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, this chapel was assaulted by the mob and dismantled, the preacher himself escaping with some difficulty. The other meeting-houses that suffered on this occasion were those of Daniel Burgess, in New Court, Carey Street; Mr. Earl, in Hanover Street, Long Acre; Mr. Taylor's, Leather Lane; Mr. Wright's, Great Carter Lane; and Mr. Hamilton's, in St. John's Square, Clerkenwell. With the benches and pulpits of several of these, the mob, after conducting Dr. Sacheverel in triumph to his lodgings in the Temple, made a bonfire in the midst of Lincoln's Inn



Fields, around which they danced with shouts of "High Church and Sacheverel," and swearing if they found Daniel Burgess, that they would roast him in his own pulpit in the middle of the pile.

In Fleet Street, opposite the entrance of Shoe Lane, formerly stood one of the conduits that supplied London with water, before Sir Hugh Middleton conceived the gigantic plan for which posterity is so much indebted to him. The water was conveyed in leaden pipes from Tyburn, and the conduit or head at Shoe Lane was finished in 1471. Stow, in his "Survey," states, that in 1478 the inhabitants of Fleet Street obtained permission to construct two large cisterns, the one to be set up at the conduit, and the other at Fleet Bridge. The one opposite Shoe Lane was considered a handsome piece of work in those days. "Upon it," says Stow, "was a fair tower of stone, garnished with the image of St. Christopher on the top, and angels round about lower down, with sweetly-sounding bells before them, whereupon, by an engine placed in the tower, they, divers hours of the day and night, with hammers chimed such an hymn as was appointed." This conduit was rebuilt with a larger cistern, at the expense of the city, in 1589. In the triumphal progress of Queen Anne Boleyn through the city of London, on her way to Westminster to be crowned, pageants, as they were called, of various kinds, were set up at all the conduits in her way, of which the principal were in Cornhill, Cheapside, and the one opposite to Shoe Lane in Fleet Street; all of these were newly gilt and adorned for the occasion, and those at Cheapside and Cornhill were made to run with wine instead of water. At the Cornhill conduit, Stow informs us that a poet sat to recite a new ballad in her praise as she passed. The conduit in Fleet Street, we learn from the same authority, was newly painted, and all the angels had their faces washed, and were made to look decent and becoming on the august occasion. Upon the conduit was a tower with four turrets, and in each turret stood a child representing a cardinal virtue. Each of these made a speech to the fair young bride who had won the heart of the mighty monarch, but who little thought how sad would be the end of it all, promising never to leave her as long as she lived, and to aid and comfort her always. "In the midst of the tower," (we give the words of the annalist) "was such several solemn instruments, that it seemed to be an heavenly noise, and was much regarded and praised, and besides this, the conduit ran wine, claret and white, all the afternoon; so she with all her

company and the mayor, rode forth to Temple Bar, which was newly painted and repaired, where stood also divers singing men and children, till she came to Westminster Hall, which was richly hanged with cloth of arras."

Shoe Lane is a narrow street leading to Holborn Hill; but it abounds in reminiscences which are worth recalling, and will well repay the visit of the contemplative man. All the plot of ground to the back of Fleet Street between Shoe Lane and Chancery Lane, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, consisted of gardens with a cottage here and there, the ground being intersected by those two lanes, and Fetter Lane, as at present. In the time of Henry V., Edmund, son of Sir Robert Ferrars de Chartley, held eight cottages in Shoe Lane. The only respectable house in the district was the town residence of the Bishop of Bangor, which existed here so early as 1378, as may be seen by an extract from the patent rolls of the forty-eighth year of Edward III., in which, in barbarous Latin, the Bishop of Bangor is described as having "*unum messuag; unum placeam terræ, ac unam gardinum cum aliis ædificiis in Shoe Lane, London.*"

A narrow passage, called Bangor Court, at the Holborn end of the lane, and immediately behind St. Andrew's Church, marks the site of this mansion. In the year 1647, the house and grounds were purchased of the trustees for the sale of bishops' lands, by Sir John Barkstead, Knight, with the intention, apparently, of pulling down the house, and building streets upon the site. Sir John did not carry this resolution into effect, but in the act of parliament passed in 1657, against the erection of new buildings,—for Oliver Cromwell appears to have shared the fears of Elizabeth and James I., that London would grow too large,—an exemption is made in his favour, in consequence of his having paid more for the ground than he would have done had he not been allowed to build. Sir John either lacked money or opportunity to do as he had proposed; and at the Restoration, three years afterwards, the estate reverted to the see of Bangor. The Bishop, however, did not inhabit it; the mansion was let out in parts to various tenants, and several mean houses were erected on the grounds. A part of the garden with lime trees and a rookery existed in 1759. Every vestige of the mansion itself was destroyed during the autumn of 1828. It had been divided into numerous tenements, which were occupied by two or three hundred persons, chiefly Irish, of the lowest class.

The present edifice, known as Bangor House, is now occupied as the printing establishment of Messrs. Bentley.

At the extremity of Shoe Lane, and fronting Holborn, stands the church of St. Andrew's. It is a rectory, originally in the gift of the abbots of Bermondsey, from whom it was taken by Henry VIII., at the dissolution of the religious houses. It was bestowed upon the Lord Chancellor, Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the town residence of whose family stood higher up Holborn, on the spot where is now the King's Arms public-house. From the possession of the Earls of Southampton it descended by marriage to the Duke of Montague. The present edifice was rebuilt in 1687, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren. Among the persons buried here must be mentioned the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley; and "without a stone to mark the spot," the unhappy poet Chatterton. He had lodgings in Brook Street, Holborn. Among the eminent rectors of this church have been Bishops Bancroft and Stillingfleet, and Dr. Sacheverel. A characteristic story of Dean Swift is told, relative to the notorious doctor's appointment to this valuable living. After the excitement of his trial had subsided, and when he was no longer useful to the men in power, the doctor considered that he was slighted. He thought that a man of his consequence ought to be rewarded, and the rectory of St. Andrew's falling vacant, he applied to the ministry for the living. No notice was taken of him for a time; and losing patience and almost hope, he wrote to Swift, with whom he had a very slight acquaintance, begging him to intercede with the government on his behalf. The dean took the letter to Lord Bolingbroke, who began to abuse Sacheverel, calling him a busy, intermeddling fellow and an incendiary, who had set the kingdom in a flame which could not be extinguished, and who therefore deserved censure instead of reward. To which Swift replied, "True, my lord, but let me tell you a short story. In a sea-fight in the reign of Charles II., there was a bloody engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, in the heat of which a Scotch seaman was bit very severely by a louse in his neck, which he caught, and stooping down to crack it between his nails, many of the sailors near him had their heads taken off by a chain-shot from the enemy, which scattered their blood and brains about him. On this he had compassion on poor louse, returned him to his place, and bade him live there at discretion; for as he had saved his life, he was bound in gratitude to preserve his in return." The recital of this put Lord Bolingbroke into a fit of laughter, who, when it was over, said, "The louse shall have the living for your story," and soon after Sacheverel was presented to it.

Pennant relates a curious anecdote of Sacheverel and the learned Whiston, translator of Josephus. "Sacheverel," says he, "had the chance of meeting in his parish a person as turbulent as himself, the noted Mr. Whiston. That singular character took it into his head to disturb the doctor while he was in his pulpit, venting some doctrine contrary to the opinion of that heterodox man;" the doctor, if we are to believe Pennant's story, and he gives us no authority for it, descended from his pulpit in great wrath and turned Whiston out of the church.

In Gunpowder Alley, leading from Shoe Lane, lived for a short period, and died, another poet, almost as unhappy in his end as poor Chatterton. Richard Lovelace, once, as Anthony à Wood describes him, "the most amiable and beautiful person that eyes ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment," died here, in a state little removed from beggary, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich, and nephew of Lord Lovelace, and inherited a considerable fortune. He ruined himself, however, in the service of Charles I., and otherwise lived beyond his means. He was the darling of the ladies, wherever he appeared, and was beloved by one Lucy Sacheverel (no relative of the doctor's family, as far as has been ascertained), who joined to the attractions of her beauty, those of a large fortune. This lady, hearing that he died of a wound he received at the siege of Dunkirk, and not taking much pains to verify the rumour, soon afterwards married another. This is the lady whom he addresses as Lucasta, in an elegant song written to her "on his going to the wars," of which the commencing and concluding stanzas are,—

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste heart and quiet mind  
To warre and armes I flie.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As thou too shalt adore,  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Loved I not honour more."

On his return to England he was imprisoned by the Parliament. "On his release," says Halsted in his "History of Kent," "having consumed all his estate, he grew very melancholy (which at length brought him to consumption), became very poor in body and purse; was the object of charity; went in ragged clothes (whereas, when he was in glory he wore cloth



of gold and silver); and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants." His last lodging was in Gunpowder Alley, where he died in 1658, and he was buried at the west end of St. Bride's churchyard. He wrote a tragedy called the "Soldier,"—his own life might have afforded him materials;—and a comedy called the "Scholar," for which also his own career might have given him a subject, for he was both a soldier and a scholar; and several tender songs, one of which, "To Althea, from Prison," will live, says Mr. Southey, "as long as the English language."

In Gunpowder Alley resided Evans the astrologer, the friend and instructor of that arch quack, Lilly, immortalised as Sydhophil in Butler's "Hudibras." Lilly, in his amusing Memoirs, says it was by mere accident that he came to study astrology. He had formerly been a servant in the employ of one Gilbert Wright, upon whose death he married his widow, a young woman who had been thrice married to old men, but who resolved, as Lilly says, to be "cozened" no more into the commission of such folly. Being in comfortable circumstances with her, and not very well knowing what to do with his leisure, he looked about for a pursuit. It happened one Sunday, in 1632, as he and a magistrate's clerk were discoursing together before divine service, the latter chanced to observe that a man of his acquaintance named Evans "was a great scholar—nay, so learned, he could make an almanack." It had always been Lilly's ambition to make an almanack; and he immediately expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of Mr. Evans. They went accordingly to Gunpowder Alley one day on the following week. Lilly shall describe his visit in his own words: "When we came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he then lay. He roused up himself, and after some compliments, he was content to instruct me in astrology. I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks, in which time I could set a figure perfectly. Books he had not any, except 'Haly de Judiciis Astrorum,' and 'Orriganus's Ephemerides,' so that, as often as I entered his house, I thought I was in the wilderness. Now something of the man. He was by birth a Welshman, a master of arts, and in sacred orders. He had formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire; but now was come to try his fortunes in London, being in a manner enforced to fly for some offences very scandalous, committed by him in those parts where

he had lately lived ; for he gave his judgment upon things lost, the only shame of astrology. He was the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised or since ; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick-shouldered, flat-nosed, full lips, down-looked, black, curly, stiff hair, splay-footed. To give him his rights, he had the most piercing judgment, naturally, upon a question of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal ; yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgments ; was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome, seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or another." We have been thus particular in our description of this fellow, as the type of a class that once swarmed in London, and is far from being extinct even at this day. During the seventeenth century, they carried on their calling without any concealment. As at that period almost every house had its sign—very requisite in the absence of numbers—so the fortune-tellers had theirs, and it was generally the "Golden Ball." The notorious Dr. Forman, concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, practised at the Golden Ball in Lambeth Marsh. Another sign common with the fraternity was Friar Bacon's head ; and almost equally popular was the "Merlin's head." All these fellows, to use the words of Butler in his description of Lilly were—

" Men who foretold what's ever was  
By consequence to come to pass ;  
As death of great men, alterations,  
Diseases, battles, inundations ;  
Or searched a planet's house to know,  
Who broke and robbed a house below,  
Examined Venus and the moon  
To find who stole a silver spoon."

In the country towns of England, especially in Yorkshire and Lancashire, a similar class of persons exist ; and every now and then the exposure in the newspapers of some case of gross roguery on one side, and credulity on the other, astonishes people of superior education, and makes them ask themselves if they live in the nineteenth century.

## CHAPTER XVII.

New Fleet Market—Bolt Court and Dr. Johnson—Cobbett—The Scottish Hospital—The Meal-Tub Plot—Procession of the Burning of the Pope; Charles II.'s attempt to suppress—Guy Fawkes' Day—Steeple of St. Bride's Church—Fatal accident in the Churchyard—Milton's House—The Palace of Bridewell—Residence of Henry VIII.—His speech to Cardinal Campeius in relation to the King's Divorce—The Palace granted to the City—Bridewell Boys—The Old Palace destroyed—Disgraceful state of Fleet Ditch—The Old Bourne—Fleet Market—Course of River Fleet—Fleet Prison—Atrocious treatment of the Prisoners formerly—Cruelties practised on Jacob Mendez Solas and Captain John McPhedris—Fleet Marriages.

ON the eastern side of Shoe Lane is Fleet Market, formerly held in the middle of the now clear and open thoroughfare of Farringdon Street, but which, being found a great inconvenience to the traffic, was removed here in 1829. As its contemplation offers few attractions to stay the steps of a rambler, we continue our course down Shoe Lane, and are once more on the north side of Fleet Street. There are a great number of small courts or alleys branching from this side, of which it will be necessary to speak, and we will therefore take them all together. This district was the principal part of the ancient Saxon city of London. It was nearly all burnt down in the year 982. Stow, in his "Annals," recording the event, says, "Great part of London was burnt, which city had at this time most buildings from Ludgate towards Westminster, and little or none where the heart of the city now is, except in divers places was housing that stood without order." The district has been always densely peopled; and some of the courts seem so close and narrow as scarcely to afford breathing room to a healthy person. The most famous of these courts is Bolt Court, so long inhabited by Samuel Johnson. We have already spoken of him so frequently that it is needless to mention more than the mere fact of his residence here. The house itself which he inhabited exists no more.

Bolt Court is also well known as being the place of residence of the celebrated William Cobbett, and where he wrote, printed, and published his "Register," and dealt in flower seeds and Indian corn. His well-known "Register," which died with its author, was the last work of its kind,—a sort of hybrid between the pamphlet and the newspaper.

Among the other courts branching off Fleet Street is Crane Court, at the extremity of which stands the Scottish Hospital, incorporated in the reign of Charles II., for the relief of poor Scotch people resident in London. The institution dates its first incorporation from the year 1665, and its re-incorporation from 1775. It is now under the presidency of the Duke of Sutherland.

The only other courts in Fleet Street worthy of record are Johnson's Court and Wine Office Court. In the former, Dr. Johnson resided for many years, and Goldsmith had lodgings in the latter for a short time.

Fleet Street was the scene of the annual grand procession and burning of the Pope in the reign of Charles II. After the discovery of the Meal-tub Plot, as it was called, this annual mumery was performed with additional pomp and ceremony. The day was the 17th of November, the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth—then observed as a Protestant festival. Black friars, black, white, and grey bishops, cardinals, and finally, the Pope himself, formed the procession, which was headed by a man on horseback personating the dead body of Sir Edmonbury Godfrey, whose mysterious death at that time exercised the imaginations and inflamed the passions of the people of England. The Pope was tricked out in grotesque habiliments, and a representative of the devil, as his prime minister, sat on his shoulders, and hopped from ear to ear, as if whispering evil counsels. The procession began at Bishopsgate and ended in Fleet Street, where the final ceremony of the burning took place.

The following account is from a rare pamphlet, entitled, "The Burning of the Pope at Temple Bar in London." "Upon the 17th of November (1679) the bells began to ring about three o'clock in the morning, in the city of London, and several honourable and worthy gentlemen, belonging to the Temple, as well as to the city, (remembering the burning both of London and the Temple, which was apparently executed by popish villany,) were pleased to be at the charge of an extraordinary triumph, in commemoration of that blessed Protestant queen (Elizabeth), which was as follows. In the evening of the said day, all things being prepared, the solemn procession began from Moorgate, and so to Bishopsgate Street, and down Houndsditch to Aldgate, through Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, by the Royal Exchange, through Cheapside, to Fleet Street.

"The whole procession was attended with one hundred and



fifty flambeaux and lights by order, but as many more came in volunteers as made up some thousands. Never were the balconies, windows, and houses more numerous lined, or the streets closer thronged with multitudes of people, all expressing their abhorrence of popery, with continual shouts and acclamations; so that it is modestly computed, that in the whole progress there could not be fewer than two hundred thousand spectators.

“Thus with a slow and solemn state they proceeded to Temple Bar, where with innumerable swarms the houses seemed to be converted into heaps of men and women and children, for whose diversion there were provided great quantities of excellent fireworks.

“Temple Bar being, since its rebuilding, adorned with four stately statues, namely, those of Queen Elizabeth and King James, on the inward or eastern side fronting the city, and those of King Charles Ist., of blessed memory, and our present gracious sovereign (whom God in mercy to these nations long preserve!), on the outside, facing towards Westminster; the statue of Queen Elizabeth was, in regard to the day, provided with a crown of gilded laurel, and in her hand a golden shield, with the motto, ‘The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta,’ and flambeaux placed before it. The Pope being brought up near thereunto, the following song, alluding to the posture of these statues, was sung in parts, between one representing the English cardinal (Philip Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, made a cardinal in 1675,) and others representing the people:—

‘CARDINAL NORFOLK.

From York to London town we come  
To talk of popish ire,  
To reconcile you all to Rome,  
And prevent Smithfield fire.

PLEBEIANS.

Cease, cease thou Norfolk cardinal!  
See, yonder stands Queen Bess,  
Who saved our souls from popish thrall,  
O Queen Bess! Queen Bess! Queen Bess!  
Your popish plot and Smithfield threat  
We do not fear at all,  
For lo! beneath Queen Bess’s feet,  
You fall! you fall! you fall!  
’Tis true our king’s on ’tother side,  
A looking t’wards Whitehall,  
But, could we bring him roundabout  
He’d counterplot you all.

Then down with James, and up with Charles,  
 On good Queen Bess's side,  
 That all true commons, lords, and earls,  
 May wish him a fruitful bride.

Now God preserve great Charles our king  
 And eke all honest men,  
 And traitors all to justice bring,  
 Amen! amen! amen!'

"Then the thronging spectators were entertained for some time with ingenious fireworks; and a vast fire being prepared just over against the Inner Temple Gate, his holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into the impartial (infernal) flames, the crafty devil leaving his infallibilityship in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his ignominious end as subtle jesuits do at the ruin of bigoted lay catholics, whom themselves have drawn in. This act of justice was attended with a prodigious shout, that might be heard far beyond Somerset House (the residence of the queen and her Catholic household); and 'twas believed the echo of its continued reverberations, before it ceased, reached Scotland (where the Duke of York then was), France, and even Rome itself, damping them all with a dreadful astonishment."

Roger North states that from these processions the now common word of *mob* was first introduced into the English language. In his "Examen," he says, speaking of the Green Ribbon Club, the members of which were at the pains and cost of organizing this annual mummary, "The rabble first changed their title, and were called the *mob*—the assemblies of this club. It was their beast of burthen, and called first *mobile vulgus*, but fell naturally into the contraction of one syllable, and is ever since become proper English."

These mock processions, renewed every year, were greatly to the distaste of the court of Charles II.; and in November 1682, the lord mayor and sheriffs were ordered to attend the king in council, when they were strictly commanded to prevent all such riotous disorders, and warned that, if they permitted them, the offence would be considered as that of the whole body corporate, and punished accordingly. The lord mayor, however, represented that such was the "ardour of the people against popery," that it would be dangerous to interfere; and the king being sensible from the sad experience of every day, that upon this subject his people were in a state of high excitement, resolved not to interfere, but to station troops of horse at convenient distances,

to be ready in case of any sudden and alarming outbreak of popular fury. The annual saturnalia was kept up until the expulsion of James II., when it died away ; leaving the national hatred of popery to vent itself upon the 5th of November, instead of the 17th, and upon the effigies of Guy Fawkes, instead of those of his holiness of Rome.

One of the most prominent objects to the gaze of the pedestrian who looks upon the memorabilia of Fleet Street, is the fine spire of St. Bride's steeple, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, that great church-builder of the seventeenth century. The edifice is dedicated to St. Bridget, of which St. Bride's is the popular corruption. St. Bridget is said to have been an Irish saint, and has given name not only to this church, but to the spring adjoining, and the once royal hospital of Bridewell, now the city house of correction, of which we shall speak hereafter. The church that formerly stood here was very small, as we learn from the authority of Stow. It was burned down in the great fire of 1666, and rebuilt from the plan of Sir Christopher Wren, in 1680. It has been several times repaired and beautified ; and in 1796 was thoroughly renovated by authority of an act of parliament. The steeple was greatly injured by a thunder storm on the 18th of June, 1764, and large stones were displaced by the electric fluid and hurled into Fleet Street, to the great danger of the passengers and the adjoining houses. The illuminated clock was one of the first of those conveniences which have, since the year 1830, become so common in London. The present handsome avenue or opening from Fleet Street allows a full view of this fine spire.

In the churchyard are buried Richard Lovelace, whose fate we have already dwelt upon ; and Richardson, the author of "Pamela." The Earl of Dorset, upon condition that the parishioners would not bury in the south churchyard opposite his mansion, granted a parcel of ground on the side of Fleet Ditch, for a new burial-place.

In St. Bride's churchyard, Milton took lodgings on his return to London. His apartments were in the house of one Russell, a tailor ; and Milton here commenced the education of John and Edward Philips, his sister's sons. Finding the rooms too small, he removed to Aldersgate Street, and took more scholars.

Underneath the church wall is a pump, homely in appearance, but nevertheless covering the site of, and supplying the inhabitants around with water from, the ancient St. Bride's well.

Bridewell, named originally from the same spring,—now the

house of correction for the city of London—was formerly a royal palace. “It was built,” says Pennant, “prior to the reign of King John, and formed partly out of the remains of an ancient castle, the western *Arx Palatina* of the city, which stood near the little river Fleet, near to the Thames.” From this time, until it was inhabited by Cardinal Wolsey, we hear very little of the palace of Bridewell. That prelate made it his occasional residence, with the permission of the sovereign. Henry convened all the abbots and other heads of religious houses, English and foreign, and Pennant says, “squeezed” out of them a hundred thousand pounds. With part of this sum the palace was rebuilt, and was set apart for the residence of the Emperor Charles V., on his visit to England. The emperor, on his entry into London, was met at every step with pageants and rejoicings, and so conducted to the neighbouring palace of Blackfriars, his suite being disposed of in Bridewell, which, it would appear, the care of Henry had not been able to prepare for his reception in a suitable manner. A gallery of communication, crossing the Fleet Ditch, was made between the two palaces, and a passage cut through the city wall into the emperor’s apartments. King Henry afterwards lodged in Bridewell; and Stow mentions several creations of peers that took place with great ceremony within its walls. When the question of the divorce between Henry and his first queen began to be agitated, the king resided here, and here he received the pope’s legate, Cardinal Campeius. “The cardinal,” says Stow, “came by long journeys into England, and much preparation was made to receive him triumphantly into London; but he was so sore vexed with the gout, that he refused all such solemnities, and desired that he might, without pomp, be conveyed to his lodgings, for his more quiet and rest: and so, on the 9th of October he came from St. Mary Overies by water, to the Bishop of Bath’s palace without Temple Bar, where he was visited by the Cardinal of York (Wolsey), and divers other estates and prelates; and after he had rested him a season, he was brought to the king’s presence at Bridewell by the Cardinal of York, and was carried in a chair between four persons, for he was not able to stand.” Here Henry, after an address from one Francisco, secretary to the legate, and another from Doctor Foxe, the Provost of Cambridge, made an oration, which the reader will find at length in Stow’s “Annals.” It concluded with an appeal which the King meant to be touching: “He loved the queen still above all other women,” he said; he had no thought of the lovelier Anne



Boleyn—oh no! “It was all the effect of conscience.” “If it be judged by the law of God,” said he, that she is my lawful wife, then was there never thing more acceptable to me in my life, both for the discharge of my conscience, and also for the good qualities which I know to be in her; for I assure you all, that besides her noble parentage, of the which she is descended, as you all know, she is a woman of most gentleness, of most humility, of most buxomness,—yea, and of all good qualities appertaining to nobility, she is without comparison, as I these twenty years almost have had the true experiment: so that if I were to marry again, if the marriage might be good, I would surely choose her above all other women. But if it be determined by judgment that our marriage was against God’s law, and clearly void, then I shall not only sorrow the departing from so good a lady and loving companion, but much more lament and bewail my unfortunate chance, that I have so long lived in adultery, to God’s great displeasure, and have no true heir of my body to inherit this realm. These be the sores that vex my mind; these be the pangs that trouble my conscience; and for these griefs I seek a remedy. Therefore, I request of you all, as our trust and confidence is in you, to declare to our subjects our intent, according to our true meaning, and desire them to pray with us that the truth may be known, for the discharge of our conscience and saving of our soul; and for declaration hereof, I have assembled you together; and now you may depart.” After this hypocritical speech, “it was a strange sight,” says the annalist, “to see what countenance was made among the hearers: some sighed and said nothing; others were sorry to hear the King so troubled in his conscience; others, favouring the queen, much sorrowed that this matter was now opened.” Those who sighed and said nothing, were probably those who knew all about the King’s courtship with the pretty Anne; and those who were sorry to hear of his troubled conscience, were poor ignorant, simple souls, who knew little of what was going on in the world.

The final proceedings of this memorable trial took place in the opposite palace of Blackfriars, as we shall have occasion to mention more fully hereafter, when we treat of this precinct. Henry does not appear to have ever lived in Bridewell after his marriage with Anne Boleyn; and the palace was suffered to fall into decay. Edward VI., the founder of so many charitable institutions in London, gave the palace of Bridewell, in the seventh year of his reign, to the city of London, for a house of refuge for the poor, and correction for the idle. It was chiefly through the efforts of the pious prelate Ridley, that the

grant was made. He had long seen with concern, that London swarmed with idle and dissolute characters ; and had taken every means in his power to provide a remedy. Hearing that the decayed palace of Bridewell had excited the notice of some grasping courtier, who had made an offer to purchase it for a comparatively trifling sum, the bishop wrote an urgent letter to Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burleigh), the King's secretary.

Cecil exerted his influence, and on the 10th April following (1553), the lord mayor and officers of the corporation were ordered to attend the King at Whitehall, when a formal grant of the palace was made, to be a workhouse for the poor and idle persons of the city of London, and seven hundred marks of the Savoy rents, with all the beds, bedding, and other furniture of the hospital of Savoy, were given towards its maintenance, in conjunction with the hospital of St. Thomas, at Southwark. King Edward died before the city could take possession, and the grant was not confirmed by Queen Mary until two years afterwards. There was still a want of funds to establish the house upon a proper scale to answer the purpose of its institution ; and by an act of the Court of Common Council, passed on the last day of February, in the 2nd and 3rd of Philip and Mary, the necessary sums were ordered "to be gotten up amongst the rich people of the companies of London." Bridewell became a place of punishment and reformation for street-walkers, disobedient apprentices, and other idle characters. The deserted children who were taken in here and taught useful trades, were known by the name of Bridewell boys : they were formerly distinguished by blue jackets and trousers, and white hats, and a figure of Edward VI. upon their buttons ; but this peculiar dress has been discontinued. Prior to the year 1790, the Bridewell boys used to attend all fires that broke out in London, with the engine of the hospital. Their disorderly conduct on these occasions was often complained of ; and in that year, at a fire in Aldersgate Street, a fireman was killed in a dispute with them, and their services at fires were ever afterwards dispensed with. After the Restoration, the Bridewell boys had a custom of being particularly riotous on the 29th of May, when they were permitted to go abroad into the fields and gather oak-branches in honour of King Charles.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, granaries and storehouses for coals were erected within the walls of Bridewell, at the expense of the city, and the poor were employed in grinding corn with handmills. This was found very laborious work, till a

citizen invented a mill, by which two men might grind as much corn in a day as could be ground by ten men with the ordinary mill. It could be worked either with the hands or feet; "and so," says Dr. Hughson, "if the poor were lame in their arms, they earned their living with their feet; and if they were lame in their legs, they earned their living with their arms."

The old building, erected by Henry VIII., was destroyed by the fire of 1666, together with all the dwelling-houses in the precinct, from whence arose two-thirds of its revenue. The hospital was rebuilt two years afterwards, as it now stands. The entrance to it is from Bridge Street, Blackfriars, through a passage leading under the houses, by which it is excluded from the public view of that great thoroughfare. Pennant says, that much of the original building remained in his time; and if so, the parts he mentions remain still. He describes them as "a great part of one court, with a front, several arches, octagon towers, and many of the walls, and the magnificent flight of stairs leading to the court of justice, which is a handsome apartment." There are many portraits in the court-room, of which a list is given by Pennant; one of them is supposed to be by Holbein, and is a portrait of Edward VI., representing that monarch bestowing the charter of Bridewell on Sir George Barnes, the then lord mayor.

The Fleet Ditch, now covered over in nearly all its course, runs into the Thames a little below Bridewell. This stream, which gives name to the street we have already traversed, was, in the earlier ages of London, deemed of great importance and utility. A creek of the river extended from Blackfriars up the present Bridge Street and Farringdon Market, as far as the spot still known as Holborn Bridge, into which creek ran not only the river Fleet, but another small stream called the Old Bourne, giving name to Holborn. "Over the creek," says Pennant, "were four stone bridges, and on the sides extensive quays and warehouses. It was of such utility that it was scoured and kept open at great expense; and not later than 1606, nearly £28,000 was expended for that purpose." The tide ran up as far as the obelisk at the end of the bridge, and bore up small vessels and barges of considerable burthen. In a parliament held at Carlisle, in the 35th year of Edward I. (A.D. 1307), the Earl of Lincoln complained that, in former times, the course of water running under Holborn Bridge and Fleet Bridge into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth, that ten or twelve ships at once, "navies with merchandise," were wont to come to Fleet Bridge, and some of them to Holborn Bridge; "yet that by the

filth of the tanners and others, and by raising of wharfs, and especially by a diversion of the water in the 1st year of King John, 1200, by them of the New Temple, for their mills without Baynard's Castle, and by other impediments, the course was decayed, and ships could not enter as they were used." On the motion of the earl, a sort of commission of inquiry was appointed. The constable of the Tower, the lord mayor and sheriffs of London, were directed to take with them certain "honest and discreet men, to inquire into the former state of the river, to leave nothing that might hurt or stop it," and restore it to its former condition. The creek was accordingly cleansed; but still, as if by nature intended for a common sewer of London, it was soon choked up with filth again. Constant mention is made in the old annals of the city of the sums paid every thirty or forty years for purifying it, and freeing it from obstruction. In the time of Stow, as we learn from his "Survey," "after much money spent, and by means of continual encroachments on the banks, and the throwing of soil into the stream, it became worse clogged than ever." After the fire of London, the channel was again made navigable for barges to come up, by the assistance of the tide from the Thames, as far as Holborn Bridge, where the Fleet, otherwise called Turnmill Brook, fell into this the wider channel, which had sides built of stone and brick, with warehouses on each side running under the street, and used for the laying in of coals and other commodities. This channel had five feet water at the lowest tide at Holborn Bridge; the wharfs on each side of the channel were thirty feet broad, and rails of oak were placed along the sides of the ditch, to prevent people from falling into it at night. There were four bridges of Portland stone over it—namely, at Bridewell, Fleet Street, Fleet Lane, and Holborn.

Up to the year 1733, Fleet Ditch, notwithstanding all the sums wasted upon it, remained a disgrace to the city. Pope, who makes it the scene of the sports of the votaries of Dulness in the "Dunciad," celebrates it in the following lines:—

"Fleet Ditch with disemboгуing streams,  
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;  
The king of dykes, than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the silver flood."

In 1733, it having been determined to erect a mansion for the official residence of the lord mayor of London, the spot called Stocks Market, where the Mansion House now stands, was chosen for the site. This rendered it necessary that another place should be provided for a market, and it was then determined that



the Fleet Ditch, from Fleet Street to Holborn Bridge, should be arched over, and a market-place built upon it. The corporation brought a bill into parliament, in which they represented "that, although after the fire of London, the channel of the Fleet had been made navigable from the Thames to Holborn Bridge, yet the profits from the navigation had not answered the charge; that the part from Fleet Bridge to Holborn Bridge, instead of being useful to trade, had become choked with mud, and was therefore a nuisance; and that several persons had lost their lives by falling into it." An act was ultimately passed, vesting the fee-simple of the site referred to in the corporation for ever, on condition that drains should be made underneath, and that no buildings erected on the superstructure should exceed fifteen feet in height. The works shortly afterwards commenced, and the market was opened for the sale of butcher's meat and vegetables, on the 30th of September, 1737.

The remaining portion of the Fleet, from the corner of Bridge Street to the Thames downwards, remained open for many years after. Pennant recollected the present noble approach to Blackfriars Bridge at Chatham Place, "a muddy and genuine ditch." It was finally covered over when the approaches to Blackfriars Bridge were completed, between the years 1760 and 1768.

Many antiquities have been found at various times during the progress of works connected with the cleansing, bridging, or covering of this stream. In 1676, between the Fleet Prison and Holborn Bridge, and at the depth of fifteen feet, several Roman utensils were discovered, and a little lower a great quantity of Roman coins, of silver, copper, and brass, but none of gold. At Holborn Bridge two brass *lares*, or household gods of the Romans, about four inches in length, were dug out;—one a Ceres, the other a Bacchus. "It is a probable conjecture," says Pennant, "that these were thrown in by the affrighted Romans at the approach of the enraged Boadicea, who soon took ample revenge on her insulting conquerors. Here also were discovered numbers of Saxon antiquities, spears, weapons, keys, seals, &c.; also medals, crosses, and crucifixes, which might likewise have been thrown in on an occasion of some alarm."

The Fleet, it should be mentioned, takes its rise on the London side of the Hampstead ponds, from whence it passes to Camden and Kentish Towns, through a portion of Somers Town, by Battle Bridge into the Bagnigge Wells Road, where it is about twelve feet broad, and thence underground to the Thames. It

may still be seen winding its dirty course between high banks at the entrance of the Kentish Town Road, opposite to St. Pancras workhouse. On the bank stands a public-house called the Elephant and Castle, which derives its name from a relic of antiquity discovered in the ditch at this spot. The circumstance is related in a letter from Bagford to Hearne the antiquary. "Some time before the year 1714, Mr. John Coniers, an apothecary in Fleet Street, who made it his chief amusement to collect antiquities, was one day digging near this spot, where he conjectured, from something he had read, that antiquities might be found, when he was gratified by finding part of the skeleton of an elephant. How it came there is hard to conjecture. Not far from the spot was afterwards discovered an ancient British spear."

The Fleet Prison, recently taken down, was a building presenting a long, gloomy, windowless wall, to the east of Fleet Street. It was founded at least as early as the 1st of Richard I. It was a general court for debtors, and such as were in contempt of the Courts of Chancery and Common Pleas. Any prisoner for debt might be removed by writ of *habeas corpus* to the Fleet from any prison in England. The prison was governed by a warder, and had a coroner of its own. The rules of the Fleet, which might be enjoyed by any prisoner who could give proper security to the warder, comprehended all Ludgate Hill; from Fleet Ditch to the Old Bailey on the north, and to Cork Alley on the south; both sides of the Old Bailey from Ludgate Hill eastward to Fleet Lane, and all Fleet Lane and the east side of the Ditch, or middle of Farringdon Street, to Ludgate Hill. The Fleet Prison used to be famous for its racket-ground, where the prisoners amused themselves. Some curious anecdotes are related by Hone of a noted player, named Cavanagh, who was likewise celebrated by Hazlitt.

The treatment of the prisoners, owing to the improved state of civilization, aided in no slight degree by the vigilance of the press, had, for many years past, been as humane and liberal as was consistent with their safe custody. But in the early part of the last century the case was very different, and scenes were disclosed, which makes the heart shudder to think of. The Gaol Committee, of which General Oglethorpe was the most active member, appointed in 1729, brought these horrors to light, and took the whole nation by surprise.

General, then Mr. Oglethorpe, was the friend of one of the prisoners named Castell, an architect, and in one of his visits to him, accidentally discovered the system that was pursued. He

accordingly moved in his place in parliament, that a committee might be appointed to inquire into the state of the gaols of the kingdom. A committee being appointed, of which Mr. Oglethorpe was chairman, they visited the Fleet Prison on the 27th of February, 1729, and examined several of the prisoners. Among the rest they found Sir William Rich, Bart., in a dungeon, heavily loaded with irons. They immediately ordered his irons to be struck off; but the acting warder Bambridge, a sort of deputy to Huggins, who held the office, ordered Sir William to be put in chains again, immediately the backs of the committee were turned. On the following day an unexpected visit was again paid by the committee, and Sir William found in this condition. Mr. Oglethorpe reported the proceedings to the House, and Bambridge was ordered into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

It was stated in the report of the committee, presented to the House of Commons, 20th of March, that the warder and his assistants, for the purpose of extorting large fees from the unhappy prisoners for better accommodation, used to load them with irons, and lock them up in damp dungeons. One gentleman named Castell, the friend of Oglethorpe, was forcibly conveyed from the more airy and spacious part of the prison, because he would not pay an enormous fee, to another part, where the small-pox was raging; and although he prayed and besought them with tears in his eyes not to send him there, as he knew he should catch the malady and die, they refused to listen to anything he had to say, unless he paid the sum demanded. This he was unable to do—he was locked up, caught the contagion, and died. The following passage from the report of the committee, details another instance of their atrocities:—

“ Jacob Mendez Solas was, as far as it appeared to the committee, one of the first prisoners for debt that ever was loaded with irons in the Fleet. The said Bambridge one day called him into the gatehouse of the prison, called the ‘Lodge,’ where he caused him to be seized, fettered, and carried to Corbett’s, the sponging-house, and there kept for upwards of a week; and when brought back into the prison, Bambridge caused him to be turned into the dungeon, called the ‘Strong Room,’ of the master’s side. This place is a vault like those in which the dead are interred, and wherein the bodies of persons dying in the same prison are usually deposited, till the coroner’s inquest hath passed upon them. It has no chimney or fireplace, nor any light but what comes over the door, or through a hole of about

eight inches square. It is neither paved nor boarded, and the rough bricks appear both on the sides and top, being neither wainscoted nor plastered. What adds to the dampness and stench of the place is, its being built over the common sewer, and adjoining to the sink and dunghill, where all the filth of the prison is cast. In this miserable place the poor wretch was kept by Bambridge, manacled and shackled, for near two months."

Another prisoner, a Captain John McPhedris, endured even worse treatment. For refusal or inability to pay the extortionate demands of the warder, he was subjected to every species of indignity and annoyance. Having taken refuge in the room of another prisoner, to escape the fury of Bambridge, the latter, on the next morning entered the room with a detachment of soldiers, "and," to use the words of the report of the Gaol Committee, "ordered him to be dragged to the hoop and ironed with great irons. The prisoner desired he might be carried before a magistrate, that he might know his crime before he was punished; but Bambridge refused, and put irons on his legs, which were too little, so that, in forcing them on, his legs were like to have been broken, and the torture was impossible to be endured. Upon which, the prisoner complaining of the grievous pain and straitness of the irons, Bambridge answered, 'that he did it on purpose to torture him;' on which the prisoner replied, 'that by the law of England no man ought to be tortured.' Bambridge declared 'that he would do it first, and answer for it afterwards,' and caused him to be dragged away to the dungeon, where he lay without a bed, loaded with irons so closely rivetted, that they kept him in continual torture and mortified his legs. After long application his irons were changed, and a surgeon was directed to dress his legs, but his lameness is not, nor ever can, be cured. He was kept in this miserable confinement for three weeks, by which his sight is greatly prejudiced and in danger of being lost."

In consequence of this report, the House unanimously came to the following resolutions: "That Thomas Bambridge, acting warder of the Fleet Prison, had wilfully permitted several of the debtors to the crown in great sums of money, as well as debtors to divers of his majesty's subjects, to escape; that he had been guilty of the most notorious breaches of his trust; great extortion and the highest crimes and misdemeanors; and had arbitrarily and unlawfully loaded with irons, and put into dungeons and destroyed, prisoners for debt, and treated them in the most barbarous and cruel manner, in high violation and contempt of



the laws of this kingdom." A similar resolution was passed against Huggins, the late warder, and against Barnes, Pindar, Everett, and King, the turnkeys, for aiding and abetting in the commission of the cruelties. The attorney-general was directed to prosecute the offenders, who were all committed close prisoners to Newgate; and two bills were brought in, one to disable Huggins or Bambridge to exercise the office of warder, and the other for the better regulation of the Fleet; and the more effectually preventing and punishing the arbitrary and illegal practices of all future warders. Bambridge was shortly afterwards brought to trial on three distinct charges of murder, felony, and barbarity, in the execution of his office. Huggins was tried for the murder of Edward Arne, and found guilty of aiding and abetting, but that it was not premeditated in him; that he had been privy to the cause of the man's death, and might have prevented it. Bambridge was tried for the murder of Mr. Castell, but acquitted on appeal.

The Fleet Prison was also celebrated in the last century for its disgraceful marriages. Pennant, who spoke from personal knowledge, says:—"In walking along the street in my youth, on the side next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, '*Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?*' Along this most lawless space was frequently hung up the sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with '*Marriages performed within,*' written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plain night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco. Our great chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, put these demons to flight, and saved thousands from the misery and disgrace which would be entailed by these extemporary thoughtless unions."

Malcolm, writing upon the same subject, says:—"To such an extent were the proceedings carried, that twenty and thirty couples were joined in one day, at from ten to twenty shillings each;" and "between the 19th October, 1704, and the 12th February, 1705, 2,954 marriages were celebrated (by evidence), besides others known to have been omitted. To these neither licence nor certificate of banns were required, and they concealed by private marks the names of those who chose to pay them for it." These proceedings became at last so shameless, or rather shameful, that the whole neighbourhood was scandalized. Formal complaint was made—the matter was taken up as it ought to be—the Marriage Act was passed, and the "couplers," as they were sometimes called, were swept away.

In a straight line with this street is Blackfriars Bridge, repaired in an elegant and substantial manner in 1840 by the corporation of London. The first stone of this bridge was laid on the 30th of October, 1760, and it was completed in about eight years, from the designs of Mr. Robert Mylne, the architect, at an expense of £152,840 3s. 10d. It consists of nine arches, the centre of which is 100 feet wide. The view of London from this bridge is exceedingly beautiful: at no other spot can the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's be seen to so much advantage, with the innumerable spires rising in every direction around it. The cathedral, stout and plethoric-looking—the spires, taper and half-famished in appearance—

“Lo, like a bishop upon dainties fed,  
St. Paul's lifts up his sacerdotal head;  
While his lean curates, slim and lank to view,  
Around him point their steeples to the blue.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Blackfriars Bridge—Order of the Black Friars—Queen Katherine's Trial and her Defence—The fatal Vespers in Blackfriars—Theatre in Blackfriars—Ludgate-hill—Bowyer's Row—Lud's Gate—Romantic incident in the Life of Sir Stephen Forster—La Belle Sauvage—Sir Thomas Wyatt captured there—The Old Bailey—Sydney House there—Newgate Prison—Sir Richard Whittington—Howard, the Philanthropist—Horrible state of this Prison formerly—The New Prison—Its improved condition—Awful calamity at the Execution of Holloway and Haggarty—Oliver Goldsmith in Green Arbour Court—St. Sepulchre's Church—Its Churchyard—John Smith, Governor of Virginia—Singular Bequest to the Sexton—The Sexton's Exhortation to dying Criminals—Giltspur Street Compter.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE was partly built and long supported out of the proceeds of a toll, as Waterloo Bridge and Southwark Bridge are at the present time; the only peculiarity in the mode of collection was, that passengers were made to pay double toll on Sunday. This bridge, it should be known, is inscribed to the memory of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. The following is a translation of the inscription upon two plates of tin, that are placed under the foundation-stone with the coins:—"On the last day of October, in the year 1760, and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of George III., Sir Thomas Chitty,

knight, lord mayor, laid the first stone of this bridge, undertaken by the common council of London amidst the rage of an extensive war (*laté tum flagrante bello*), for the public accommodation and ornament of the city, Robert Mylne being the architect. And that there might remain to posterity a monument of this city's affection to the man who, by the strength of his genius, the steadiness of his mind, and a certain kind of happy contagion of his probity and spirit, (under the divine favour, and fortunate auspices of George II.,) recovered, augmented, and secured the British empire, in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and influence of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of WILLIAM PITT." The toll-gates at Blackfriars were amongst the edifices that suffered in the awful No-Popery riot of Lord George Gordon's followers. They were burned down for the sake of the plunder, as it was supposed there were considerable sums of ready money there, the produce of the tolls. Some lives were lost there: and one man who was shot ran howling for thirty or forty yards, and then dropped down dead.

The bridge, which it was the original intention of the corporation of London to name Pitt's Bridge, takes its present appellation from the ancient priory and palace of the Black Friars, which stood a little to the eastward of Chatham Place, and nearly opposite the palace of Bridewell, to which, as we have already mentioned in our account of the latter, a gallery of communication was made for the convenience of the emperor, on his visit to Henry VIII.

The Black Friars, or Dominicans, who gave their name to this part of London, made their first appearance in England about the year 1221. They had their priory in 1250, near Holborn, on the site of the present Lincoln's Inn, whence they removed, in the reign of Edward I., to the banks of the Thames, where it is stated they built "a stately new priory." The order continued to inhabit this edifice until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was converted into a palace. A parliament was held in the priory of the Black Friars in the time of Henry VI., and again on the 15th of April, 1524, when the famous subsidy of £800,000 was demanded by Henry VIII. to be raised on goods and lands, at four shillings in the pound. The amount of this property tax somewhat startled the nation, and the demand was reduced. The tax, as finally agreed upon, was "two shillings in the pound upon the goods and lands of those who were worth £20

or might dispend £20 in the year, with a progressive increase of the rate upon all incomes above that average." This parliament was called the Black Parliament.

Here also, as has been cursorily stated in our account of the opposite palace of Bridewell, took place the celebrated proceedings between Henry VIII. and his Queen Katharine, which our immortal dramatist has so beautifully portrayed in act ii, scene 4, of his "Henry VIII." The first speech which he puts into the mouth of the queen, is a paraphrase of the speech she actually made, as reported in Hall's "Chronicle," where the bard found it, and which has been transcribed in Stow's "Annals." Everybody reads Shakspeare, but everybody does not read the old black-letter chronicles; and it may not be immaterial to quote the speech, that the lovers of Shakspeare may compare the two.

"The judges," says Hall, and after him Stow, "commanded the crier to proclaim silence while their commission was read, both to the court and the people assembled. That done, the scribes commanded the crier to call the king by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into court,' &c. With that the king answered, and said, 'Here.' Then he called the queen, by the name of 'Katharine, queen of England, come into court,' &c. Who made no answer, but rose incontinent out of her chair, and because she could not come to the king directly, for the distance secured between them, she went about by the court and came to the king, kneeling down at his feet, in the sight of all the court and people, to whom she said in effect these words as followeth: 'Sir,' quoth she, 'I desire you to do me justice and right, and take some pity upon me, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominion, having here so indifferent counsel, and less assurance of friendship. Alas! Sir, in what have I offended you? or what occasion of displeasure have I showed you, intending thus to put me from you after this sort? I take God to my judge, I have been to you a true and humble wife,—ever conformable to your will and pleasure; that never contraryed or gainsaid any thing thereof, and being always contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether little or much, without grudge or countenance of discontent or displeasure. I loved for your sake all them you loved, whether I had cause or no cause; whether they were my friends or my enemies. I have been your wife these twenty years or more, and you have had by me divers children; and when ye had me at the first, I take God to be judge, that I was



a very maid, and whether it be true or not, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause that you can allege against me, either of dishonesty or matter lawful, to put me from you, I am content to depart to my shame and rebuke; and if there be none, then I pray you to let me have justice at your hand. The king, your father, was in his time of such excellent wit, that he was accounted among all men for wisdom to be a second Solomon; and the King of Spain, my father, Ferdinand, was reckoned one of the wisest princes that reigned in Spain many years before. It is not therefore to be doubted but that they had gathered as wise counsellors unto them of every realm, as to their wisdoms they thought meet; and as to me seemeth, there were in those days, as wise and well-learned in both realms, as now at this day, who thought the marriage between you and me good and lawful. Therefore it is a wonder to me to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and now to cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this court. Ye should (as seemeth me) do me much wrong, for ye may condemn me for lack of answer, having no counsel but such as ye have assigned me: ye must consider that they cannot but be indifferent on my part, when they be your own subjects, and such as ye have taken and chosen out of your council, whereunto they be privy, and dare not disclose your will and intent. Therefore, I humbly desire you in the way of charity, to spare me, until I may know what counsel and advice my friends in Spain will advertise me, to take; and if you will not, then your pleasure be fulfilled.' With that she rose up, making a low curtesy to the king, and departed from thence; people supposing that she would have resorted again to her former place, but she took her way straight out of the court, leaning upon the arm of one of her servants, who was her receiver-general, called Master Griffith. The king, being advertised that she was ready to go out of the house where the court was kept, commanded the crier to call her again by these words, 'Katharine, queen of England,' &c. With that, quoth Master Griffith, 'Madam, ye be called again.' 'On! on!' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter, it is no indifferent (impartial) court for me, therefore I will not tarry,—go on your ways.' And thus she departed without any further answer at that time, or any other, and never would appear after in any court."

Early in the following century a dreadful event happened within the precincts of the dissolved monastery of the Black

Friars. The circumstances are related in a pamphlet, by the Rev. Samuel Clark, pastor of Benet Fink, intituled "The Fatal Vespers, a true and full narrative of that signal judgment of God upon the Papists, by the fall of the house in Blackfriars, London, upon the 5th of November, 1623." The event happened on the 26th of October, old style, or the 5th of November, new style, and in the popular prejudice against the Catholics in England, it was thought to be a judgment upon the professors of that faith, for their participation in the guilt of Guy Fawkes and the other conspirators of the famous Gunpowder Plot. The French ambassador, the Count de Tillier, who resided within the precincts of Blackfriars, allowed a building attached to the gate of his house to be used as a chapel for the celebration of the Catholic ritual. On the evening of the 26th of October, upwards of 300 persons assembled in an upper room of this building, to hear a sermon preached by Father Drury, a jesuit. In the midst of his discourse, the flooring of the room gave way, and the whole of the unhappy persons were precipitated to the floor beneath, which also gave way beneath the weight, and carried them headlong to the lower story, which, being built on strong stone arches, remained firm. Assistance was immediately rendered; the dead, and the dying, and the maimed were taken from the ruins; and it was found that no less than 91 persons—some accounts say 94—men, women, and children, had been killed, including the preacher himself, and two other jesuits. Many others, the number of whom was never correctly ascertained, were maimed for life, and very few escaped without hurt altogether. One Dr. Gouge, an eyewitness, quoted by the Rev. Samuel Clark in his bigoted and uncharitable pamphlet, says: "On the Lord's day at night, when they fell, there were numbered 91 dead bodies; but many of them were secretly conveyed away in the night, there being a pair of water-stairs leading from the garden appertaining unto the house to the Thames. Of those that were carried away, some were buried in a burying-place within the Spanish ambassador's house in Holborn, amongst whom the Lady Webb was one, the Lady Blackstone's daughter another, and one Mistress Udal a third." Various others were taken by their friends, and buried in different parts of London. "For the corpses remaining," continues Dr. Gouge, "two great pits were digged, one in the fore court of the said French ambassador's house, eighteen feet long and twelve feet broad; the other in the garden behind the house, twelve feet long and eight feet broad. In the former

pit were laid 44 corpses, whereof the bodies of Father Drury and Father Redyate were two. These two, wound up in sheets, were first laid into the pit, with a partition of loose earth to separate them from the rest. Then were others brought, some in somewhat a decent manner, wound up in sheets; but the greater portion in a most lamentable plight; the skirts only of the men tyed about them, and some linen tyed about the middle of the women, the rest of their bodies being naked; and one poor man or woman, taking a corpse by the head, another by the feet, tumbled them in, and so piled them up almost to the top of the pit. The rest were put into the other pit in the garden. Their manner of burial seemed almost as dismal as the heap of them, when they lay upon the floor where they last fell." No obsequies of funeral rites were used at their burial. Only the day after, a black cross of wood was set upon each grave, but was soon by authority commanded to be taken down.

On examination of the broken timbers being made, it was found that one beam had snapped at a knot in the wood, in consequence of the overwhelming pressure of so many people on a flooring that was never very strong.

In Blackfriars was a theatre, the memory of which, with the one on the other shore of the river at Bankside, enjoys the honour of having been used for the first representations of many of Shakspeare's plays, and where the bard himself performed in them. The whole district becomes classic, from the remembrance. The following interesting description of the theatres in London at that time, and which applies to the Blackfriars' Theatre as well as the rest, is taken from a short memoir of Shakspeare, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, prefixed to the Aldine edition of Shakspeare's poems: "Nearly all these buildings, it is probable, were constructed of wood. Those which, for some undiscovered reason, were termed private theatres, were entirely roofed in from the weather, while the public theatres were open to the sky, except over the stage and galleries. On the outside of each was exhibited a sign indicative of its name; and on the roof, during the time of performance, was hoisted a flag. The interior arrangements resembled those of the present day. There were tiers of galleries or *scaffolds*; beneath these the boxes or *rooms*, intended for persons of the higher class, and which at the private theatres were secured with locks, the keys being given to the individuals who engaged them; and there was the centre area (separated, it seems, from the stage by pales), at the private theatres, termed the *pit*, and furnished with seats; but at the

public theatres, called the *yard*, and affording no such accommodation. Cressets, or large open lanterns, served to illuminate the body of the house; and two ample branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches, gave light to the stage. The band of musicians, which was far from numerous, sat, it is supposed, in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box: the instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, haut-boys, lutes, recorders, viols, and organs. The amusements of the audience previous to the commencement of the play, were reading, playing at cards, smoking tobacco, drinking ale, and eating nuts and apples. Even during the performance it was customary for wits, critics, and young gallants, who were desirous of attracting attention, to station themselves on the stage, either lying on the rushes or seated on hired stools, while their pages furnished them with pipes and tobacco. At the third sounding or flourish of trumpets the exhibition began. The curtain, which concealed the stage from the audience, was then drawn, opening in the middle and running upon iron rods. Other curtains, called *traverses*, were used as a substitute for scenes. At the back of the stage was a balcony, the platform of which was raised about eight or nine feet from the ground; it served as a window, gallery, or upper chamber. From it a portion of the dialogue was sometimes spoken, and in front of it curtains were suspended to conceal, if necessary, those who occupied it from the audience. The internal roof of the stage, either painted blue or adorned with drapery of that colour, was termed the *heavens*. The stage was generally strewed with rushes, but on extraordinary occasions was matted. There is reason to believe that, when tragedies were performed, it was hung with black. Moveable painted scenery there was assuredly none. A board, containing the name of the place of action in large letters, was displayed in some conspicuous situation. Occasionally, when a change of scene was necessary, the audience was required to suppose that the performers, who had not quitted the boards, had retired to a different spot. A bed thrust forth showed that the stage was a bedchamber; and a table, with pen and ink, indicated that it was a counting-house. Rude contrivances were employed to imitate towers, walls of towns, hell-mouths, tombs, trees, dragons, &c. Trap-doors had been early in use: but to make a celestial personage ascend to the roof of the stage was more than the machinists of the theatres could always accomplish. The price of admission appears to have varied according to the rank and estimation of the theatres.



A shilling was charged for a place in the best boxes ; the entrance-money to the pit and galleries was the same—sixpence, twopence, and a penny. The performance commenced at three in the afternoon.'

### FROM BLACKRFIARS TO CHEAPSIDE.

We now approach a district of London, rich in memories at every step: we are entering the gates and approaching the heart of the old city, in which, on every inch of ground, the events of more than ten centuries of true, and of as many more of fabulous history, are impressed, and may be deciphered by him who has knowledge. All around the great church of St. Paul's is classic ground, upon which we must linger with a fond delay, or be rightly accused of being no true pilgrims. We will sketch out our walk for the reader, that he may see we perambulate upon a system; for in a neighbourhood like this, where we are induced to turn at every corner, lest we should miss something that is worthy of being remembered, it is quite impossible to take a direct course. We shall therefore proceed first up Ludgate Hill, and then turn to the left, down the Old Bailey, visit Newgate, Giltspur Street, and Smithfield;—we shall then proceed up Newgate Street, passing Christ's Hospital, to the General Post Office; then down Paternoster Row and its adjoining streets and courts; from thence into St. Paul's Churchyard, and into the glorious cathedral itself. We shall then strike down southwards into the gloomy districts of Doctors' Commons, lying between the cathedral and the Thames, of which, having made the tour, we shall return into St. Paul's Churchyard, and continue our course with more directness down Cheapside to the Mansion House and the Bank of England.

Ludgate Hill, formerly called Bowyer's Row, derives its present name from one of the ancient gates of the city, which stood about the middle of the street. King Lud, a British king who lived, it is supposed, about seventy years before the Christian era, gave name to this gate, and some conjecture to the city of London itself. Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the other annalists who have copied from him, state that this king built a gate here. However this may be, we find no further mention of one in this place until the reign of John. Fitzstephen, who

wrote in the time of Henry II., gives no list of the gates, in his description of London; but this must have existed in his time, as we find that it was repaired and fortified by the barons who were leagued against King John in 1217. The materials used were the ruins of the stone houses of the opulent Jews, which had been pulled down in some of the intolerant and cruel proceedings against that nation, which signalized the reign of the two sons of Henry II. In 1260 it was again repaired and ornamented with statues of King Lud and other sovereigns. These statues, as they fell to decay, were from time to time renewed, and remained upon the gate until it was pulled down in 1760. Stow says, that in the reign of Edward VI. the people, in their rage against idols, knocked off the heads of these images and otherwise defaced them, but that in the reign of Queen Mary, "new heads were placed on their old bodies." Queen Elizabeth's statue was placed here among that of other sovereigns—it is the same statue which now adorns the wall of St. Dunstan's Church, of which we have already spoken. When the gate was repaired in 1586, a stone was found which must have belonged to one of the Jews' houses plundered by the barons of King John. It bore this inscription in Hebrew, "This is the ward of Rabbi Moses, the son of the honourable Rabbi Isaac."

This gate was made a debtors' prison in the reign of Richard II., and so continued until within a short time before its demolition. Pennant says that he remembered it "as a wretched prison for debtors." A romantic story is told of it in this character, which is the foundation of Rowley's comedy of "A Woman never Vext, or the Widow of Cornhill." The tradition is, that Sir Stephen Forster, lord mayor of London in 1454, being confined in this prison in his youth, and sitting behind the little barred window, in front of which was the begging box, where the charitable dropped their contributions, was fortunate enough to attract the notice of a rich widow who was accidentally passing by. Smitten by his good looks, and touched by his melancholy, she stopped and entered into conversation with him. The result was, that she paid the debt for which he was confined, and afterwards married him. Sir Stephen, in his prosperous days, remembered the sufferings he had undergone in this unwholesome prison, and expended considerable sums in improving it. The following inscription, on a copper plate, in commemoration of the event, was placed against the wall after the death of Sir Stephen :—

“ Devout soules that pass this way,  
For Stephen Forster, late mayor, heartily pray ;  
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,  
That of pitie this house made for Londoners in Ludgate,  
So that for lodging and water, prisoners here nought pay,  
As their keepers shall answere at dreadful doomes day.”

The gate suffered great injury from the fire of 1666, but it was repaired immediately.

Within a few yards of the site of Ludgate, now stands the well-known inn and coach-office formerly called the Bell Savage, but now “ La Belle Sauvage.” There used to be a large painting of a bell and wild man ; but this was exposed to so much ridicule from the etymologists, that it was taken down. Stow gave the derivation of the sign from Isabella Savage, who, he alleges, gave the house to the Company of Cutlers. Addison, in the “ Spectator,” gave another derivation, which is the favourite—of the present landlord at all events—and which is quite as probable as Stow’s. “ As for the Bell Savage,” says the essayist, “ which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French, which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and is called in the French ‘ La Belle Sauvage,’ and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell Savage.” It was on a bench opposite to this inn, that the luckless Sir Thomas Wyatt, who made so bold an attempt against Queen Mary, was taken prisoner. Fuller, in his “ Church History,” says that after his adherents had forsaken him, he flung himself on a bench opposite to the inn called the Bell Savage, and began to repent the rashness of his enterprise, and lament his folly. He was summoned by an herald to submit, which he agreed to do, but would yield only to a gentleman. He afterwards surrendered to Sir Maurice Berkeley, and was led captive to the Tower. where the block was in the course of a few weeks prepared for him.

Turning from Ludgate Hill to the left, we find ourselves in the Old Bailey, and within sight of the strong gloomy prison of Newgate. In this street, says Pennant, stood Sydney House, once the residence of the Sydneys, till they removed to Leicester Fields. The house, which was very large, lost its high character when its illustrious family quitted it, and it gradually went from gradation to degradation, and became the abode of the notorious Jonathan Wild, the thief-catcher and receiver of stolen goods. In Pennant’s time the house was inhabited by a coachmaker.

The metropolitan prison of Newgate stands on the site of one of the gates of the ancient city, known by the same name. Originally there was no other passage through the walls of London on the western side but Ludgate; but in consequence of the inclosure and great enlargement of the cemetery of St. Paul's cathedral by Maurice, the first Norman Bishop of London, the avenue from Cheapside to Ludgate was rendered so inconvenient, that it was deemed requisite to open another passage through the wall, near the north end of the Old Bailey (to connect with Oldburn and Smithfield), where previously there had been an outwork or fort to defend the ramparts. At this new outlet, which was made either in the reign of Henry I. or in that of King Stephen, a *new* gate was built in the castellated style, and every successive structure erected upon the same site has been distinguished by a similar appellation. Pennant is of opinion that the gate was of a much earlier period, and states that as a Roman way has been traced under it, there was, no doubt, a gate here in the time of the Romans. Mr. Brayley, however, denies that any Roman way has been traced under the gate. Howell, in his "*Londinopolis*," inclines to the same opinion as Pennant, or, more correctly speaking, Pennant is of the same opinion as Howell, for the latter was the first to broach it, and stated that the original name of the gate was Chamberlain Gate, and that it was used as a prison previous to the year 1218, and for persons of rank, long before the Tower was set apart for that purpose. Newgate was rebuilt by the executors of the famous Sir Richard Whittington; and his statue, with the traditional cat, to which it is said he owed his fortune, long remained in a niche upon the wall. When the gate was rebuilt, after its destruction in the fire of 1666, a new Whittington was placed upon it, which remained until its final demolition to make room for the present prison.

The prisons of London had long been very lazar-houses of filth and disease, and the scenes of every kind of cruelty and oppression. We have already seen the enormities carried on in the Fleet, a prison for debtors; but those which took place in Newgate, the abode of criminals, were far more horrible, until nearly the close of the eighteenth century, when, thanks to the exertions of the philanthropic Howard, whose name has been immortalized in consequence, a more humane and Christian system was introduced. The prisoners, as we learn from Maitland's "*History of London*," were so crowded together in dark dungeons, that the air, becoming corrupted by their stench, occasioned



a disease, called the "gaol distemper," of which they died by dozens in a day. Cartloads of dead bodies, he says, used to be carried out and thrown into a pit in the churchyard of Christ Church without ceremony. The effluvia in the year 1750 was so horrible, that it made a pestilence in the whole district. It was communicated to the adjoining Session-house, where the judges sat for the trials of prisoners. Sir Samuel Pennant, the lord mayor, Alderman Sir Daniel Lambert, Sir Thomas Abney, judge of the Common Pleas, Mr. Baron Clarke, a judge of the Court of Exchequer, and Mr. Cox, the under sheriff of Middlesex, were attacked with the disease, which proved fatal to the whole of them. Many of the lawyers who attended the sessions, and several jurors, as well as spectators who came to hear the trials, also caught the contagion and died. Altogether about sixty persons died of the contagion. This terrible calamity naturally excited great indignation against the authorities of the city, who had the superintendence of the prison; and representations being made to the Court of Aldermen by Lord Chief Justice Lee, some reform was introduced. The prison was cleansed; the prisoners separated from each other as far as was practicable; and a large ventilator, a machine having sails like a windmill, was placed on the top, to cause a circulation of fresh air in the interior.

In the year 1770, notwithstanding these attempts at improvements, the gaol was a disgrace to a civilized country. The corporation of London, unable to provide a complete remedy without building a new structure, applied to parliament in that year for a grant of money. Evidence was given before a committee of the House, which the heart shudders to remember, and £50,000 was granted to erect a new building. The first stone was laid by the celebrated lord mayor, Sir William Beckford. The architect was Mr. George Dance, under whose superintendence it was begun and completed. While yet unfinished, in 1780, it was attacked by Lord George Gordon's rioters, who broke open the massive doors of those portions of the building which had been completed for the reception of prisoners, and set nearly three hundred of them at liberty. They then set fire to the building—everything in it was consumed; and on the following morning nothing of it was left but those ponderous stone walls still standing, which had defied the power of the fierce element. The House of Commons afterwards voted money to repair the devastation committed, and the prison was completed in 1782, having cost a sum of £40,000 more than the original estimate.

The internal economy of this prison, although far from perfect in the estimation of those who have devoted their attention to the important subject of prison discipline, is now, thanks to the progress of civilization, and the benevolent exertions of Howard and his successors in philanthropy, infinitely superior to what it was half a century ago. The various wards are models of neatness and cleanliness, and there is as little danger of infection in Newgate as in any private house in London. It is one of the first places visited by strangers, and is generally allowed by foreigners to be much better planned and conducted than the prisons of the continent. Admission is procured on presentation of a written order from one of the aldermen or visiting magistrates, and every attention is shown to the visitor by the keeper and his officials. There are, on an average, between two and three hundred prisoners always confined within its walls; and twelve sessions are held in the course of the year at the adjoining Sessions-house for their trial. The judges of this court, which by a recent act of parliament has been newly constituted, under the appellation of the "Central Criminal Court," are the lord mayor, aldermen, recorder, and common serjeant of London, and the judges of the courts at Westminster Hall, who sit here by rotation, to assist with their superior legal knowledge and acquirements the deliberations of the local magistrates.

The prison is divided into a male and female side—but beyond this there is little attempt at classification: the pick-pocket, the swindler, the embezzler, the murderer, are all confined together; while the hardened offender, and the one who is merely suspected of crime, but too often share the same cell, and feed at the same board. There are separate cells, so that every one averse to society may dwell alone if he pleases; but on conversation with the gaoler on our visit, we learned that this privilege was rarely claimed—not one in five hundred but dreaded the idea of solitary confinement, and would bear the society of the most brutalized and degraded criminals, rather than be shut out altogether from converse with his kind. Some few, now and then, who had moved in a superior rank of life, would on their first entrance, implore as a favour to be locked up alone, shrinking from contact with the miserable beings whom they saw around them; but this resolution, said the gaoler, seldom lasted more than two or three days—their pride, however great, generally gave way by that time, and they longed for the sight of the human countenance. When prisoners become refractory, solitary confinement for a few days is the

punishment, and it never fails to tame the most unruly. The beds of the prisoners are in tiers, one above the other, like the berths on board ship, and consist of a hard mattrass and coarse coverings, sufficient in all seasons to make them comfortably warm. A plain deal table and forms constitute the only other furniture of the place, and these, with the floor, are daily scrubbed into a state of scrupulous cleanliness. There are paved court-yards, in which the prisoners may perambulate, and breathe the small quantity of pure air that can circulate between those high and gloomy walls, surmounted by formidable spikes, to repel the adventurous climber.

The use of chains has long been abolished in Newgate: even the condemned murderer is spared this degrading infliction. The condemned cells, too, are not the utterly dark, desolate, gloomy places that they used to be, when Justice degraded herself by becoming revengeful. As we stood in one of them, we could not avoid recalling to mind all the notorious criminals whose names are famous in the annals of Newgate, from Claude Duval, Turpin, and Jack Sheppard, down to Patch, Greenacre, and Courvoisier. We traversed, too, with the gaoler, the very same route by which these and hundreds of others were led to execution; for even in the days when execution took place at Tyburn turnpike, we are told that the criminals were led out of Newgate by the same door, opposite to which they now suffer. We paraded the dark passages and tortuous alleys of the prison, thinking of the crime and the sorrow—the resignation and the despair—aye, and the innocence—which had been led through them to suffer. We thought of the times when half-a-dozen victims were offered up at once to satisfy a sanguinary code of jurisprudence,—when even the pickpocket was hanged without mercy; and we rejoiced, as we thought those times had gone by for ever; that Justice now was stern, but not malignant—and severe, but not spiteful; and when law itself, intrenched as it was in its forms and its precedents, and its reverence for antiquity, had shared in the improvement that was taking place all around it. The last apartment to which these passages lead, is the kitchen of the prison, from which there is a door opening on to the street where the fatal scaffold is erected, whenever a criminal is to suffer. There was a time when that scaffolding was stationary—there was a poor wretch or two, or perhaps three or four, every day to be hanged; and it would have been too much trouble to have pulled it down and built it up again daily. Now, if a scaffold appear once a-year in front of Newgate, it is an

extraordinary thing; and so far, were it for nothing else, the nineteenth century deserves honourable mention.

Among the many afflicting scenes that have taken place opposite to Newgate, the most afflicting is that which occurred on the 23rd of February, 1807, when two men, named Haggarty and Holloway, were hanged for the murder of Mr. Steele on Hounslow Heath. The greatest interest had been excited by the trial of these prisoners, and an immense crowd assembled to witness their execution. By five in the morning every avenue was blocked up; every window that commanded a view of the place was crowded; and waggons, arranged in rows, groaned under the weight of the eager multitude. Happy were those that day who could afford to pay for accommodation of any kind. The pressure of the multitude was tremendous; and when the criminals were turned off—when they had given the last death-struggle—the mass of people began to move. But there was not room for them to move in. Immediately arose the shrieks of affrighted women in the crowd, which but increased the alarm, and made each struggle to move to get out of the multitude. Hundreds were trodden under foot, and the crowd passed over them. At last the confusion ceased a little, and the ground became comparatively clear. Some who had been thrown down arose with little damage, and went home; but forty-two were found insensible. Of these, twenty-seven were quite dead, of whom three were women. Of the other fifteen, many had their arms and legs broken, and some of them afterwards died. Since that unhappy occasion, more careful measures have been adopted to keep off the crowd, and accidents have been of rare occurrence.

Leaving Newgate, we cross to the other side of the Old Bailey, and proceed at imminent hazard of filth of every kind, down a very narrow, disgusting avenue, inhabited by the lowest of the low,—where the foulest smells are poised in the air, and swim sluggishly upon it, whenever by some rare chance there is a current. The reader may ask, what takes us there? We might answer the question by another, and inquire of him, whether he had ever been charmed by the wit, the nature, and the simplicity of the “Vicar of Wakefield,” or had pored, delighted, over the exquisite poetry of the “Deserted Village?” If he answered the question in the affirmative, as any Englishman or woman who can read at all most assuredly would, we would say, this dirty place is hallowed ground—this is Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, where Oliver Goldsmith resided in the outset of his career—ere his fame dawned upon the world,



and where he completed his "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe," and wrote those amusing papers which were afterwards collected under the title of a "Citizen of the World." "The doctor was writing his Enquiry," says the author of a life of Goldsmith, prefixed to his works, "in a wretched dirty room in which there was but one chair, and when he from civility offered it to his visitors, himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a curtesy, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals.'" The very house is still standing, the last in the alley, looking on to a dangerous descent, into some back region which we will not penetrate, known by the name of Break-neck Stairs.

Issuing from this dreary region, we find ourselves near the top of Skinner Street, Snow Hill, and within sight of St. Sepulchre's church. At the time that Skinner Street was made, the masses of human bones which were piled up to the height of twenty-five feet in St. Sepulchre's churchyard, were carried out by night and thrown into holes, and spread over the middle of the street, and then covered over with rubbish to raise the level of the thoroughfare. Mr. Smith does not mention his authority for this statement. St. Sepulchre's church is known to fame as the church whose bell tolls the death-knell of condemned criminals. This church is supposed to have been founded about the year 1100, and appears to have been four or five times rebuilt since that period. It escaped total destruction in the fire of 1666, and although considerably damaged, was soon renovated by the parishioners. Among the persons who are buried within its walls, may be mentioned one of the countless family of the Smiths. Yes, reader, John Smith is buried here. "John Smith?—which," exclaims the reader, "of the myriads of Englishmen who have borne that illustrious name?" John Smith, Governor of Virginia, and Admiral of New England, who died in 1631. A detail of his exploits, written by himself, may be found in the "History of Virginia." Of him Grainger says, "Captain John Smith deserves to be ranked with the greatest travellers and adventurers of his age. He was some time in the service of the Emperor Sigismund, and the Prince of Transylvania, against the Grand Seignior, where he distinguished himself by challenging three Turks of quality to single

combat, and cutting off their heads ; for which heroic exploit he bore a chevron between three Turks' heads in his coat of arms. He afterwards went to America, where he was taken prisoner by the savage Indians, from whom he found means to escape. He often hazarded his life in naval engagements with pirates, Spanish men-of-war, and in other adventures ; and had a considerable hand in reducing New England to the obedience of Great Britain, and in reclaiming the inhabitants from barbarism." The gallant captain, a popular man in his day, was probably the hero of a ballad, of which a black letter copy is preserved in the British Museum, and which was published in a collection of ballads in 1727, and lately for the Percy Society. It is intituled " The Honour of a London Prentice, being an account of his matchless manhood, and brave Adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the King's Daughter," &c. The ballad-maker, however, with a licence invariably allowed to ballad-makers above all poets and rhymers whatsoever, makes the number of the slain Turks twenty instead of three ; and adds, that he killed one by a box on the ear ; and subsequently tore out the tongue from the jaws of a roaring lion that was turned upon him to devour him.

It may not be amiss to mention some circumstances connected with this church, and the condemned malefactors of the neighbouring gaol. Mr. Robert Dow, merchant-tailor and parishioner, left by will in the year 1612, the sum of £1 6s. 8d. annually, as a fee to the sexton of St. Sepulchre's, for pronouncing two solemn exhortations to condemned criminals on the night preceding, and the morning of, their execution, as they passed the church-door in their cart on the way to Tyburn. Accordingly, at midnight, before the fatal morning, the sexton, with a large bell in his hand, followed by other persons with torches, entered the cell of the doomed man, and having rung his bell, pronounced in melancholy voice the following exhortation :—

" You prisoners that are within,  
Who for wickedness and sin,

After many mercies shown to you, you are now appointed to die to-morrow in the forenoon. Give ear, and understand, that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death, to the end that all godly people hearing that bell, and knowing it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you whilst you live. I beseech

you, for Jesus Christ's sake, to keep this night in watching and prayer for the salvation of your own souls, while it is yet time and place for mercy, as knowing to-morrow you must appear at the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of all things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against Him, unless, upon hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only mediator and advocate, Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return to Him."

Having pronounced this, the sexton withdrew, and early on the following morning was in attendance at the gate of the church, to pronounce exhortation the second, which was in form as follows,—the first part to the spectators, the latter to the criminals :—"All good people, pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners, who are now going to their deaths, and for whom this great bell doth toll. You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears ; ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto Him.

Lord have mercy upon you !  
Christ have mercy upon you !  
Lord have mercy upon you !  
Christ have mercy upon you !"

Giltspur Compter, forming the site of Giltspur Street opposite to the east end of St. Sepulchre's, is another prison in the jurisdiction of the city of London, which is principally occupied by persons committed by the sheriff for nonpayment of fines, and by debtors, for whom there is said to be much better accommodation than in the Queen's Bench. The prison is divided into nine yards or wards, appropriated to prisoners of different descriptions, belonging both to the Poultry Compter and the Giltspur Street Compter debtors, male and female ; felons ; persons fined ; those committed for misdemeanours ; and lastly, vagrants.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Smithfield in the Olden Time—As a place of Execution; as a Market; as a scene of Chivalry; as a merry Fair—Murders committed there in Queen Elizabeth's reign—Riots between the Londoners and the men of Westminster—Hubert de Burgh's severities in consequence—Wat Tyler's Insurrection—The resort of hired Bravos, Fighting Men, &c.—Murders committed by them—Tournament held here by Edward III., and Richard II.—Ordeal Combats there—Bartholomew Fair—Origin of the famous Fair—The Minstrel Rahere—Lady Holland's mob—The great Cattle Market—Popular Delusions as to the end of the World and extraordinary proceedings in consequence—Astrologers not at fault.

PROCEEDING through Giltspur Street,\* we arrive at Smithfield—a spot of great but unhappy fame for many dreary years—the scene of more awful suffering and wrong than any in England; and of later years a scene of uproarious mirth, jollity, and dissipation, and of the greatest of all the saturnalia of the English people. Of this opposite character are the reminiscences attached to its name; and mingling with them are others of a warlike cast—tilt, and duel, and tournament, and all the pomp of knighthood. The origin of its name of Smithfield is unknown; some have derived it from smooth field. It is more probable that Smiths' field was so called, from the smiths who had their forges round about it, when it first became, as it has long continued, the great market for horses and other cattle. In the reign of Henry II., as we learn from Fitzstephen's account of London, Smithfield was the place of sale for hackneys and charging steeds; and there was a sort of race-course where the intended purchasers might make trial of their speed. Dr. Pegge thus translates from Fitzstephen's Latin, the account of these early races:—"When a race is to be run by this sort of horses, and perhaps by others, which also in their kind are strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockies, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest, such as—being used to ride—know how to manage their horses with judgment: the grand point is, to prevent a competitor from getting before them. The horses, on their part,

\* This way towards Smithfield was anciently called Gilt Spurre or Knight Rider's Street, because of the knights, who in quality of their honour wore gilt spurs, and who, with others, rode that way to the tournaments and other feats of arms used in Smithfield.—*Stow's "Survey of London."*



are not without emulation ; they tremble, and are impatient, and are continually in motion ; at last, the signal once given, they strike—devour the course, hurrying along with unremitting velocity. The riders, inspired with the thoughts of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries.”

A part of Smithfield was known at this time by the name of the Elms, from a number of those trees that grew on the spot. This was the closing scene in the life of that brave but unhappy patriot, William Fitzosbert, better known as the Longbeard,—a man, upon whose name and memory ignorant and prejudiced writers have lavished every epithet and abuse without foundation.

The place where Longbeard was executed was in Cow Lane, close to the end of St. John's Court. Here grew the Elms which gave name to this part of the enclosure. The Elms ceased to be the place of public execution about the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was removed to Tyburn. But another part of Smithfield was desecrated to executions of another kind, until its name became of unhappy notoriety in the annals of this kingdom. To give a list of the victims of religious persecution, who died at the stake, in this spot, during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his three children, is perfectly needless : their names are familiar as household words to the English people ; and the true Englishman, as he passes the spot, if he does not shudder at the remembrance of the crimes committed there, blesses God that his lot has been cast in happier times, and that the stake blazes no more in England. It has been calculated that, during the short reign of Mary, 277 persons were burned to death in England for heresy, and of these the great majority suffered in Smithfield.

The place where the stake stood was twice, and only twice, the scene of a most barbarous and cruel species of punishment, anciently decreed against those who were guilty of poisoning,—viz., that of boiling to death. The first took place in 1531, and is recorded in Stow's "Annals." "The 5th of April, one Richard Rose, a cook, was boiled in Smithfield, for poisoning of divers persons, to the number of sixteen or more, at the Bishop of Rochester's palace ; among the which Benet Curwine, gentleman, was one, and he intended to have poisoned the bishop himself, but he ate no pottage that day, whereby he escaped ; but of the poor people that ate thereof many died." The pottage alluded to was, it appears, gruel intended for the bishop (Fuller) and his household ; a portion of it, after they had finished their

repast, being given to the poor of Lambeth. Two persons only died of its effects; but of the remainder many never afterwards recovered their health. The second instance of this punishment took place ten years afterwards, when one Margaret Davis, a servant girl, was boiled to death for poisoning her mistress and several other persons.

Smithfield also was the scene of another remarkable execution, which is worth recording for the strange picture it gives us of the manners of the feudal ages, and the mode in which the people were governed in those unhappy times. Were it a mere case of murder, or atrocity of any kind, we might pass it over, for we do not profess to record all the executions that have taken place here, but it is peculiarly characteristic of our early government, and as such is recorded.

Soon after the accession of Henry III., and within a few weeks after the ill-advised Prince Louis had withdrawn to France, a great match at quintain was played in the St. Giles's Fields, between the men of London and the men of Westminster. This favourite game of the Londoners was generally played in Smithfield, but St. Giles's Fields was on this occasion chosen, as a midway ground for the convenience of both parties. In this friendly trial of skill the men of London gained the victory, but the men of Westminster being dissatisfied, another match was appointed to take place in the fields near Charing Cross. Constantine Fitzarnulph, a wealthy citizen, was the captain of the Londoners, and the high bailiff was the leader of the men of Westminster. The prize was a fat ram, and the game commenced with apparent good humour on both sides. A dispute, however, arose about some knotty point of the game, and the Westminster men, having the worst of the argument, lost their tempers. Weapons were drawn, and they set upon the Londoners and wounded several of them in a dangerous manner. The Londoners, overpowered by the superior numbers of the people of Westminster, who came flocking from all parts to the scene of strife, took to flight, and arriving in the city, they rang the great alarm bell of St. Paul's, to collect the people together. Great crowds assembled in Smithfield and at St. Paul's Cross. On being informed of the outrage committed by the men of Westminster and the high bailiff, who was said to have encouraged, if he did not share in the affray, they swore to be revenged, and forming themselves into companies marched forth towards Westminster. Serle, the Mayor of London, hastened to the spot, and endeavoured to calm the tumult, offering to apply to the Abbot of Westminster for redress and the punishment of the offenders. But Constantine Fitzar-

nulph, who had been severely ill-treated in the affray, would listen to no such advice, and exhorted the crowd to be revenged. They wanted but little persuasion, and Fitzarnulph taking the lead, they followed him with shouts and imprecations to Westminster, where they pulled down the house of the high bailiff and made a bonfire of his goods. Constantine Fitzarnulph had been one of the adherents of the would-be King Louis, and some of the populace, mistaking the nature of the commotion, raised the treasonable cry of "King Louis for ever!" "Fitzarnulph for ever!" "Down with the Abbot of Westminster!" The last cry was responded to: the destruction being complete at the house of the high bailiff, the mob proceeded to the house of the abbot, which adjoined the Abbey, and in a very short space of time razed it to the ground. The abbot escaped by a back door and succeeded in getting a boat at the water-side, whence he seems to have rowed himself to the Tower. Other accounts say that he went out with a train of horsemen to make his complaint to the Mayor of London and procure assistance, but that he was pursued by the crowd, who surrounded and beat his servants and retainers in a ferocious manner, and took away their horses, and that the abbot himself had great difficulty in escaping from their hands.

The famous Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, who then governed the country in the name of the young king, on being apprized of the uproar, marched into London at the head of a numerous force, and took up his residence in the Tower, where he found the Abbot of Westminster had arrived before him. He immediately sent for the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, to inquire into the cause of the tumult, and demanded that the ringleaders should be delivered up. Constantine Fitzarnulph, who never seems to have imagined that he had done anything very extraordinary, attended, without the slightest hesitation, to justify his conduct, and was accompanied by his nephew and another friend of his, named Geoffrey, who had also been very active in exciting the people of London against those of Westminster. They found, to their dismay, that Hubert de Burgh treated the matter more seriously than they did. His questions to them were put in the most insulting and brutal tone; but Constantine, recovering his courage, boldly replied that he was not ashamed of what he had done; that the men of London were first attacked; and that, under similar circumstances, he would act in the same manner again. His two friends expressed a similar determination. The result was, that they were ordered without further ceremony from the presence of the justiciary, thrown into the deepest

dungeon of the Tower, and told to prepare themselves for death on the following morning. There was no other form of trial; their doom was sealed; and from the decision of this haughty earl there was no appeal. Fitzarnulph offered the enormous sum of 15,000 marks for the ransom of himself and friends; but the justiciary told him that his goods were already forfeit to the crown, and refused to hold any further communication with him. He appears to have thought the revolt a political one, in the interest of Prince Louis, and so determined to nip it in the bud. Early on the following morning, the rich merchant and his friends were taken to the Elms in Smithfield, and there ignominiously hanged. On the same day, Hubert de Burgh, at the head of a large company of horsemen, scoured the city in all directions in search of those who had been implicated in the riots. Several were discovered, who, being brought before him at Guildhall, were sentenced, without form of trial, to have their hands and feet chopped off. Even this cruel barbarity did not satisfy him. The mayor and magistrates of London, who had failed to prevent the tumult, were degraded from their offices. A *custos*, or military governor, was appointed to rule the city in their stead; and thirty of the richest merchants were bound over in heavy penalties to answer for the future tranquillity of London. Such, with all its pomp of knighthood, was the feudal age of England. Such are the blots on the banners of chivalry.

Smithfield was the scene of a still more remarkable event in English history—the downfall of Wat Tyler. Here the daring rebel was struck to the ground by the weapon of Sir William Walworth, and here ended an insurrection much more formidable than that of Constantine Fitzarnulph, and which had well nigh overturned the monarchy of England. The dagger in the escutcheon of the city of London was introduced in commemoration of this event. Jack Straw, the second in command of the rioters, who was apprehended a few days after the death of Wat Tyler, was hanged in Smithfield, and confessed, before his execution, that it had been resolved by the leaders of the insurrection, to sack and burn the city of London.

Smithfield, one of the places appointed for the tilts, tournaments, and ordeal combats of chivalry, of which we shall speak hereafter, was long noted as the abode of fighting men, hangers-on of the great, fellows expert in the use of the sword, and hired bravos.

Strutt, in his “Sports and Pastimes of the People of England,” says that schools were instituted in various parts of the kingdom for teaching the art of self-defence, and especially in the city of London, where the conduct of the masters and their scholars



became so outrageous, that it was necessary for the legislature to interfere; and in the year 1286 an edict was published by royal authority, prohibiting the keeping of such schools, and interdicting the public exercise of swords and bucklers. It is said that many robberies and murders were committed by these gladiators; and West Smithfield, where they congregated, was long known by the name of Ruffian Hall. Ben Jonson, in the introduction to his play of "Bartholomew Fair," speaks of "the sword and buckler age in Smithfield," as having only recently passed away; and in the comedy of the "Two Angry Women of Abington," printed in 1599 (and recently republished by the Percy Society), one of the characters complains that the "sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use."

But to return to the point of chivalry. One of the most magnificent tournaments held in Smithfield was instituted by Edward III. in 1374, in honour of his mistress, the beautiful but cold-hearted Alice Pierce, who knew so well how to govern the doting old monarch, and through him to misgovern England. The sports lasted for seven days, Alice appearing each day at the king's side, being greeted with the title of the Lady of the Sun. Their car was escorted by a train of knights, each leading a white palfrey, on which was seated a young damsel, personifying a nymph of the sun.

Richard II. held several tournaments in Smithfield. An account of one is quoted by Pennant from Froissart's Chronicle, and two others are mentioned by Stow. "On the 10th, 11th, and 12th of October, 1390," says the annalist, "the king held a great court at London, in the bishop's palace, and a great justing in Smithfield, to the which came many strangers forth of France, Almain, Zealand, and many other parts, bringing with them horses and armour; in which pastimes there was given first the badge of the White Hart, with golden chains and crowns." "In the year 1393," says the same annalist, "certain lords of Scotland came into England to get worship by force of arms in Smithfield. The Earl of Marre challenged the Earl of Nottingham to joust with him; and so they rode together certain courses, but not the full challenge, for the Earl of Marre was cast, both horse and man, and two of his ribs broken with the fall; so that he was borne out of Smithfield, and conveyed towards Scotland, but died by the way at York. Sir William Darrel, knight, the king's banner-bearer of Scotland, challenged Sir Peter Courtney, knight, the king's banner-bearer of England; and when they had run certain courses, they gave over without conclusion of victorie. Then Cockburne, esquier, of Scotland,

challenged Sir Nicholas Hawberke, knight, and rode five courses, but Cockburne was borne over, horse and man." Various other tournaments were held in this reign, one of which was on London Bridge.

Of the duels—ordeal combats—that took place in Smithfield, only one is mentioned by Pennant. It was fought between one William Catur, an armourer, and his apprentice, in the reign of Henry VI. The apprentice had accused his master of treason, and the duel was fought to decide his guilt or innocence. The unfortunate armourer drank too much wine, with which his friends plied him to keep his courage up; and he was easily conquered by his apprentice, and his guilt established to the satisfaction of everybody. Stow adds, that the false servant—for he falsely accused his master—did not live long unpunished, for he was afterwards hanged for felony at Tyburn. Stow relates another ordeal combat fought in the same place some years previously. In the ninth year of Henry VI., Richard, Duke of York, he says, "was constituted Constable of England, in absence of John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France. He was made constable for and because of a battle to be fought between John Upton and John Downe. On the 23rd of January, the battle was down in Smithfield, before the king, between these two men of Feversham in Kent, John Upton, notaire, appellant, and John Downe, gentleman, defendant. John Upton put upon John Downe, that he and his compeers should imagine the king's death, the day of his coronation. When they had long fought, the king took up the matter and forgave both parties." This was very creditable to the young monarch, then only in the ninth year of his age, and a symptom of the amiability of disposition which he afterwards showed—an amiability that led him into weakness, and unfitted him for the stormy functions of government in the unsettled age in which he lived.

In his twenty-fifth year, he acted in the same manner on a similar duel in Smithfield. Thomas FitzThomas, prior of Kilmaine, accused the Earl of Ormond of high treason. On the appointed day for the combat, the lists were made in Smithfield, and the field prepared; "but when it came to the point," says Stow, "the king commanded that they should not fight, and took the quarrel into his own hands."

We have yet to consider Smithfield under another aspect,—that of a market and fair. The scenes of riot and debauchery that of late years offended the sober citizens of London, led to an inquiry, in the year 1840, by order of the corporation, into the origin of the famous Bartholomew Fair.

The foundation of the fair must be ascribed to the famous Rahere, the minstrel, and founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. of whom many interesting particulars are given in Stow's "Survey of London." Rahere was the first prior of St. Bartholomew, "and to this priory," says Stow, "King Henry II. granted the privilege of a fair to be kept yearly at Bartholomew tide for three days, to wit, the eve, the day, and the next morn, to the which the clothiers of England and the drapers of London repaired, and had their booths." \*

The fair had been long an eyesore to the corporation, and may now be said to be virtually suppressed. It was at one time feared that any attempt to suppress it would be attended with dangerous consequences; but this fear has long died away, and this annual scene of debauchery and riot will no doubt show no signs of existence next year. The character of the age has improved: the increase of information among the people, the extension of the principles of temperance, have already elevated the character of the working classes, who now more than ever manifest a pleasure in spending their holidays in rural excursions, for which steamboats and railroads offer so many facilities, and in visiting the works of art and collections of pictures which are open in the vicinity of London. Lady Holland's mob, which used to be the terror of Smithfield and its neighbourhood, has now disappeared altogether,—a circumstance which is of itself a great improvement.

The annual supply of cattle to this market for the consumption of the Londoners, has averaged for the last eight or nine years, 153,288 head of horned cattle; 1,265,958 sheep; 20,780 fatted calves; and 130,000 pigs.

We have now to speak of the Church of St. Bartholomew, occupying the site of the priory, which, as we have already mentioned, was founded by Rahere, the minstrel. Pennant talks of the profligate life of the good Rahere, falsely imagining that the profession of minstrel was in those days a profligate and abandoned one. "There is a legend," he adds, "that he had a most horrible dream, out of which he was relieved by St. Bartholomew himself, who directed him to found the house, and dedicate it to him." The minstrel was buried in the church, where a handsome monument, described by Pennant, was erected to his memory. The last prior was William Bolton.

An anecdote is related of him which, as a trait of popular

\* A full account of all the humours of the fair has been published in the first volume of Mr. Hone's "Every Day Book," to which work the reader who is curious upon the subject, is referred for further information.

manners in the age in which he flourished, is worth preserving. In the year 1523, the astrologers of London, of whom and similar vagabonds there were great numbers in the city at this time, predicted that on the 1st of February, 1524, the waters of the Thames would overflow, and wash away 10,000 houses. The prophecy was reiterated again and again, and at last met belief. As the time drew near, people became so alarmed that many families packed up their goods and removed into Kent and Essex, out of the reach, as they imagined, of this awful inundation. As the dreadful day approached, the number of these emigrants increased. In January, droves of workmen might be seen, followed by their wives and children, trudging on foot to the villages within fifteen or twenty miles, to await the catastrophe. People of a more wealthy condition hired carts and waggons, and hastened away on the same errand. It is calculated that, by the middle of January, nearly 20,000 persons had left the city, leaving nothing but the bare walls of their dwellings to be swept to destruction by the impending floods. A great many clustered about Highgate, Hampstead, and Blackheath; and those who could afford to remove to a greater distance went as far as Guildford and Dorking on the one side, and Barnet, Waltham Abbey, and St. Albans, on the other. Among those who were most alarmed was the portly prior of St. Bartholomew's. He resolved to take up his abode at Harrow on the Hill, where, at very great expense, he erected a sort of fortress, in which to shut himself and brethren during the prevalence of the floods. He stocked it with provisions for two months; and on the 24th of January, just a week before the awful day which was to see the destruction of London, he removed thither with all the brethren and officers of the priory, and several boats, which were conveyed in waggons to the fortress. He also hired expert rowers, to be available in case of emergency. Many of the wealthy citizens prayed that they might be allowed to share his retreat; but the prior was deaf to their entreaties, and told all the applicants that he had scarcely sufficient room for his own brethren, and could receive no strangers. At last the awful morn, big with the fate of ten thousand houses, dawned in the east, and anxious crowds stationed themselves within sight of the river, to watch the rising of the waters. But the waters would not rise beyond the usual high-water mark; and the tide ebbed as peaceably as it had flowed. The crowds were not yet assured of their safety—the inundation might come upon them in the evening or the night; and so they waited with undiminished anxiety till the tide flowed again. All went quietly and regu-



larly as before, and another day dawned without the slightest symptom of the threatened floods having been observed. The people thereupon began to grow clamorous, and some one started the notion, that it would serve the false prophets and astrologers but right to duck them in the river. The proposition was favourably received—it would be a show for the people after all; not quite so grand a one as the inundation, but still a show; and a mob of people proceeded in search of the astrologers, to inflict a summary punishment upon them. Luckily, the astrologers invented an excuse, which allayed the popular fury. The stars were right, they said, after all; it was they, erring mortals, who were wrong. The inundation would most certainly take place, as the stars had foretold; 10,000 houses in London would assuredly be washed away by the Thames, but they had made a slight error in the date—an error of one figure only; for they had reckoned a five instead of a six, and thus fixed the date of the catastrophe a whole century too early. London was therefore safe until 1624, and there was no cause of alarm for the present generation. The popular wrath was appeased—the account was spread through the city—Bolton, the prior, dismantled his fortress, and came back to St. Bartholomew's; and the other refugees followed his example, and gradually came back, until London was as cheerful and as populous as it had ever been before.

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## CHAPTER XX.

Founder of St. Bartholomew's Hospital—Long Lane, acts of incendiarism plotted there—The Barbican—Noble mansions there formerly—Chapel founded in Red-cross Street—Prince Rupert's house there—Newgate Street—Bagnio Court—Account of Christ's Hospital, or Blue Coat School—Navigation School founded there by Charles II.—Munificence of Sir Robert Clayton to this foundation—The New Hall—Scholarships from—Public suppers—Founder's intention now defeated—The Cock of Westminster—Christ Church, a remnant of the monastery of Grey Friars—Library founded by Sir Richard Whittington—The Spital Sermons—Magnificent monuments formerly in the Church of the Grey Friars—The burial-place of Baxter; of Sir John Mortimer, a victim to the House of Lancaster; of an ancestor of Sir Francis Burdett tyrannically murdered; of a murderess—Pontack's, the first genteel metropolitan eating-house—The Queen's Arms Tavern—Warwick Lane, site of the mansion of King-making Warwick.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL also owes its origin to the benevolent Rahere. He obtained from Henry I. a piece of

waste ground adjoining the priory, where he built and endowed an hospital "for a master, brethren, and sisters, and for the entertainment of poor diseased people till they got well; of distressed women big with child, till they were delivered and able to go abroad; and for the support of all children whose mothers died in the house, until they attained the age of seven years." The present building was begun in the year 1729.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of Smithfield, we must take a turn into Cock Lane, so notorious for the ghost which alarmed all London in the year 1762. The story is too well known to need repetition.

Long Lane and Barbican, both in the close vicinity of Smithfield, deserve a word of mention before we return to the direct course towards St. Paul's. Long Lane is distinguished by some dreadful acts of incendiarism. An ample memorial of the event is exhibited in the following inscription on a stone affixed to the house of a linendraper at the corner:—

"On Saturday, Nov. 20, 1790, the two incendiaries were executed, who wilfully set on fire, on the 16th of May in the same year, several houses which stood on this ground, and occasioned a loss of upwards of £40,000, for no other purpose but to plunder the sufferers."

"A person named Flindall, then detected in stealing, wrote a letter to Mr. Alderman Skinner, which led to the disclosure of the whole particulars of that calamity. Flindall being admitted king's evidence, it also appeared that this act of deliberate villany had no other object but that of plunder. Edward Love and William Jobbins, being convicted of this crime at the Old Bailey on the 30th of October, were executed on the spot where the depredation was committed, on the 20th of November, 1790, and confessed their guilt at the place of execution."

"The Barbican," says Mr. Pennant, "originally a Roman speculum, or watch-tower, lay a little to the north of this street. It was an appendage to most fortified places. The Saxons gave them the title of Burgh-kenning. They were esteemed so important, that the custody was always committed to some man of rank.

"This was entrusted to the care of Robert Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, by Edward III., by the name of Basse Court, which descended by the marriage of Cecilia, one of his daughters, to Sir John Willoughby, afterwards Lord Willoughby of Parham. Here was of old a manor-house of the king's, called Basse Court, or Barbican, destroyed in 1251, but restored as appears above."

Lord Willoughby of Eresby had his mansion here in the reign of Edward VI. His lady, a zealous protestant, having offended Stephen Gardiner, was compelled with the family to fly to the continent, and being delivered of a son near a church porch, in Bruges, he was named *Peregrine*, a name taken by several of the Ancaster family. Pennant says, the cause of offence was, that the lady, in her zeal against popery, had dressed a dog in a rochet or surplice worn by bishops, and in affront to Bishop Gardiner, named her dog after him. Willoughby House, in Barbican, was very large, and one of its tenants was Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, father of Lord Robert Bertie, the great Earl of Lindsey, who was killed at the battle of Edgehill, under Charles I.

On the top of an ancient house near Redcross Street, called Garter Place, Sir Thomas Wriothesley founded a chapel, which he dedicated by the name of *Sancta Trinitatis in alto*.

The Earls of Bridgewater had also a house in the Barbican. Their name is preserved in the adjoining square. The house was burnt down in 1675, when Lord Brackley, the eldest son of the Earl, and his tutor, perished in the flames. Prince Rupert also lived in the Barbican. An account of the house, with a print of it, is given in the "European Magazine" for 1791, page 328; from which it appears that Charles II. visited the prince there, and that the bell-ringers of the neighbouring church received a guinea for ringing a peal on the occasion.

We now return to Newgate Street, named after the gate and prison, both of which have been already mentioned. Bagnio Court in this street is said to have derived its name from the first bagnio or public bath ever established in England.

Taking the left-hand side of the street first, we pass the ancient public-house known by the sign of the "Magpie and Stump," and arrive at the handsome iron railing across the opening recently made to throw open to public view the national structure of Christ's Hospital, or the Blue-Coat School. This is another of the many foundations for which the city of London is indebted to King Edward VI. The hospital stands in the precincts of the abolished convent of the Grey Friars; and its original object was to provide for the relief and education of young and helpless children. The three hospitals he founded have each its separate purpose:—this for poor children; St. Thomas's Southwark, for the sick and the maimed; and Bridewell for the reformation of the thriftless and ill-disposed. The three hospitals were incorporated by a charter dated the 6th of

June, in the seventh year of the young monarch's reign. "To promote and continue this good work," says Dr. Hughson, in his "History and Survey of London," "his majesty granted to the city certain lands that had been given to the house of the Savoy, founded by King Henry VII. for the lodging of pilgrims and strangers, but which had of late been only a harbour for beggars and strumpets; which lands amounted to the yearly value of £600. He also commanded that, after reserving a certain quantity of the linen which had been used in times of popish superstition, to each church in the city and suburbs of London, the remaining superfluous great quantities should be delivered to the governors of this hospital, for the use of the poor children under their care. And such was the diligence of those employed to execute this great and good plan, that no less than 340 children were admitted upon its foundation, so early as the year 1552."

The example of the king was imitated by his subjects; and many benefactions were from time to time made to the hospital. One man deserves especial attention. He was a poor shoemaker of Westminster, named Richard Cartel or Cartellan, who was noted all over his own neighbourhood for his habits of industry and frugality. He rose every morning at four o'clock, summer and winter, to pursue his humble calling, and acquired, from his early rising, the name of the "Cock of Westminster." These habits brought him custom and wealth; and having no children, he purchased lands and tenements in Westminster to the yearly value of £44, which he bequeathed to Christ's Hospital.

King Charles II. founded the mathematical school. "The buildings of Christ's Hospital are of various periods; but there are scarcely any parts of the ancient priory remaining, except the cloisters and buttery. After the great fire, the first important addition was the mathematical school, which was founded by Charles II. in 1672, for the instruction of forty boys in navigation; he also endowed it for seven years with £1000, and a perpetual annuity of £370 10s., payable out of the exchequer, for educating and placing out yearly ten boys in the sea service. The rebuilding of the south front, which was effected by the munificent Sir Robert Clayton, at an expense of about £700, was commenced in 1675. The old wall, which stood over the west cloister, but has recently been pulled down, was erected by Sir John Frederick, knight and alderman, about the year 1680. The writing school was begun in 1694, by Sir John More, knight and alderman, and finished at his sole charge. It stands



on the west side of the playground; and from being supported on pillars—the under part called the New Cloister,—affords a retreat for the boys in bad weather. Part of this space was inclosed in 1819, for the erection of a lavatory. In 1705, the ward over the east cloister was rebuilt by Sir Francis Child, knight and alderman. The new grammar-school, which stands on the north side of the ditch playground, was built in 1795, partly with a sum of money bequeathed for that purpose by John Smith, Esq. Behind the latter is the infirmary, which was erected in 1822.

“But the most magnificent and last part of this hospital is the New Hall, of which the first stone was laid by his late royal highness Frederick Duke of York, on the 28th of April, 1825. This noble fabric is in the Tudor style of architecture, and was designed by, and erected under the superintendence of, John Shaw, Esq., the then architect to this establishment. It stands partly on the ancient wall of London, and partly on the foundations of the refectory of the Grey Friars. The southern or principal part faces Newgate Street. It is supported by buttresses, and has an octagon tower at each extremity. The summit is embattled and ornamented with pinnacles; the upper part of the western tower is appropriated as an observatory. On the grand story is an open arcade, for the shelter or recreation of the boys in hot or wet weather.”

There are seven exhibitions or scholarships for Cambridge, and one for Oxford, belonging to the institution, the value of which at Cambridge is £60 per annum, and at Pembroke Hall, an additional exhibition from the college, making about 100*l.* for the first four years, and £50 for the last three years; to which may be added the bachelors and masters' degrees, which are defrayed by the hospital. The Oxford exhibitions are £10 more, or £70. The governors discharge all fees of entrance: £20 towards furnishing the room, £10 for books, and £10 for clothes; making at least £50 for the outfit.

The public suppers at Christ's Hospital are held in the great hall, between Christmas and Easter, and commence at six o'clock. Three tables are covered with neat cloths, wooden platters, little wooden buckets of beer, with bread, butter, &c. The ceremony begins with three strokes of a mallet, producing the most profound silence. One of the seniors having ascended the pulpit, reads a chapter from the Bible; and during prayers, the boys stand; and the *Amen*, pronounced by such a number of voices, has a striking effect. A hymn sung by the whole

youthful assembly, accompanied by the organ, concludes this part of the solemnity. At the supper, the treasurers, governors, and those of the public who procure admission with tickets, are seated at the south end of the hall; the master, steward, matron, &c., at the north end; and the several nurses at the tables, to preserve good order. At the conclusion of the whole, the doors of the wards are thrown open, and the boys pass by the company in procession; first the nurse, then a boy carrying two lighted candles; others with bread-baskets and trays, and the remainder, two by two, who all make their obedience as they pass."

The hospital is not exactly the school which its founder intended; instead of being a refuge for the poor, it has become a nursery for the rich. The education being superior, great interest is exerted to procure the admission of a child; and wealthy people have been known to use every species of influence to get their children into it. In the year 1809, when a committee was appointed to inquire into this abuse, it was publicly stated, that a clergyman in the enjoyment of an annual income of £1200 had procured admission for two of his sons; and his case was far from being a singular one. The peculiar dress of the boys affords a good idea of the general dress of the citizens in the time of Edward VI.

Christ Church, adjoining, is a remnant of the ancient monastery of the Grey Friars. It derived its origin from a society founded by St. Francis of Assisi, canonized in 1228; but was founded by John Ewin, mercer. Under the reign of Edward I. it was much augmented by the benevolence of Queen Margaret. Sir Richard Whittington also founded a library of books here, 129 feet long, and 30 broad. The church belonging to this convent of Grey Friars, after growing into great repute, became a parish church in the reign of Henry VIII., and was then ordered to be called by the name of Christ's Church. This ancient church was 300 feet long, 89 broad, and upwards of 64 feet high. It was burnt down in the great fire; since which, the choir, or east end, has been rebuilt, with a tower added to it. In the beautiful modern edifice, now called Christ's Church, there are very large galleries for the use of the scholars of Christ's Hospital. Here have been preached the Spital Sermons in Easter week, since they were discontinued at St. Bride's; and an annual sermon on St. Matthew's day, before the lord mayor, aldermen, and governors, after which the senior scholars

make Latin and English orations in the great hall, previously to being sent to the university.

The old conventual church of the Grey Friars was distinguished for the magnificence of its monuments, containing four queens. Here was that of Queen Margaret, consort of Edward I.; Isabel, queen to Edward II.; her daughter Joan of the Tower, wife of Edward Bruce, King of Scotland; Isabel, Countess of Bedford, daughter of Edward III.; Beatrice, Duchess of Bretagne, daughter of Henry III.; Baron Sir William Fitzwarren, and his wife Isabel, Queen of the Isle of Man; John, Duke of Bourbon, a prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, who died in 1443; and others recorded by Stow. But the materials of the monuments of these eminent personages, consisting of marble, alabaster, stone, and iron, were sold in 1545 to Sir Martin Bowers, lord mayor of London, at the time of the dissolution of religious houses, in proportion of ten tombs and one hundred and forty grave stones, for £50.

About December, 1691, the celebrated Richard Baxter, author of the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," &c., was buried in Christ Church.

Here also, says Pennant, were interred the mangled remains of Sir John Mortimer, knight, a victim to the jealousy of the house of Lancaster. He was put to death on a fictitious charge, by an *ex post facto* law made on purpose to destroy him. This was in the infancy of the reign of Henry VI.

In Christ Church Passage, leading from Newgate Street to Christ Church, nearest to Bagnio Court, stood the ordinary of the once famous Pontack, probably the first house for genteel accommodation in eating known in this metropolis. It was opened by a person of this name, soon after the great revolution in 1688, and remained, if not a fashionable, a genteel eating-house, till about the year 1780; since which the site has been occupied by the new vestry. This house was called Pontack's, from its being the sign of Mr. Pontack, who was a president of the parliament of Bordeaux, and from whom also the best French clarets derived their name. This was the first public place where persons could bespeak a dinner, from four or five shillings a-head to a guinea. This house was soon after followed by another upon the same plan, and at no great distance, which was called Caveack's.

The Queen's Arms Tavern, in Newgate Street, was also, within the same period, one of the schools of oratory, upon much the same plan as that more celebrated one of the Robin Hood,

near Temple Bar. Both of these, we believe, have been frequented by many public characters, who have since figured before some of the first audiences at the bar, &c,

In the same ground lies another guiltless sacrifice, Thomas Burdett, Esq., ancestor of the late Sir Francis Burdett. He had a white buck, which he was particularly fond of; this the king, Edward IV., happened to kill. Burdett, in anger, wished the horns in the person's body who had advised the king to it. For this he was tried, as wishing evil to his sovereign, and for this lost his head.

To close the list, in 1523, a murderess, a Lady Alice Hungerford, obtained the favour of lying here. She had killed her husband; for which she was led from the Tower to Holborn, there put into a cart with one of her servants, and thence carried to Tyburn and executed.

On the dissolution, this church, after being spoiled of its ornaments for the king's use, was made a storehouse for French prizes, and the monuments either sold or mutilated. Henry, just before his death, granted the convent and church to the city, and caused the church to be opened for divine service. It was burnt in 1666, and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, at a small distance from its former site.

On the right-hand side of Newgate-street are various streets and courts leading into Paternoster Row. Of these, Warwick and Ivy Lanes, Panyer Alley, and Lovell's Court, merit the attention of the lover of literary and historical antiquities. Warwick Lane, now the abode of butchers and tallow-chandlers, took its name from the inn or house of the celebrated Warwick, the king-maker.

Stow mentions his coming to London in the famous convention of 1458, with 600 men, all in red jackets, embroidered, with ragged staves, before and behind, and was lodged in Warwick Lane, "in whose house there was often six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every taverne was full of his meate, for hee that had any acquaintance in that house, might have there so much of sodden and rost meate, as he could pricke and carry upon a long dagger."

The memory of the earl was long preserved by a small stone statue, placed in the side front of a tobacconist's, at the corner of this lane; and there is a public-house which has the earl's head for its sign.



## CHAPTER XXI.

The Old College of Physicians—Ivy Lane—Lovell's Court; Richardson wrote some of his works there—Panyer Alley, the highest spot in the City—Newgate Market—St. Nicholas; Shambles—Bladder Street—Mount Goddard Street—The Sanctuary in St. Martin's-le-Grand—The Curfew Bell—Rescue of a prisoner, and flight to the Sanctuary—The Sanctuary broken by the Sheriff of London, and important consequences detailed—Manufacture here of counterfeit plate—New Post Office—Origin and progress of the General Post Office—Paternoster Row, the great mart of the Booksellers, anciently for Mercers—Little Britain, formerly the headquarters of literature—John Dunton—Ave-Maria Lane—Stationers' Hall, on the site of the palace of the Duke of Bretagne—Stationers' Company incorporated—Grant of James I. to the Stationers' Company—Concerts and other entertainments given in their Hall.

THE large building in this lane, now converted into a market, and partly inhabited by Mr. Tylor, was long used by the College of Physicians, before their removal to their new abode, of which we have spoken.

The college was first in Knight Rider Street; afterwards it was removed to Amen Corner; and finally fixed here. The present building was the work of Sir Christopher Wren.

Ivy Lane was so called on account of ivy which grew on the walls of the prebendal houses belonging to St. Paul's. These were afterwards converted into various public offices, which were destroyed by the great fire. Ivy Lane is now, with Paternoster Row, part of the great hive of the booksellers. Here Dr. Johnson held one of his favourite literary clubs.

Lovell's Court is built on the site of a mansion first belonging to the Dukes of Bretagne, after they left Little Britain, and then to the family of Lovell, from whence it got the name of Lovell's Inn. Matilda, the wife of John Lovell, held it in the first of Henry VI. John, Lord Lovell, was ruined through his taking part with the house of Lancaster against that of York. While the celebrated Richardson, the author of "Grandison," "Clarissa," &c., was living, a Mr. Alderman Brigden had a dwelling-house and a handsome garden in this court, which having the conveniency of an alcove, Richardson, as a friend to the alderman, is said to have written several of his works in this retired spot. The garden has been built upon, and considerably retrenched during some years past.

Panyer Alley, Stow says, was so called from such a sign. There is a small stone monument placed about the centre, having the figure of a pannier, with a naked boy sitting upon it, erected in 1688, with a bunch of grapes held between his hand and foot, and underneath the following couplet—

“ When you have sought the city round,  
Yet still this is the highest ground.”

Newgate Market is one of the best in London for meat and poultry, and once stretched to both sides of the street, but is now confined to one. The church here was called St. Nicholas, Shambles.

The site of Bull Head Court formerly contained the church of St. Nicholas, Shambles, from whence there was a lane to St. Martin's-le-Grand. Shambles, it seems, stood in the middle of Newgate Street, beyond which there was a lane, called Pentecost Lane, filled with slaughter-houses. This church and its tenements, Henry VIII. gave to the city. In Butcher-hall Lane, then called Stinking Lane, the hall of the butchers was afterwards erected.

Newgate Market then stretched almost as far as Eldenese, now Warwick Lane; it was then appointed for vending corn and meal; hence, in the first of Edward VI., “ a fair new and strong frame of timber was set up at the city, near the west corner of St. Nicholas, Shambles, for the meal to be weighed.”

Bladder Street, by some called Blowbladder Street, is the name which anciently distinguished the east end of Newgate Street, opposite St. Martin's-le-Grand, and was so called on account of the sale of bladders within it, from the adjoining shambles. The continuation of the street to Ivy Lane was called Mount Goddard Street.

At the end of Newgate Street, to the left, is the General Post Office, standing on the site of the ancient church and sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand. Pennant, who is, however, rather too profuse in his denunciations of the privilege of sanctuary—good in itself, but, like many other good things, too frequently abused—gives an account of St. Martin's, which we shall transcribe, and add some particulars which he has omitted. “ This *imperium in imperio*,” says he, “ was surrounded by the city, yet subject near three centuries to the governing powers of Westminster Abbey. This was a college in 700, founded by Wythred, King of Kent, and rebuilt and chiefly endowed by two noble Saxon brothers, Ingelric and Edward, about the year 1056. William the Conqueror confirmed it in 1068, and even made it independent

of every other ecclesiastical jurisdiction, from the regal, and even the papal. It was governed by a dean, and had a number of secular canons. Succeeding monarchs confirmed all its privileges. It had sak, sok, tol, and all the long list of Saxon indulgences. It had also, from the beginning, the dreadful privilege of sanctuary, which was the cause of its being the resort of every species of profligates, from the murderer to the pickpocket; and was most tenaciously vindicated by its holy rulers. In 1457, the king thought proper to regulate these privileges, and to distinguish how far they might be protected; and that the dean and chapter should take care that none of the villanous refugees should become further noxious to their fellow-creatures.

“A magnificent church was erected within this jurisdiction, which was continued till the college was surrendered in 1548, when it was pulled down, and a great tavern erected in the place. St. Martin’s-le-Grand was then, and still continues, under the government of the Dean of Westminster. It was granted to that monastery by Henry VII. It still continues independent of the city: numbers of mechanics (particularly tailors and shoemakers) set up there, and exercise their trades within its limits, and have votes for the members for the borough of Westminster. The dean and chapter have a court here, and a prison.

“This church, with those of Bow, St. Giles, Cripplegate, and Barking, had its curfew bell long after the servile injunction laid on the Londoners had ceased. These were sounded to give notice to the inhabitants of those districts to keep within, and not to wander in the streets, which were infested by a set of ruffians who made a practice of insulting, wounding, robbing, and murdering the people whom they happened to meet abroad during the night.”

This liberty, of which Pennant has collected these few particulars, extended eastward to Foster Lane, and westward to the church of St. Martin’s-le-Grand. The south gate opened into Newgate Street, and the western limit, consisting of the gardens, ran up to Aldersgate, a little to the left of which was the church dedicated to St. Leonard. For a long course of years, the city authorities endeavoured to establish a right of search and jurisdiction within it, but the claim was always strenuously opposed by each successive dean of St. Martin’s. Upon the dissolution of the religious houses, the monastery and church were pulled down, but the deanery and all its privileges were granted to the Abbey of St. Peter’s, Westminster.

Mr. Alfred John Kempe, in a small work entitled "Historical Notices of the Collegiate College, or Royal Free Chapel and Sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, London—London, 1825," has collected a vast number of curious particulars relative to this spot, to which the reader, who is desirous of further information, is referred. One instance in which the right of sanctuary was used or abused, may be worth transcribing, as it gives in itself a complete history of the privilege, as far as this place is concerned.

In the reign of Henry V., while a soldier named Knight, confined in Newgate, was being conducted to Guildhall, in the charge of an officer of the city, in passing the south gate of St Martin's, which faced Newgate Street, five of his comrades rushed out of Panyer Alley, with daggers drawn, rescued him from the officer, and fled with him to the holy ground. The sheriff, indignant at this outrage upon their officer, repaired to the church, followed by a large mob, and demanded the soldier and his companions. On the refusal of the person in charge of the place, the sheriff gave orders to the people under his command, who thereupon forced the sanctuary, and conveyed away, not only their original prisoner, but the whole of his companions, and committed them all to Newgate. Cawdrey, the dean of St. Martin's, made a formal complaint of this violation of sanctuary. He applied to the sheriff for the release of the prisoners, or their restitution to sanctuary, and on their refusal applied to the lord mayor and aldermen. They appointed the case for hearing within five days; but the dean would not brook this delay, and repaired immediately to the king at Windsor, to lay his grievance at the royal feet. The king in consequence directed letters to the sheriff, commanding that the prisoners should be restored to sanctuary forthwith. The bearer of these letters was the Lord Huntingdon, who, accompanied by Lord Tiptoft, proceeded to the Tower and sent for the lord mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen. On their arrival, he delivered to them the royal mandate under the privy seal; but the citizens, who in all ages have been great sticklers for their rights, real or supposed, and not to be frightened by any array of kingly power or authority against them, excused themselves from opening the letters, upon two pretexts: first, that they were within the Tower of London, a place of royal privilege and entirely without the franchise of the city, and in which, consequently, they could, as a corporate body, perform no public act; and secondly, that as the letters were addressed to the mayor,



sheriffs, and aldermen, in general terms, and as the greater part of the aldermen were not present, they could not proceed to open them or take any cognizance of them, until a greater number were assembled. Lord Huntingdon, being unable to overcome their objections, produced the king's writ,—no longer under the privy seal, but under the great seal of England: whereupon the city authorities retired into Barking Church, as a place within their liberties, and waiving their first objection, read the letters, and craved until the following day at noon, to give in their answer. This was granted, and at the appointed time they excused themselves from obeying the writ, on the ground of a statute of one of the Edwards, which enacted, that if the king for the time being were to address letters to a judge, charging him “to cease of his process of judgment,” and if by that mandate, either of the litigating parties should be injured in their right, the judge should stand excused by the statute from obeying the writ; and they maintained that this case was immediately in point; for if the mayor were to obey the king's writ, the sheriff would be liable to pay a fine of £100 to Lord Huntingdon himself, who had an action to that amount against the prisoner rescued from their serjeant, the king's officer. They added that they would personally bear this answer to the king at Copthall, in Essex, where he was then staying.

On their arrival, the king, offended at their obstinacy, would not receive them, but deputed the Bishop of Salisbury, Sir James Fiennes (afterwards Lord Say and Sele, and the same who was murdered by Jack Cade), with two other persons, to inform them that, since they had thought proper to disobey his letter and wish, the matter should be referred to the “lords of his bloude and greater counsaile,” and that he “would make a Star Chamber matter of it;” which implied a threat of punishment by fines, for their disobedience. And with this answer the lord mayor and sheriffs departed “right heavilie.”

The affair was in due course brought before the Star Chamber, where the dean attended, and made his complaint of violated privilege. The corporation, in reply, pleaded, that if the chapel of St. Martin were endowed with any peculiar privilege, it could only be in criminal cases, in which the life or limb of the subject might be endangered; and, moreover, that it formed with its precinct, “beyond time of mind, parcel of the city of London.” The dean, in his rejoinder, insisted on the general nature of the sanctuary, and that the free chapel of St. Martin formed no part whatever of the city of London. He alleged the

existence of the place, its liberties, and endowments before the Conquest; cited the Conqueror's charter of confirmation, in Saxon and Latin; and the free and peaceable exercise of its privileges which it had ever since enjoyed. He mentioned a statute made in the fiftieth of the reign of Edward III., affirming St. Martin's and Westminster Abbey to be places of privilege for treason, felony, or debt; and in further proof recited the singular fact, that when the king's justices held their sittings in St. Martin's gate, for the trial of prisoners for treason or felony, the accused were placed before them on the other side of the street, and carefully guarded from advancing forward; for if they ever passed the water-channel which divided the middle of the street, they might claim the saving franchise of the sacred precinct, and the proceedings against them would be immediately annulled. Among many other reasons, the dean, who was something of a humourist in his way, expressed his great wonder that the citizens of London, above all men, should impugn the liberties of his church, "since many worshipful members of the corporation had, for debt or trespass, been very glad to claim its privileges, which of late years had been granted to three hundred of them or more."

The corporation, however, cited various instances, to show that the place had been within the jurisdiction of the city, notwithstanding all these charters. They also enumerated several murders which had taken place in and near the precinct, the perpetrators of which had taken sanctuary: showing that the parties were brought before the sheriffs and coroner; and on their refusing to throw themselves on the law of their country, the latter made their return accordingly, which was deposited, according to custom, within the treasury of the city. Among the murders thus cited, were three which were particularly insisted on. In the second of the reign of Edward II., one Robert Stody murdered a woman, took sanctuary in St. Martin's, and afterwards made his escape. In the sixth of Edward III., John Frome, of Lincoln, on account of an old grudge, dogged Robert Dodmerton, a mason, with a drawn dagger in his hand, and when near the gate of St. Martin's, stabbed him mortally in the neck, and immediately took sanctuary in the precinct. In the sixteenth of the same reign, Lullay, a butcher of Cambridge, stabbed one Burgess in the highway before the precinct, and escaped into the sanctuary. Besides these, they stated that various persons who had committed spoliations and felonies within the precinct, in the reign of Henry V., were apprehended

and tried before the justices of the king. That in the first year of the last-mentioned king, a certain deep passage in which ruffians assembled, was thrown down by the officers of the city ; that when the king's justices came to St. Martin's, the officers of the city attended them ; and that all the inhabitants exercising any trade, craft, or occupation in shops facing those royal highways of the city which passed through the precincts of St. Martin's, ever bore their part in all vigils, amercements, or contributions with the citizens ; and finally, it appeared from the premises, that the church of St. Martin's, the lane, and the whole precinct, was part and parcel of the city of London. The decision was given against the citizens,—the prisoners were restored to sanctuary.

The precinct naturally became, from its near vicinity to the privileged spot, the haunt of persons who were fearful of the vengeance of the law for their misdeeds, and cheats and rogues of all descriptions swarmed in St. Martin's. "Numerous fabricators of counterfeit plate and jewels," says Mr. Kempe, "here sought immunity for their dishonest trade. A statute of Edward IV. against fraudulent makers of debased or counterfeit goldsmiths' work, excepted the precinct from the operation of its enactment. On this ground, and that of its forming no part of the city, it still continued the refuge for dealers in such merchandize. Long after the dissolution of the religious houses, they appear to have kept their stand here." The manufactures of St. Martin's became a proverbial expression for counterfeit ware, even so late as the time of Butler.

The situation of the General Post Office in Lombard Street having been found inconvenient for the daily increasing business, the precinct of St. Martin's-le-Grand was selected for the site of a new and more appropriate building. An act of parliament was passed in 1815, making all necessary provisions for clearing the area formerly occupied by the church and sanctuary. The district was thereby made, to all intents and purposes, a part of the city of London ; the only vestige of its ancient privileges being, that the inhabitants, although non-freemen of London, may carry on their trade without impediment ; and that the Court of Error or Appeal, commonly called St. Martin's-le-Grand Court, should remain undisturbed. The inhabitants, formerly, voted at the election for members of parliament for the city of Westminster ; but the district is now considered as part of Aldersgate ward, and the inhabitants vote for London accordingly.

The present handsome building where the business of the Post Office is carried on, was completed in 1829. It was built from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Smirke. It is a massive structure of large dimensions, being about three hundred and eighty-nine feet long, and sixty-four high, standing in an enclosed area of irregular figure. It is externally of Portland stone. The *façade* towards St. Martin's-le-Grand has three porticos of the Ionic order, one of four columns at each end, and one of six columns in the centre, the last surmounted by a pediment. On the frieze over the column is this inscription: GEORGIO QUARTO REGE MDCCCXXIX. The centre portion is the only one which covers an entrance, and through it, after an ascent of a few steps, is the access to the grand public hall of the establishment, which extends entirely across the building, and is entered from Foster Lane at the other end. The hall is eighty feet long, by about sixty wide, divided in the manner of the nave of a cathedral, by Ionic colonnades, into a centre and two aisles. The centre aisle rises to about fifty-three feet high, and admits of a dwarf or attic pilastrade over the principal order, the intervals of which are glazed for the admission of light. In the northern aisle are the inland, American, ship-letters, and newspaper offices; and at the eastern end of it is a staircase leading to the letter-bill, dead, mis-sent, and returned-letter office. In the southern are the foreign and metropolitan (the old two-penny post) departments, the office of the receiver-general and accountant, and the access to the assistant secretary's official residence. North of the centre, and in the eastern front, is the entrance or vestibule where the bags are received from the mails. Communicating with this vestibule is the inland office, eighty-eight feet long, fifty-six wide, and twenty-eight high, and adjoining to it is that of the letter-carriers, one hundred feet long, thirty-five wide, and thirty-three high. The West Indian letters have an office appropriated expressly to them on the eastern side. Near it are the comptroller's and mail-coach office. The communication between the departments in the northern and southern divisions of the building, is maintained by a tunnel beneath the great hall, in which the letters from one department to another are conveyed by machinery invented by Mr. Barrow. The New Post Office was fourteen years in completion, dating from the time of the passing of the act in 1815. Much of this period was consumed in the purchase and removal of the houses which were crowded upon its site. During the latter part of this time, from 1825, the business of the Post Office has gone on



increasing; the gross receipt in 1827 of the United Kingdom having been very nearly £2,392,272, and the payments into the exchequer from this branch of the revenue, after deducting all expenses of collection, having been £1,645,254. During the Protectorate, when the Post Office was first formed by the government, its revenue was £10,000; at the beginning of the eighteenth century it had reached £100,000; in 1744 it had increased to £235,000; and at the beginning of the war in 1793, it was above £600,000. In the year 1837, the total revenue derived from the transmission of letters and newspapers was £2,379,654.

In the spring of 1840, the plan of Mr. Rowland Hill being warmly taken up by influential merchants and members of parliament, was passed through the houses of the legislature with the approbation and support of the ministers.

Turning from the Post Office, round a toy-shop at the corner of Newgate Street, we find ourselves in a long, dark, narrow street, with a foot-pavement where two people cannot comfortably walk abreast, and with a carriage-way proportionably inconvenient for two vehicles having occasion to pass each other. Passengers in it are few; and there is an odious smell of tallow about the whole place: the shops look dingy, dark, and uncomfortable; and there is a general air of gloom about them. But notwithstanding these unfavourable symptoms, it is a street that is full of wealth, and learning, and knowledge. Reader, this narrow street is Paternoster Row; or, as it is more emphatically termed, "THE ROW," the great seat of the bookselling business.

This famous street is said to have received its name from persons who formerly sold Paternosters (or the Lord's Prayer), beads, rosaries, &c., during the ages of superstition; and as it was in the way to St. Paul's cathedral, the devout of all descriptions might here supply themselves with these articles.

Paternoster Row afterwards became famous for mercers, lace-men, haberdashers, and other trades; but ever since 1724, the bookselling business has been increasing in "the Row."

Little Britain had been the great emporium of the book trade, until it settled in Paternoster Row.

In the year 1664, it seems that no less than 460 pamphlets were published in Little Britain.

Roger North, in his "Life of Dr. John North," speaking of booksellers in the reign of Charles II., says, "Little Britain was a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and

men went thither as to a market. This drew a mighty trade, the rather because the shops were spacious, and the learned gladly resorted to them, where they seldom failed to meet with agreeable conversation; and the booksellers themselves were knowing and conversible men, with whom, for the sake of bookish knowledge, the greatest wits were pleased to converse."

If such were the booksellers of a past age, those of the present day need not shrink from any comparison with them—the extent of their trade, the sums they expend upon copyright, and their general probity and intelligence, entitle them to the first rank among English traders. Ave Maria Lane is also noted, like Paternoster Row, for its booksellers, and like it, derives its name from its contiguity to the cathedral. On the west side is an open square court, also inhabited by persons engaged in the book trade, called "Stationers' Hall Court," from which there is a passage called "Amen Corner," inhabited by the canons residentiary of St. Paul's.

Stationers' Hall gives name to the court. The Stationers' Company have long enjoyed peculiar privileges for the printing of certain books, especially of almanacks. Upon the site of this hall formerly stood the palace of John, Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, in the reigns of Edward II. and III. It was afterwards possessed by the Earls of Pembroke, and took the name of Pembroke Inn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was possessed by the Lord Abergavenny. His lordship left a daughter who married Sir Thomas Vane, who, having a better house of his own, seldom or never inhabited this; and from him it was purchased by the Company of Stationers. It was burnt down in the year 1666, and the present edifice, which has been since renovated and improved, was erected on the site of the old one shortly afterwards.

The company was incorporated by Philip and Mary, on the 4th of May, 1556, for the purpose of putting a stop to heretical writings, that they might search and examine all books printed in England, and burn or destroy such as were favourable to the principles of the Reformation, or attacked in any way their majesties' supremacy, or the doctrines of the catholic church.

King James I., on the 29th of October, 1603, by his letters-patent, granted to the Company of Stationers the privilege of the sole printing of almanacks, primers, psalters and psalms, in metre or prose, with musical notes, or without notes.

In the hall of the Stationers' Company was first performed Dryden's celebrated ode, "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of

Music," written for the anniversary of St. Cecilia, which was annually celebrated by the stationers. "Towards the end of the seventeenth century, an entertainment was instituted on the 22nd of November, in commemoration of St. Cecilia, by many of the first rank in the kingdom, which was continued annually for a considerable time. A splendid entertainment was provided at Stationers' Hall, which was preceded by a performance of vocal and instrumental music, by the most capital performers." This feast is represented by Motteux, in 1691, "as one of the genteel-est in the world: there are no formalities or gatherings, as at others, and the appearance there is splendid." The verses, which were always an encomium on St. Cecilia, were set by Purcell, Blow, and other musicians of the greatest eminence; and it became the fashion for writers of all ranks to celebrate St. Cecilia. Besides the odes to her by Dryden and Pope, Addison and Yalden employed their talents on the subject. We have also odes to St. Cecilia by Shadwell, D'Urfey, and some still more indifferent poets. The last account discovered of any entertainment at Stationers' Hall, is when Hughes altered Dryden's ode for the occasion in 1703. The festivity appears also to have been kept at Oxford, and to have been continued there longer.

## CHAPTER XXII.

St. Paul's Cathedral—Some account of the old church—The Lollards' Tower there—Murder committed by a churchman—Illustrious men buried in the old church; their mean tombs—Anecdote of Dr. Donne—Magnificence of the high altar and the shrines—Costly offerings of King John of France and others—Indulgence of forty days—Singular offering—Mysteries acted by the boys at St. Paul's School—The Boy Bishop—St. Faith, under St. Paul's—The great Bell of St. Paul's—Frequenters of Paul's Walk—Eminent persons buried there—The citation of Wickliffe, and riots in consequence—Paul's Cross—City magistrates formerly elected there, and public meetings held—Some account of Jane Shore; does penance there—The Pope attacked there in sermons, by order of Henry VIII.—Successive preachers there during the reigns of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth—Devotions stopped for a sudden levy of men—Last sermon preached there—London House—Pardon-Church-Haugh; the Dance of Death painted in the cloister of—Windmill Hill—The new Cathedral of St. Paul's—Difficulties of Sir Christopher Wren with the Commissioners appointed by the Government—Public monuments in the Cathedral.

WE now arrive at St. Paul's Cathedral, the grandest and most magnificent building in the metropolis, and sacred to all British hearts, for many reasons. The following particulars, relative to the old cathedral, destroyed in the fire of London, are chiefly gathered from Stow and Pennant, who have said nearly all that is worth recording upon the subject. We shall ourselves speak of the new building, and the various associations connected with the classic ground of the surrounding neighbourhood.

The first church is supposed to have been destroyed in the Diocletian persecution, and to have been rebuilt in the reign of Constantine. This was again demolished by the pagan Saxons, and restored in 603, by Sebert, a petty prince, ruling in these parts, under Ethelbert, King of Kent, the first Christian monarch of the Saxon race; who, at the instance of St. Augustine, appointed Melitus the first Bishop of London. Erkenwald, the son of King Offa, fourth in succession from Melitus, ornamented his cathedral very highly, and improved the revenues with his own patrimony. When the great part of the city of London was destroyed by fire in 1086, this church was burnt. Bishop Mauritius began to rebuild it, and laid the foundation, which remained till its second destruction, from the same cause, in the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding Mauritius lived twenty years after he had begun his pious work, and Bishop Beauvages



enjoyed the see twenty more, yet such was the grandeur of the design, that it remained unfinished. The first had the ruins of the Palatine tower bestowed on him, as materials for the building; and Henry I. bestowed on Beauvages part of the ditch belonging to the Tower, which, with purchases made by himself, enabled him to enclose the whole with a wall. The same monarch granted besides, that every ship which brought stone for the church should be exempted from toll; he gave him also all the great fish taken in his precincts, except the tongues; and lastly, he secured to him and his successor the delicious tithes of all his venison in the county of Essex.

The steeple was finished in 1221. The noble subterraneous church of St. Faith, *Ecclesia Sanctæ Fidis in cryptis*, was begun in 1257. It was supported by three rows of massy clustered pillars, with ribs diverging from them to support the solemn roof. This was the parish church. The undercroft, as these sort of buildings were called, had in it several chantries and monuments. Henry Lacie, Earl of Lincoln, who died in 1312, made what was called the new work at the east end, in which was the chapel of our Lady, and that of St. Dunstan.

The chapter house, adjoining the south transept, was circular, and supported by four central pillars of more elegant Gothic than the rest of the building. This projected into a most beautiful cloister, two stories high. On the walls was painted the Machabre, or dance of death, a common subject in religious places. It represented a long train of men of all orders, from the Pope to the lowest of human beings; each figure has death as his partner, shaking his remembering hour-glass. This cloister, the dance, and several fine monuments, were demolished by the Protector Somerset, when he was erecting his palace in the Strand.

Farther to the west, adjoining to the south side, was the parish church of St. Gregory. In one of the towers which ornamented the western front was the bishops' prison, or Lollards' tower; the scene, says Pennant, of many a midnight murder.

One Richard Hunn, committed there in 1514, was most foully murdered, being hanged there by the contrivance of Horsey, the chancellor of the diocese, who pretended this unfortunate man had been guilty of suicide, and buried his body ignominiously. However, though the coroner's inquest detected the murderers, they were defended by the Bishop Fitz-James. Still, the king interfered, and ordered the chancellor Horsey and his accomplices to pay the children of the deceased fifteen hundred pounds.

Whether this was actually paid is not mentioned ; however, the murderers escaped with a pardon.

The style of the ancient cathedral was a most beautiful Gothic ; over the east end was an elegant circular window. The ancient plans do not deliver down to us the forms of the two transepts. The dimensions of the whole, in 1309, were these : the length 629 feet ; the breadth, 120 ; the height of the roof of the west part from the floor, 102 ; of the tower, 260 ; of the east part, 181 ; of the spire made of wood, covered with lead, 274. The whole space occupied by the old church was three acres and a half, one rood and a half, and six perches.

The nave was supported by clustered pillars and round arches, in the style preserved by the Normans after the conquered Saxons. The galleries and windows of the transepts were also finished with rounded arches. The screen to the choir, and the chapel of the Virgin, were Gothic ; the former was ornamented with statues on each side of the door, at the expense of Sir Paul Pindar.

Sir Philip Sydney, whose remains were brought to St. Paul's in 1586 with great magnificence, had no other monument than a board with a most wretched inscription. The great Walsingham's remains were, in a manner, stolen into his grave here by his friends, for fear of an arrest. And after particularizing many illustrious persons buried in the ancient church, Pennant concludes with the melancholy corpse of Doctor Donne, the wit of his time, standing in a niche, and wrapped in a shroud gathered about his head, with his feet resting on an urn. Not long before his death, he dressed himself in that funereal habit, placed his feet on an urn fixed on a board exactly of his own height, and shutting his eyes like a departed person, was drawn in that attitude by a skilful painter. This gloomy piece he kept in his room till the day of his death, on March 31, 1631 ; after which it served as a pattern for his tomb.

The high altar dazzled with gems and gold, the gifts of its numerous votaries. John, King of France, when prisoner in England, first paying his respects to St. Erkenwald's shrine, offered four basins of gold ; and the gifts at the obsequies of princes, foreign and British, were of immense value. On the day of the conversion of the tutelar saint, the charities were prodigious, first to the souls, when an indulgence of forty days' pardon was given, *vere pœnitentibus contritis et confessis* : and by order of Henry III., 1500 tapers were placed in the church, and 15,000 poor people fed in the churchyard.

But the most singular offering was that of a fat doe in winter and a buck in summer, made at the high altar on the day of the commemoration of the saint, by Sir William de Baude and his family, and then to be distributed among the canons resident. This was in lieu of twenty-two acres of land in Essex, which belonged to the canons of this church. Till Queen Elizabeth's time, the doe or buck was received solemnly at the altar by the dean and chapter, attired in their sacred vestments, and crowned with garlands of roses. Mr. Warton says, the body of the buck was sent to be baked ; but the head being fixed on a pole, the procession issued out at the west door, where the keeper that brought it blowed the death, and then the horners all about the city were fain to answer him ; for which each man received from the dean and chapter fourpence in money and their dinner, while the keeper that brought it was allowed his meat and drink, and five shillings in money ; and on going away he received a loaf of bread, having the picture of St. Paul upon it.

The boys of St. Paul's used also to act mysteries, or holy plays ; and so jealous were they of this privilege, that they petitioned Richard II. to prohibit some ignorant and inexperienced persons from acting the history of the Old Testament to the prejudice of the church. Even Dean Colet countenanced these mummeries, by enjoining his scholars to attend the boy-bishop at Paul's every Childermas day. This prelate in miniature used to preach, and receive his offerings of a penny from each person. Sometimes they sang indecent songs, and danced and committed the most disgusting profanations. In France, an act of the parliament of Rheims put an end to them ; in England, the Reformation abolished these impieties with others.

But so many were the lurking-places about this cathedral and cloisters, that to prevent the commission of robberies, and even murders, Edward I. gave permission to the dean and chapter to enclose the whole with a wall, and to have gates to shut of a night, to exclude disorderly people. Within these walls, on the north-west side, was the bishop's palace, that is to say, upon the spot called London House Yard, now a passage from St. Paul's Churchyard to Paternoster Row.

St. Faith's, under St. Paul's, according to a vulgar notion, is actually a church complete in all its parts, with doors, windows, roof, steeple, organ, pews,—nay, parson and clerk, and beadle too, under St. Paul's. It is, however, nothing more than the vault under the choir, and which, before the great fire, was the parish church of St. Faith. It is about seventeen feet below

the area, or floor of the present church, and probably one of the most capacious and every way curious vaults in the world. Here the coffins are buried in the ground, and do not lie on the surface, as in other vaults.

Formerly this church was styled *Ecclesia Sanctæ Fidei in cryptis*, or the church of St Faith in the vaults under ground, being situated at the west end of Jesus Chapel under the choir, and which served as a parish church for part of St. Paul's Stump, St. Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster Row, Queen's Head Court, part of Ivy Lane. Warwick Lane, &c. But Jesus Chapel being suppressed by King Edward IV., the parishioners of St. Faith were, in 1551, permitted to remove into the same, and it continued a parish church till the cathedral was demolished in the great fire. Part of the churchyard belonging to St. Faith's was taken in to enlarge the street at the east end; but a part of it, which still remains within the iron railing, serves as a burial-place for the parishioners.

Many years ago, the inhabitants in the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral petitioned not to have the great bell tolled in the usual manner, as it shook the foundation of their houses. It has been since tolled with the mouth downwards, and struck on the side without its being swung like other bells by the wheel. It is never tolled but on the death of one of the royal family, or the decease of a bishop of London.

The interior of old St. Paul's Church was for many ages a common thoroughfare; horses and other animals were led through it; assignations were made in it; and the sprigs of fashion of the time made it a lounge to walk up and down in, and ogle the young women. Malcolm collected many curious particulars relative to this strange desecration of a place of worship, and the efforts that were at various periods vainly made to put an end to it. In the time of Edward III. it was complained that the eating-room of the canons in St. Paul's had become the office and work-place of artisans, and the resort of shameless women. In the reign of Philip and Mary, the Court of Common Council passed an act with a view to the better observance of the decencies of the place; from which it appears that it was a common passage for porters, hucksters, and others, laden with beer, bread, fish, meat, &c., who thought it too much trouble to go round the churchyard, and who did not scruple to lead mules, asses, horses, and cattle, through the sacred edifice,

Paul's Walk was the middle of the cathedral, and was the haunt of the young sparks of the town, until the time of the



Protectorate. The frequenters of this part of the church were called Paul's Walkers. The young gallants from the inns of court, the western and the northern parts of the metropolis, and those that had spirit enough to detach themselves from the counting-houses in the east, used to meet at the central point, St. Paul's; and from this circumstance obtained the appellation of "Paul's Walkers," as we now say, "Bond Street Loungers." However strange it may seem, tradition says that the great Lord Bacon used in his youth to cry, "Eastward ho!" and was literally a Paul's Walker. The walkers in Paul's during this and the following reigns were composed of a motley assemblage of the gay, the vain, the dissolute, the idle, the knavish, and the lewd; and various notices of this fashionable resort may be found in the old plays and other writings of the time. Ben Jonson, in his "Every Man out of his Humour," has given a series of scenes in the interior of St. Paul's, and an assemblage of a great variety of characters; in the course of which the curious piece of information occurs, that it was common to affix *bills*, in the form of advertisements, upon the columns in the aisles of the church, in a similar manner to what is now done in the Royal Exchange: those bills he ridicules in two affected specimens, the satire of which is admirable. Shakspeare also makes Falstaff say, in speaking of Bardolph, "I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: if I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horsed, and wived."

The following account of Paul's Walk is worth preserving:—"Paul's Walk is the land's epitome, or you may call it the lesser Isle of Great Britain. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages, and were the steeple not sanctified, very like Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees—a strange humming or buzz, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet: it is a kind of still roar or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and afoot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed, closed, and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busy at the Parliament. It is the antick of tails to tails and backs to backs; and, for wizards, you need go no further than faces. It is the market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the general mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legends of popery, first coined and stamped in the church. All inventions are emptied here, and not a few pockets. The best sign of a temple in it is, that it is the thieves' sanctuary, which robbe

more safely in a crowd than a wilderness, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expense of the day after playing tavern, and men have still some oaths left to swear here. The principal inhabitants are stale knights and captains out of service, men of long rapiers and breeches, which, after all, turn merchants here and traffic for news." \* Dekker, in his "Gull's Horn-Book," gives instructions to the gull how he should comport himself in Paul's Walk; and the place is mentioned by various other writers of that day.

But it is not alone with such reminiscences as these that the name of this old cathedral is associated: stern events, mournful ceremonies, and the memories of great men are linked with it. In its precincts were deposited the remains of personages distinguished in British history: here sleeps the dust of Siba, King of the East Saxons; of William, Bishop of London, who obtained the first charter for the citizens from William the Conqueror; of John of Gaunt; of Dr. Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, and founder of Paul's School; of Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Dr. Donne, of Sir Philip Sidney, of Walsingham, of Sir Christopher Hatton, of Vandyke, and of many ecclesiastical dignitaries, and others of lesser note. The ceremonies and the spectacles of various kinds that took place within its walls we shall pass over, to narrate one scene that must ever render it memorable. Here took place the citation of Wickliffe. On the 13th of February, 1376, London being in a state of great excitement at the time, Wickliffe, attended by his powerful friend, John of Gaunt, appeared in the cathedral to answer the charges of heresy that had been brought against him. The space around the church was filled by a dense crowd of the people of London, and it was with great difficulty that way could be made through the mass for the accused to enter. While still outside, Percy, the Lord Marshal of England, who, along with John of Gaunt, was escorting Wickliffe into the presence of his judges, endeavoured to prepossess the bystanders in his favour, and turn the tide of popular opinion against the bishops. His attempts were represented to the Bishop of London, who, on their entrance, addressed Lord Percy, and told him in an angry tone, that if the church had been aware that he would have tried in this manner to prejudice the cause, means would have been adopted to prevent his being present. John of Gaunt replied with some asperity, on the part of his friend, that the Bishop of London had no right to control

\* "Microcosmographia," by Bishop Earle.

the Marshal of England, who would act as he thought proper without the rebuke of any ecclesiastical authority. The duke and Lord Percy then took their seats on the bench with the bishops, and Wickliffe was introduced into the presence of his judges. Lord Percy with a kind accent desired him to sit down and be covered, and added, turning to the Bishop of London, that the accused had need of such indulgence, as he had much to reply to. The bishop, who conceived himself insulted by this speech, replied warmly, that the accused person must stand up—he appeared there as a criminal, and it had never been known that a criminal should be covered and seated in the presence of his judges. The Duke of Lancaster, who appears to have entered the church in no very pleasant frame of mind, was now in a state of high excitement; he turned suddenly round to the bishop, and with fire flashing from his eyes, swore in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by the whole assembly, “that he would humble his pride, and the pride of every arrogant bishop in the kingdom.” The bishop made some reply, which so incensed the duke that he stooped down—his face pale with rage and his whole frame quivering, and muttered in the ear of the prelate, that sooner would he, John of Gaunt, drag him out of the church by the hair of his head, than sit there any longer and be insulted by a priest. A rumour of this altercation soon reached the outside, and the mob began to howl against the Duke of Lancaster, and threatened to pull him from the judgment-seat, if he outraged their bishop. So great was the tumult, that at one time it was feared the mob would have broken into the cathedral, and carried their threat into execution. Ultimately this curious scene led to a riot—the particulars of which, and its consequences to the city of London, we have already detailed in our account of the Savoy Palace, the residence of John of Gaunt, which the mob destroyed and pillaged on the occasion.

Paul’s Cross was the most remarkable appendage of the old church, of which we have not yet spoken. It stood on the north side of the church, a little to the east of the entrance to Canon Alley. It was here that the citizens assembled in folk-mote, or general convention, to elect their magistrates, and to deliberate on public affairs. We read of meetings of the folk-mote in the thirteenth century; but the custom was discontinued, as the increasing number of the inhabitants, and the mixture of strangers, were found to lead to confusion and tumult. In after times the cross appears to have been used chiefly for proclama-

tions and other public proceedings, civil as well as ecclesiastical, such as the swearing of the citizens to allegiance, the emission of papal bulls, the exposing of penitents, &c., "and for the defaming of those," says Pennaut, "who had incurred the displeasure of crowned heads." A pulpit was attached to it, in which sermons were preached, called Paul's Cross sermons. In Stow's time the pulpit was an hexagonal piece of wood, "covered with lead, elevated upon a flight of stone steps, and surmounted by a large cross." During rainy weather the poorer part of the audience retreated to a covered place called the shrouds, which are supposed to have abutted on the church wall. Here, in 1299, Ralph de Baldoc, dean of St. Paul's, cursed all those who had searched in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields for a horde of gold, supposed to be hidden there. Here also, the kind-hearted, lovely, but frail Jane Shore did penance, in the reign of Richard III. The sad story is well known, and has often been told; but never in more affecting words than by old Holinshed, in his simple style. "In her penance she went," says he, "in countenance and pase demure, so womanlie, that albeit she were out of all araie, save her kertle onlie, yet when she so faire and lovelie, namelie, while the wondering of the people cast a comelie rud in her checks, (of which she before had most misse,) that hir great shame won her much praise among those that were more amorous of hir bodie than curious of hir soule. And many good folkes that hated her living, (and glad were to see sin corrected) yet pitied they more her penance than rejoiced therein, when they considered that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent than any virtuous affection."

Pennant justly says of her, that Richard, failing by her excellent defence to convict her of witchcraft—and this, by the way, was a charge not easily disproved in that age,—“attacked her on her only weak side, her frailty. This was undeniable. He consigned her to the severity of the church: she was carried to the bishop's palace, clothed in a white sheet, with a taper in her hand, and from thence conducted to the cathedral, and the cross, before which she made a confession of her fault. Every other virtue bloomed in this illfated fair one, with the fullest vigour. She could not resist the solicitations of a youthful monarch, the handsomest man of his time. On his death she was reduced to necessity, scorned by the world, and cast off by her husband, with whom she was paired in her childish years, and forced to fling herself into the arms of Hastings.”



At this place the kings of England were proclaimed, and royal contracts of marriage notified to the people. During the progress of the Reformation in England, the cross acquired unusual importance. Henry VIII. ordered the Bishop of London to send up to Paul's Cross, from Sunday to Sunday, preachers to attack in their sermons the authority of the Pope, and show the people that his holiness was no more than simple Bishop of Rome; and that his usurpations had been chiefly caused by the negligence of preceding monarchs of England, in asserting their own legitimate authority. "Many are the examples of persons bearing the fagot, and of making public recantation of their faith, of both religions, at this place. The reformers bore that badge as a mark of their escape: the Catholics were excused from the burning, therefore were excused from the burden. The last who appeared was a seminary priest, who, in 1593, made his recantation. In 1537, Sir Thomas Newman, priest, bore the fagot here on a singular occasion—for singing mass with good ale. To this place Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, sent his chaplain, Harding, to dissuade the people from revolting from their allegiance to Queen Mary; yet, actuated by weakness and ambition, concurred in setting up his unhappy daughter, Jane Grey, in opposition to his rightful sovereign.

"Queen Mary made use of the same arts in the same place, and appointed several of her best divines to preach the old religion, and her design of restoring the ancient worship; but so averse were the people, that the attempt was attended with great tumults. These she allayed by the temporary expedients of fire and fagot."\*

The reign of Queen Elizabeth was wisely ushered in by the appointment of good and able men to preach from this Cross the doctrine of the Reformation and rejection of the papal power; this began April the 9th, 1559. From hence she also caused the memory of her once-beloved Essex to be blackened, some sparks of indignation remaining in the queen that were unquenched even by his blood.

In 1596, while the lord mayor and aldermen were attending a sermon in this place, they received an order from the queen, to levy a thousand able-bodied men. They quitted their devotions, and performed their commission before eight at night, and had them ready armed for their march before morning. The service they were designed for was to assist the French in raising the

\* Pennant.

siege of Calais then besieged by the Spaniards; but the place being taken by the time they reached Dover, they returned to the city, after a week's absence.

The last sermon which was preached at this place was before James I., who came in great state on horseback from Whitehall, on Midlent Sunday, 1620: he was received at Temple Bar by the lord mayor and aldermen, who presented him with a purse of gold. At St. Paul's he was received by the clergy in their richest vestments. The object of the sermon was the repairing of the cathedral.

Another appendage to the old church was the Bishop's or London House, the name of which survives in that of London House Yard. This perished in the great fire; and on the site of it were built the houses now standing between the yard just mentioned and the present chapter-house. The bishop's house was often used for the reception of princes. To the east, towards Cheapside, was a chapel, erected by the father of Thomas-à-Becket, called Pardon-Church-Haugh, which was surrounded by a cloister, presenting a painting of the Dance of Death on the walls; a subject which has been popular, both in this country and the continent of Europe, since the monkish ages, under the name, in this country, of the "Dance of Death," and in France, of the "Danse Macabre." There is a strange novel with this title, by the popular French novelist, Le Bibliophile Jacob.

"In this chapel," says Dr. Entick, in his 'History and Survey,' vol. iv. page 223, "were buried Robert Barton and Henry Barton, mayor, and Thomas Mirsin, mayor, all skinners; and were entombed with their images of alabaster over them, grated or palisaded about with iron, before the said chapel, all of which was pulled down in the year 1549. The bones of the dead, couched up in a charnel under the chapel, were conveyed from thence into Finsbury Field, by report of him who paid for the carriage, amounting to more than 1000 cartloads, and there laid on a moorish ground, which, in a short time after, being raised by the foliage of the city, was able to bear three windmills; which at this time is called Windmill Hill, on which stands the Methodist meeting under Mr. Wesley's direction, and St. Luke's Hospital for incurable lunatics. The chapel and charnel were converted into dwelling-houses, warehouses, and sheds for stationers, which were built before it, in place of the tombs."

We have now to speak of the new cathedral: the grandeur of

its design; the difficulties its architect had to struggle with, from the malevolence of enemies, the coldness of friends, and the unappreciating spirit of his age; and to record the names of the illustrious men who, with its founder, have their monuments within its walls. A mere sketch is all the space that we can afford to the subject. In the year 1561, the old church was nearly burnt to the ground, owing to the carelessness of a plumber who was employed to repair the spire, and who left a pan of coals burning near some woodwork while he went to dinner.\* The cathedral was restored without the spire, as it appears in Hollar's well-known print of London. Great repairs and renovations of the old cathedral were begun by James I., and carried on by Charles I.

The great fire of 1666 levelled St. Paul's with the ground; and in the general renovation that ensued, Sir Christopher Wren made the design, and was entrusted with the building of the present magnificent edifice. He began and finished the building, which cost thirty-seven years of labour, and one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling. In digging the foundations, Sir Christopher became convinced that the site had been a place of sepulchre prior to the Saxon invasion. He found abundance of ivory and wooden pins, apparently of box, which are supposed to have fastened the winding-sheets of the Britons. The graves of the Saxons lay above them, lined with chalk stones, or consisting of stones hollowed out; and in the same row with the pins, but deeper, lay Roman urns, lamps, lachrymatories, &c.

The foundation of the old church rested on a layer of hard and close pot-earth. Curiosity led Sir Christopher Wren to search farther. He found that on the north side it was six feet thick, that it grew thinner towards the south, and on the decline of the hill was scarcely four. On advancing farther he met with nothing but loose sand; at length he came to water and sand mixed with periwinkles and other sea-shells; and by boring came at last to the beach, and under that the natural hard clay; which evinced that the sea had once occupied the space on which St. Paul's now stands.

Sir Christopher had difficulties of all sorts to contend with in the erection of this great building: his plans were interfered with, his money was not paid, and his genius was undervalued. But he lived to see the completion of his work, and died at the

\* It may be mentioned that in 1839 the beautiful cathedral of York was nearly burned to the ground by the very same carelessness on the part of some plumbers

good old age of 90. He was buried in the vaults underneath the church, and a fine epitaph was written upon him by his son, of which the concluding words are so well known,—

“*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*”

The church was completed in the reign of Queen Anne, and her statue was consequently placed at the western entrance looking down Ludgate Hill. This statue, which is no great ornament to the place, stands in the middle of the front area, with the figures of Great Britan, France, Ireland, and America, at its base.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey may be called the two pantheons of England, where monuments are erected to her most illustrious sons. St. Paul's contains the monuments of warriors of modern times, while Westminster Abbey is more remarkable for those of wits and poets, and the heroes of a remoter age than those whose memories are enshrined in the other minster. The monuments of Nelson and Cornwallis are the most striking, from their magnitude. Besides these, the visitor, from their prominence, will easily distinguish those of Lord Collingwood, Lord Heathfield, Samuel Johnson, Abercrombie, Sir John Moore, Admiral Rodney, Admiral Howe, Ponsonby, Captain Riou, Sir Thomas Picton, Captain Westcott, General Sir Thomas Dundas, Sir William Jones, Captain Robert Faulkner, Captain Burgess, Captain R. W. Miller, Howard the Philanthropist, Earl St. Vincent, Sir Astley Cooper, and Dr. Babington.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

Doctors' Commons; College for students of civil law—The Prerogative Office—Causes of which the Court take cognizance—Heralds' College, the record of the blood of all the families of England—Kings and Pursuivants—Derivation of the term, Herald—Anecdote of the King-at-Arms of Ireland—Apothecaries' Hall—Castle of Mountfichet—Castle Baynard—The Chronicle of Dunmow—Anecdote of King John and the Baron Fitzwalter—Curious royal grant to Fitzwalter of Castle Baynard—King Richard III. resided there—Noble possessors of this castle—Legat's Inn—Diana's Chamber—Puddle Dock—Thames Street—Printing-house Square; the Times newspaper—St. Andrew's-by-the Wardrobe—The King's Wardrobe—Account of St. Paul's School and its founder, Dean Colet—Illustrious men and eminent scholars educated there; among many others, Milton, the Duke of Marlborough, &c.—Curious custom of the boys on St. Bartholomew's Eve—Cheapside—Bow Church—Murder of the Bishop of Exeter and others there, by rioters—Tournament in Cheapside, and its consequences—Contest between the Fishmongers' and Skinners' Companies and severe punishment of the offenders.

To the south of St. Paul's, extending down to Thames Street, is a district of London which is chiefly inhabited by ecclesiastical lawyers. This district has a character peculiar to itself. It is unlike the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, or any other of the inns of court; and the visitor will see in a moment that its inhabitants are of another class of lawyers altogether: the proctor cannot be confounded with the attorney, nor the grave doctors of the ecclesiastical courts with the barristers of Westminster Hall. Let the unhappy wight who is determined to go to law, go at once to the Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, or the Exchequer; ay, let him even plunge into the abysses of the Court of Chancery, and there will be hope for him still; but let no man, not even the most reckless, have anything to do with the Ecclesiastical Courts. Doctors' Commons, which gives name to this district, is situate in Knight-Rider Street. It is an old brick building of considerable extent, a little to the south of St. Paul's Churchyard. It consists principally of two squares. The establishment is properly a college for students of the civil and ecclesiastical laws, and contains various courts in which those laws are administered, subject to the common and statute law of the land; and several offices belonging to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. The epithet of "Commons" is given to this place from the civilians

commoning together as in other colleges. The courts, maritime and ecclesiastical, are five in number ; viz., 1. Arches ; 2. Admiralty ; 3. Prerogative ; 4. Delegates ; and 5. Consistory ; in all of which the business is carried on chiefly in writing, according to the forms of the Roman civil law, by the doctors and proctors. The doctors are such as, having taken the degree of LL.D. at one of the universities, are afterwards admitted of the College of Advocates belonging to these courts, in which, after a year of silence, they can plead. The proctors are also especially admitted to practise in these courts, and conduct the preparatory part of the business, as attorneys do in the courts of common law. The civil law terms are the same as those of the common law ; but their sittings are arranged according to the business of the different courts, each of which has four sessions in a term, besides by-days, &c.

The Prerogative Office opens at nine o'clock in the morning, from October till March, and shuts at three ; the remaining six months it continues open till four. The usual public holidays are kept, any of which happening on a Sunday are kept on a Monday. Searches for wills are here made at one shilling each, and copies, which are always stamped, are to be had on application. They are registered from the year 1383. There are several interior registries in the Commons, viz., the Bishop of London's, in Knight-Rider Street ; the Bishop of Winchester's, in Paul's Chain, &c. The proctors' offices remain open from about nine in the morning till seven or eight in the evening, the year round. This place possesses a library, consisting of books of history, or relative to the faculty of civil or canon law. The causes of which these courts take cognizance are, blasphemy, apostacy from christianity, heresy, ordinations, matrimony, divorces, bastardy, tithes, oblations, obventions, institutions of clerks to benefices, celebrations of divine service, mortuaries, dilapidations, reparation of churches, probates of wills, administrations, simony, incest, fornication, adultery, solicitation of chastity, pensions, procurations, commutation of penance, right of pews, brawling, &c. &c. ; in fine, the jurisdiction of these courts are remnants of the ancient and more extensive power of the clergy in this country previous to the Reformation, and the sooner they are abolished, or greatly reformed, the better.

In the same neighbourhood is the Herald's College, a quiet, sedate, and venerable spot : so quiet, so old fashioned, that a walk through its grass-grown court forms a striking contrast to any other scene that London can exhibit. One can almost

imagine that the date of the year is 1540, and that Henry VIII. is king; you cannot hear the hum of busy London that is all around. In its solitary chambers reside three kings,—ay, three kings-at-arms; and right royal they look on their gala-days, when they issue forth for coronations, royal marriages, processions, and so forth. The building is a brick edifice, having a front facing the street, with an arched gateway leading to a quadrangle. It belongs to a corporation of great antiquity, consisting of thirteen members—three kings-at-arms, six heralds-at-arms, and four pursuivants-at-arms, all nominated by the Earl Marshal of England, holding their places by patent during good behaviour. Their office is to keep records of the blood of all the families of the kingdom, and all matters belonging to the same, such as the bearing of coats of arms, &c.; to attend his majesty on great occasions; to make proclamations in certain cases; to marshal public processions, &c. One herald and one pursuivant attend the college daily in rotation, to answer all questions relative to armorial bearings, &c. &c. The fee for a common search is five shillings, and for a general search one guinea; the fees for a new coat of arms are from ten pounds upwards, according to the labour employed.

The heralds were not incorporated until the reign of Richard III., and the mansion they occupied belonged to the Earls of Derby. It was burnt down during the great fire, and rebuilt at the expense, principally, of the officers of the college. We should not omit to mention the sounding titles of the officers of the college. First, of the three kings—Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy. Garter was made king-at-arms by King Henry V.; “and his office,” says Maitland, “is to attend at the installation of knights of the Garter, to carry the garter and other symbols of that most noble order to foreign princes that are elected knights companions of the same; to marshal the ceremonies at coronations, and the funerals of princes and the nobility; to take cognizance of the arms of the nobility, and to grant supporters to newly-created peers.” Clarencieux, the second king, derives his name from Lionel, third son of King Edward III., who, having espoused the heiress of Ulster, in Ireland, became thereby possessed of the honour of Clare, and was created Duke of Clarence. “He was thereby entitled,” says Maitland, “to have a herald. The duchy escheating to Edward IV., upon the death of his brother, he constituted the herald thereof the second king-at-arms, by the appellation of Clarencieux. His office is to marshal the funeral solemnities of the nobility, &c.,

south of the Trent, and regularly to hold visitations within his district, for registering families, and keeping accounts of their several coats of arms." The third king-at-arms is called Norroy, and his office is the same as that of Clarencieux; but his jurisdiction extends over the north side of the Trent, whence his name. The two last are called provincial kings. These mock kings were formerly created and crowned by the king himself; but that ceremony is now performed by the Duke of Norfolk, as hereditary Earl Marshal of England, or his deputy.

Subordinate to these kings are six heralds, who are known by the names of Windsor, Richmond, Chester, Somerset, York, and Lancaster. Upon their installation, they take an oath "to be faithful to the king and serviceable to gentlemen; to keep secrets, to assist distressed gentlemen and ladies; and to avoid taverns, dice, and disreputable houses." Their duties are to wait at court, attend public assemblies, and proclaim peace and war.

Besides these are the four pursuivants, with the formidable and romantic titles of Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon, Portcullis, and Bluemantle. The oath they take is to be "true to the king, serviceable to all Christians, to keep secrets, and to be sober, lowly, and humble;" from whence it appears that they are not so strictly bound down as the heralds.

Besides these, there are three supplementary, or extraordinary officers, viz., the Mowbray herald, and two pursuivants, Blanch Lion and Rouge Rose.

The word "herald" is derived from two German words, *ehr* and *halten*, "to uphold honour." Various other etymologies have been suggested, but this is the most probable and reasonable. A good story is told of the king-at-arms in Ireland, which will not be out of place here. He waited upon the bishop to summon him to parliament, and the bishop's servant inquired the name of this strange visitor, with his embroidered coat and outlandish attire. He was told the title; but his imagination was so confused by the unusual apparition, which put him more in mind of the figures on a pack of cards than anything else, that he ran breathless to his master, and exclaimed, "My lord, here is the king of trumps!"

Among the ancient members of the College of Heralds, we must not omit to mention some of whom English literature is justly proud; especially Camden, "the nourrice of antiquitie;" and after him, Dugdale, the author of the "Monasticon;" Vincent; and lastly, Lodge.

In this district is Apothecaries' Hall. It is a handsome edifice,



with a plain front to the street; a gate leads to an open court, at the upper end of which a grand flight of stairs leads into the hall room. At the east end of the hall is a bust of Gideon De Laune, a Frenchman, apothecary to James I., and the cause of the incorporation of the Apothecaries' Company, in 1606; Robert Gower, Esq., master in 1726; and several other persons of eminence.

In 1617, early in the reign of James I., it appears, from this company's records, that there were no more than 104 apothecaries in the city of London and its suburbs.

In the same district, upon the banks of the Thames, stood two castles, renowned in ancient story—Mountfitchet and Castle Baynard—all traces of which have long since disappeared, with the exception of the name of the latter, which is still preserved to the ward in which it was situated. Of Castle Baynard especially, many are the romantic tales which might be told. Its founder, Baynard, came over with William the Conqueror. In the reign of Henry I. the Baynard family forfeited their titles and possessions, and the castle was bestowed upon the Earls of Clare, and from them descended to the Fitzwalters. A love story is told of this family, of the times of King John. Robert, Baron Fitzwalter, lord of Castle Baynard, had a lovely daughter, known by the name of Matilda the Fair; and her story is thus related by Stow.

“The ‘Chronicle of Dunmow’ saith, that discord arose betwixt the king and his barons, because of Mawd, called the Fair, daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, whom the king loved; but her father would not consent, and thereupon war ensued throughout England. The king spoiled especially the castle of Baynard, in London, and other holds and houses of the barons. Fitzwalter, Fitzrobert, and Mountfitchet passed over into France; some also went into Wales, and some into Scotland, and did great damage to the king. Whilst Mawd the Fair remained at Dunmow, there came a messenger unto her from King John, about his suit in love; but because she would not agree, the messenger poisoned a boiled or poached egg, against she was hungry, whereof she died, and was buried in the choir at Dunmow.” The name of Robert Fitzwalter, the father of this unhappy maid, is placed by Matthew Paris, the annalist, at the head of the barons who came armed to King John in the Temple, and made those demands which finally resulted in the signing of Magna Charta. Another romantic story is related of his reconciliation with the king, which we would fain hope is not true;

and there is difficulty in believing it, from the confusion of dates. If King John really poisoned his daughter, and acted throughout towards him as he is represented to have done, no true man, as Fitzwalter appears to have been, would have ever condescended to be taken into his favour.

The following is the story:—King John being in France, after the flight of Fitzwalter from England, concluded a truce with the French king for five years. When the truce was proclaimed, an English knight invited any knight of the French to cross the stream that divided the two armies, and take a joust or two with him. The invitation or challenge was accepted, and a knight of the French plunged his horse into the river and swam across, and defeated the English knight in so masterly a manner, that King John, struck with admiration, is said to have exclaimed, "Happy is the king who has such a knight as this!" The words were reported to the victor, who was no other than Fitzwalter, who had joined the French army; and he was so flattered with the praise, that he came the next day, threw himself at the feet of John, and was pardoned for his defection. He then returned to England, rebuilt Baynard Castle, which John had thrown down, and resided in it with great magnificence until his death.

Whether or not this story be true in all its particulars, it is certain that the castle was rebuilt by Lord Fitzwalter. This nobleman possessed many privileges, and was castellan and standard-bearer to the city of London.

In time of peace, the Fitzwalters enjoyed extensive jurisdiction for the trial and conviction of offenders, and various privileges.

Baynard's Castle was burned down in the year 1428, when it appears to have been in possession of the royal family of England. It was rebuilt by the celebrated Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, for his own residence. In this castle the council assembled which proclaimed the Earl of March king, under the title of Edward IV.; and here also his luckless boy was proclaimed under the title of Edward V. But the place has acquired its greatest celebrity in connexion with the name of Richard III., who lodged in Baynard's Castle.

Baynard's Castle, which was again rebuilt, or perhaps only renovated and repaired, a few years after this, was the scene of many other historical events, prior to its destruction in the great fire of 1666. Henry VII. lodged in it occasionally, and from hence made several of his solemn processions. Here, in 1505,

he lodged Philip of Austria, the matrimonial king of Castile, tempest-driven into his dominions, and showed him the pomp and glory of his capital.

This castle was the residence of Sir William Sydney, who died chamberlain and steward to Edward VI. It next became the residence of the Earls of Pembroke, who, on the 19th of July, 1553, about a fortnight after the death of Edward VI., assembled the council of the nobility and clergy, at which the determination was taken, on the motion of Lord Arundel, to abandon the cause of Lady Jane Grey, and to proclaim Queen Mary, which accordingly was instantly done in different parts of the city. Queen Elizabeth visited and took supper with the Earl of Pembroke at this castle. After supper, the queen showed herself from the balcony to the people that had assembled in boats and barges on the river; and afterwards entered her own barge, amid a brilliant display of fireworks and loud acclamations.

The Earls of Shrewsbury were the last proprietors of Baynard's Castle, and resided in it until its destruction by the great fire. It is represented in an old print of London as a square pile surrounding a court, and surmounted with numerous towers. A large gateway in the middle of the south side led to the river by a bridge of two arches and stairs. It was never afterwards rebuilt. Various wharves and warehouses now stand upon its site; and a modern house with a gateway, upon which is painted in large letters the words "Baynard's Castle," is supposed to stand upon the spot occupied by the entrance-gate of the old castle.

The other castle, of which mention is made by Fitzstephen in his account of London, was called the Castle of Mountfichet, and stood to the west of Castle Baynard. It was founded by Gilbert de Mountfichet, a native of Rouen, and related to the Conqueror; he brought with him a great force, and fought gallantly in his cause in the field of Hastings. This tower was demolished by King John in 1213, at the same time that he demolished the neighbouring castle, after his quarrel with the barons, about his persecution of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwalter.

Adjoining Baynard's Castle there was also another tower, built by Edward II., which his son gave to William de Ross, of Ham-lake in Yorkshire, he having done service in the wars against Scotland and France, for which he paid yearly a rose. This tower was afterwards called Legat's Inn.

On Paul's Hill Wharf formerly stood an assemblage of houses which are said by Maitland to have gone by the name of Diana's Chamber, and to have been so called from a building in the form of a labyrinth, erected here by Henry II. for the better concealment of Fair Rosamond.

In the same crowded district that we are now traversing is the famous Puddle Dock and Printing-House Square. Thames Street begins at Puddle Dock.

Printing-House Square takes its name from the King's Printing Office, which was formerly in this place; and where, by patent from the crown, were printed the Bible and Common Prayer-books, acts of parliament, proclamations, king's speeches, &c. This building was long considered the most capacious and commodious house of its kind in the whole world. The premises are now occupied by the "Times" newspaper establishment,—one of the wonders of modern civilization, so mighty in their influence for the good or the evil of society; but happily, in England employed as the means of furthering the improvement and instruction of the human race. The circulation of the "Times" is greater than that of any daily paper in the United Kingdom, and its influence and wealth in the same proportion greater than that of any other journal in the world. It has long been conducted with great ability; and whatever differences may exist with regard to politics, all willingly confess that, as regards talent and enterprise, not a word can be said in its disparagement.

In this district also is the church of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, of which the well-known Romaine was for many years the incumbent. This church was formerly called St. Andrew-by-Baynard's Castle, and is supposed to have been founded by the Fitzwalters. The King's Wardrobe was built in its vicinity, in the year 1300.

Leaving this district, we proceed again towards the direct line of Cheapside, taking the east end of St. Paul's cathedral in our course, that we may make mention of Paul's School. This celebrated seminary was founded in the year 1507, by Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, and completed in 1512, for 153 children. Erasmus, in a letter to Justus Jonas, translated by Dr. Knight, in his "Life of Dean Colet," gives the following account of the school and its founder: "Upon the death of his father, (who had been twice Lord Mayor of London,) when, by right of inheritance, he was possessed of a good sum of money, lest the keeping of it should corrupt his mind, and turn it too much



towards the world, he laid out a great part of it in building a new school in the churchyard of St. Paul's, dedicated to the child Jesus,—a magnificent fabric; to which he added two dwelling-houses for the two several masters, and to them he allotted ample salaries, that they might teach a certain number of boys free, and for the sake of charity. He divided the school into four apartments. The first, viz., the porch and entrance, is for catechumens, or the children to be instructed in the principles of religion, where no child is to be admitted but what can read and write. The second apartment is for the lower boys, to be taught by the second master or usher; the third for the upper forms, under the head-master; which two parts of the school are divided by a curtain to be drawn at pleasure. Over the master's chair is an image of the child Jesus, of admirable work, in the gesture of teaching, whom all the boys, going and coming, salute with a short hymn; and there is a representation of God the Father, saying, 'Hear ye him,'—these words being written at my suggestion. The fourth, or last apartment, is a little chapel for divine service. The school has no corners or hiding-places, nothing like a cell or closet. The boys have their distinct forms or benches, one above another. Every form holds sixteen, and he that is head or captain of each form has a little kind of desk, by way of pre-eminence. They are not to admit all boys of course, but to choose them in according to their parts and capacities." The wise and sagacious founder saw that the greatest hopes and happiness of the commonwealth were in the training up of children in good letters and true religion; for which purpose he laid out an immense sum of money, and yet he would admit no one to bear a share in this expense. Some person, having left a legacy of £100 sterling towards the fabric of the school, Dean Colet perceived a design in it, and, by leave of the bishop, got that money to be laid out upon the vestments of the church of St. Paul. After he had finished all, he left the perpetual care and oversight of the estate, not to the clergy, not to the bishop, not to the chapter, not to any great minister at court, but amongst the married laymen in the Company of Mercers, men of probity and reputation: and when he was asked the reason for so committing the trust, he answered, "that there was no absolute certainty in human affairs; but, for his part, he found less corruption among such a body of citizens than in any order or degree of mankind." The following is the dean's own account of his reasons for founding the school, and of the observance which he wished kept up in it, as he gave it in

writing to Mr. William Lilye, the grammarian, and the first head-master of the school, on the 18th of June, 1518, six years after its completion:—

“John Colet, son of Henry Colet, dean of St. Paul’s, desiring nothing more than education, and bringing up children in good manners and literature, in the year of our Lord 1512, built a school [not fully finished till that year] at the east end of St. Paul’s church, for one hundred and fifty-three boys, to be taught free in the same.

“And ordained there a master, a sur-master, and a chaplain, with sufficient and perpetual stipends ever to endure; and set patrons, defenders, governors, and rulers of the same school, the most honest and faithful fellowship of the Mercers of London.

“And, for because nothing can continue long and endure in good order without laws and statutes, I, the said John Colet, have expressed my mind, what I would should be truly and diligently observed and kept of the said master, sur-master and chaplain, and of the Mercers, governors of the school: that in this book may appear to what intent I founded this school.”

Then follow his ordinances: “That he founded the school in the honour of *Christ Jesu in pueritia*, (i. e., at twelve years old teaching the Jewish doctors,) and of his blessed mother Mary. That the high-master should be chosen by the wardens and assistants of the Mercers. That he be a man whole in body, honest, virtuous, and learned in good and clean Latin literature, as also in Greek, if such might be gotten; a wedded man, a single man, or a priest that hath no benefice with cure or service. His wages to be a mark a-week, and a livery gown of four nobles delivered in cloth. His lodgings to be free; and to have the tenement of Stebbonhith or Stepney to resort unto. That the sur-master be versed in learning, and well lettered, to teach under the master; either a single man, wedded, or priest that hath no benefice with cure or service: to be whole in body. The high-master to choose him, as the room shall be void; and to be confirmed by the surveyors of the school. Lodgings to be assigned him in the Old Change. His wages to be 6s. 8d. per week, and a livery gown of four nobles delivered in cloth. That there shall be in the school a priest daily, as he could, to sing mass in the chapel of the school, and to pray for the children to prosper in good life and in good letters. That he was to be some honest, good, and virtuous man: to be chosen by the wardens and assistants of the Mercery. To learn himself, or, if

learned, to help to teach the school, if it seemed convenient to the high-master. To have no benefice with cure of souls, nor no other office or occupation. To teach the children the catechism, and instruction of the articles of faith and the ten commandments in English. His wages to be 8*l.* by the year, and a livery gown of 26*s.* 8*d.* delivered in cloth. His chamber and lodging to be in the new house in the Old Change, or the master's lodging.

"Children of all nations and countries indifferently to be taught, to the number of 153. The master to admit these children as they be offered; but first to see that they can say the catechism, and also read and write competent; and to pay 4*d.* for writing their name: which money the poor scholar that swept the school was to have. Thrice a day, viz., morning, noon, and evening, prostrate to say the prayers contained in a table in the school. No tallow candles, but only wax to be used. No meat, drink, or bottles to be brought; nor no breakfasts nor drinkings in the time of learning. That the scholars use no cockfighting, nor riding about of victory, nor disputing at St. Bartholomew's; which are but foolish babbling and loss of time. That they have no remedies [*i. e.*, play-days begged], except the king, an archbishop, or a bishop, present in his own person, desired it. The children every Childermas-day to go to Paul's Church, and hear the child-bishop sermon, and after to be at the high mass, and each offer a penny to the child-bishop; and with them the masters and surveyors of the school. In general processions, when warned, they shall go two and two together soberly; and not sing out, but say devoutly seven psalms with the litany. That if any child admitted here go to any other school to learn there, such child for no man's suit be again received into the school.

"To be taught always in good literature, both Latin and Greek, and good authors, such as have the very Roman eloquence joined with wisdom; especially christian authors, that wrote their wisdom with clean and chaste Latin, either in verse or prose. But, above all, the catechism in English; after that the accidence. Then 'Institutum Christiani hominis,' which Erasmus made at my [*i. e.*, Colet's] request; the 'Copia Verborum' of the same author. Then other christian authors: as Lactantius, Prudentius and Proba; Sedulius, Juvencus, and Baptista Mantuanus; and such other as shall be thought convenient for the true Latin speech.

"The honourable company of Mercers of London to have all the charge, and care, and rule of the school. They to chose

every year of their company two honest, substantial men, to be the surveyors of the school, who, in the name of the whole fellowship, should take all the care and business of the school for that year. They to come into the school six days before Christmas, and so many days before Easter, St. John Baptist, and Michaelmas; and pay the masters and chaplains their quarterly wages, and at the latter end of the year their liveries in cloth. And once in the year to give up their accounts to the master, wardens and assistants; and that to be about Candlemas, three days before or three days after. Then a little dinner to be made, and to call to account the receiving of all the estate of the school; and the master-warden to receive a noble, the two other wardens 5s., the surveyors 2s., and for their riding to visit the lands 11s., the clerk of the Mercery 3s. 4d., with some other gifts. That which was spared that day in rewards and charges to be put into the treasury of the school. What remained, to be given to the fellowship of the Mercery, to the maintaining and repairing all belonging to the school from time to time. The surplusage, above repairs and casualties, to be put into a coffer of iron, given by Colet, standing in their hall: and there, from year to year, to remain apart by itself, that it might appear how the school of itself maintained itself. And at length, over and above the whole livelihood, if the said school grow to any further charge to the Mercery, that then also it might appear to the laud, and praise, and mercy of the said fellowship.

“Lastly, that it might be left to the said company to add and diminish to and from this book, and to supply it in every default; and also to declare in it, as time, place, and just occasion shall require.”

The original building was consumed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt by the Mercers' Company. The present edifice was built in 1824, from the designs of Mr. G. Smith. It is a handsome and substantial building, and boasts a very fine library, in addition to its other conveniences. Among the great or eminent men educated at this school, were Leland and Camden, the antiquaries, and the immortal author of “Paradise Lost.” Among other celebrated names entered in the books of the school, are Duke of Marlborough, Sir Anthony Denny, privy counsellor to Henry VIII.; Sir William Paget, afterwards Lord Beaudesert, who died in 1563; Sir Edward North, who died in the same year; Dr. Whittaker, the well-known antagonist of Cardinal Bellarmine; William Burton, author of the “Commentary on the Itinerary of Antoninus;” Sir Peter Pett, an eminent civilian,



one of the first members of the Royal Society; Samuel Pepys, whose letters and memoirs have lately attracted so much attention; Dr. Benjamin Calamy; Robert Nelson, author of the "Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church;" Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough; Charles, Duke of Manchester, who died in 1721; John, Duke of Marlborough; the Right Honourable Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons; Dr. Alured Clarke; Charles, Earl of Orrery, the philosopher whose name is so well known for the astronomical instrument he invented; Strype, the editor of Stow's "History and Survey of London," and other works; Sir John Strange, master of the rolls; Dr. Halley, the astronomer; Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge; Thomas Taylor, the platonic philosopher; and the antiquaries, Roger, Charles, and Samuel Gale.

A singular custom was formerly kept up by the scholars, on the eve of St. Bartholomew. It was usual, after the lord mayor and aldermen had been in procession through St. Bartholomew's Fair, for them to go to Christ's Hospital, where a disputation was held between the scholars of three foundations, viz.: those of Christ's Hospital, St. Anthony's, and St. Paul's School. Three exercises were provided; the rewards to the victors for the first were a silver pen gilt, of the value of 5s., and the master had a reward of 6s. 8d.; for the second, a silver pen only partially gilt, of the value of 4s., and 5s. in money to the master; and for the third, a plain silver pen of the value of 3s., and a prize of 4s. to the master. There were two masters of arts as judges, who had each for his attendance the present of a silver rule of the value of 6s. 8d. The disputation being ended, the lord mayor and aldermen entered the dinner hall of the hospital, where they partook of fruit and wine, and then departed.

## FROM CHEAPSIDE TO THE TOWER.

CHEAPSIDE, formerly called West Cheap, was the great street of ancient London—the street that contained the handsomest shops, that was inhabited by the richest burghers, and that witnessed more of the pomp of the Londoners, their fêtes, their processions, their public ceremonies, their executions, and all the paraphernalia of their municipal dignity, than others in the city. Here is the church of Bow, to be born within the sound of whose bells makes a man a Londoner, and the Guildhall; and here was formerly the great conduit of the city, and the cross erected by

King Edward, to the memory of his Queen Eleanor. Many is the stirring scene enacted within it. Here, as we have already mentioned, fell the brave William Longbeard, Bow Church blazing to give notice of his fate; and here, at the Standard, Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, was beheaded by the mob, in the reign of Edward II. The bishop, during the civil war excited against this unfortunate king and his equally unfortunate favourites, was appointed *custos* of the city, to the deposition of the lawful mayor. On the departure of the king for Bristol to raise an army for his defence against the queen and the barons, the Londoners arose, and having destroyed the palace of the bishop, seized the prelate at the door of St. Paul's, as he was dismounting from his horse, and dragged him by the hair of his head through the mud to Cheapside. Here they placed him on a scaffold at the Standard; and an artisan having read a mock proclamation that he was a traitor, appealed to the multitude to pass sentence upon him. The cry of "Off with his head!" immediately arose, and in less than five minutes the sentence was executed. One victim was not sufficient. John Marshall, a wealthy citizen, who had been on intimate terms with Spencer, the obnoxious favourite of the king, was dragged out of his house amid shouts of execration, and beheaded at the same place. The brother of the Bishop of Exeter was seized about half an hour afterwards, and underwent the same fate; and the naked bodies of the three were then dragged through the city, and buried among the rubbish in the Tower ditch.

In the following reign a great number of thieves were executed at the same place. So lawless was the state of society about the year 1328, that set fights, between bands of armed robbers and the persons they endeavoured to plunder, took place in the streets even in broad daylight. A vigorous effort was, however, made in this year to put down this evil; the citizens armed themselves for mutual defence, and succeeded in capturing some of the most notorious of the banditti, who were executed at Cheapside without trial, and with very little ceremony of any kind, and the remainder driven from their haunts on the north to the south side of the Thames.

In the following year a grand tournament took place in Cheapside, on a scale of the greatest magnificence, having been expressly ordered by the king, for the entertainment of the French ambassador and his suite, before whom his majesty was anxious to show off the splendour, the gallantry, and the bravery of his good people of London. The king, queen, and all the court

were present ; and the mayor, aldermen, and common council attended with their holiday paraphernalia—their furred caps, red robes, and gold chains, to grace the ceremonies. In the midst of the sports, the scaffolding erected for the queen and her ladies suddenly gave way, and some of them were thrown to the ground. Great alarm ensued ; but as the scaffolding was not very high, no serious damage was done, and the worst mischief was the soiling of some splendid dresses, and the terror of the fair wearers. The king, who was in great wrath, sent immediately for the carpenter who constructed the scaffolding, and ordered him forthwith to be hanged ! The queen, tender-hearted as all ladies are, or ought to be, was much shocked at this cruel sentence, and fell down on her knees before the king, and with tears in her beautiful eyes besought him to forgive the poor man, who had meant no harm, and who was as sorry for the accident as any one present, and most likely more so. The king, as a gentleman and a husband, could of course refuse nothing to so fair a lady, and on her knees too ; and the poor carpenter was forgiven. Several distinct and hearty rounds of applause from the immense assemblage greeted the queen as she arose, and she was ever afterwards exceedingly popular in London. A stone scaffolding was in consequence of this accident erected for the accommodation of the court in similar circumstances. It stood at the upper end of Queen Street, commanding a view to the east and west of Cheapside, and northwards down King Street to Guildhall.

In the year 1339, Cheapside was the scene of another event which marks the lawless character of the age. The companies of the Skinners and the Fishmongers were long on ill terms with each other, and a band of each guild meeting by chance in Cheapside, renewed their old feud in the street, and began to fight not only with sticks, but with the sharper weapons which it was then, and long after, the practice of the richer burghers to carry. A crowd collected to witness the encounter, and a great uproar ensued. Several of the combatants were carried away wounded and bleeding ; and the mayor, Andrew Aubrey, then sitting in the Guildhall, collected a force and proceeded to the scene of action, to quell the disturbance. The Skinners were headed by one John le Bremer, and the Fishmongers by Thomas Hansard. These two champions, when they saw the mayor and his men-at-arms approaching, suddenly forgot their animosities, and when the mayor rode in among them, joined together with their respective forces, and, after a long struggle, drove his

worship and his retainers ignominiously from the field. The sheriffs, however, arrived with a large reinforcement, and Le Bremer and Hansard, and five others, were taken into custody. Andrew Aubrey, who seems to have been a choleric and violent man, was burning with rage at the indignity he had suffered, and caused the culprits to be immediately brought before him at Guildhall. Here, without jury or form of trial, his worship sentenced the whole seven of them to be hanged! Strange as it may appear, this sentence was carried into effect on the following day, at the Standard in Cheapside, in the presence of an immense multitude, who never seem to have questioned the power or authority of the chief magistrate to act as he had done. Aubrey himself, however, when his rage cooled, was apprehensive that he had exceeded his powers, and the blood of his seven victims lay heavy on his soul. The king, then absent in Normandy, was applied to for an indemnification, and the whole corporation, as they had supported the mayor in this stretch of power, joined in his prayer. The king appears to have approved of the conduct of the mayor, and to have thought he did the state good service by his well-timed severity. He granted a full indemnification; and expressed his own determination to treat in a similar manner all future disturbers of the public peace.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

Wat Tyler and Jack Cade's riots in Cheapside—Outrage on an Italian, and riots of the London Apprentices—Execution of Walter Walker—Henry VIII.'s visit to Cheapside in disguise—The Grand Civic procession described—"Evil May Day;" riots which gave rise to this term—The Standard in Cheapside; penance performed at, by the wife of the Duke of Gloucester—Execution of Margery Jourdain, the "Witch of Eye"—The Conduit in Cheapside—Manner in which the city was anciently supplied with water—The New River—The Cross in Cheapside—St. Mary-le-Bow; sanctuary there—Outrage committed there—The Sildam—Romantic tradition connected with the church—Richard Whittington—Lydgate's "London Lack-penny"—The Poultry—Bucklersbury—Melancholy death of Buckle—Mercers' Hall, on the site of the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acon—The Old Jewry—Great Synagogue there—Milton's birthplace in Bread Street; Sir Thomas More's in Milk Street—Allhallows Church; quarrel of the priests there—Basing Lane—Sopar Lane; origin of the name.

IN Cheapside, Wat Tyler's mob beheaded several persons; and Jack Cade also shed the blood of Lord Say and Sele upon the same place. The spot seems to have been marked out for deeds of violence. The famous riot of the apprentices, in the reign of Henry VI., began here. A linen-draper's apprentice, in the year 1454, set upon an Italian, to whom he owed a grudge, who was walking along Cheapside, and stabbed him with a knife. He was taken into custody immediately, and led off towards Newgate; but the other apprentices hearing of the circumstance, assembled in great numbers, rescued him from the hands of the watch, and bore him off in triumph. A cry was raised that an English apprentice should not suffer for a vile Italian—the cry spread; the Italians were wealthy, and the houses of several rich people of that country, who resided in Lombard Street, were attacked and plundered by the apprentices, who were joined, as soon as havoc began, by all the idle vagabonds of London. The mayor collected an armed force to suppress the riot. The mob were attacked, and several persons were killed, and many others wounded before the disturbance was appeased. Some of the ringleaders were taken into custody and conveyed to Newgate; but the apprentice who was the original cause of all the mischief escaped, and took refuge in the Sanctuary at Westminster.

The Dukes of Buckingham and Exeter were sent with a con-

siderable force to assist the mayor in the trial of the offenders. On the day of trial, however, such a crowd collected in Cheapside and opposite Guildhall, threatening to take the lives of the king's commissioners, and pull down the Guildhall, if the trial was proceeded with, that it was judged advisable to postpone it to a future day. The mob were so far satisfied; and their leaders said the trial should proceed, if it were left wholly to the city authorities. This was agreed to; the lord mayor convened a court of common council, and sent orders to all the guilds of the city, praying the wardens and members of each to use, individually, every exertion to keep their respective neighbourhoods in quiet, and to furnish, privately, the names of all parties whom they knew to be implicated in the late riots. These measures had the desired effect. The trial, after the lapse of some weeks, when the angry passions of the apprentices had somewhat cooled down, was proceeded with. Three of the delinquents were sentenced to be hanged, and were hanged accordingly at Tyburn, and about fifty others were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, with fines or whipping.

At the very commencement of the reign of Edward IV., a man named Walter Walker, who kept a shop, the sign of the "Crown," in Cheapside, was hanged opposite his own door. His only crime, if we may believe the old historians, was his joke, "that he would make his son heir to the 'Crown,'" which was construed into a charge of high treason. Edward had only reigned eight days when this occurrence took place; and it seems very improbable that he would have allowed this man to be executed if there had not been some graver charge against him than this. The matter, however, remains in doubt.

Henry VIII., in the year 1509, went to Cheapside to witness one of the singular customs of the ancient Londoners. Having heard many tales of the splendour of the procession of the city watch on the eve of St. John, he disguised himself in the habit of a yeoman of the guard, and witnessed it from the public thoroughfare of Cheapside. He was so pleased with what he saw, that on the next procession, on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, he brought the queen and all the ladies of the court to Cheapside, that they also might see it. The procession on this occasion is thus described :

"The city music preceded the lord mayor's officers in parti-coloured liveries; then followed the sword-bearer on horseback, in beautiful armour, before the lord mayor, mounted also on a stately horse richly caparisoned, attended by a giant and two

pages on horseback, three pageants, morris-dancers, and footmen. The sheriffs marched next, preceded also by their officers in proper liveries, and attended by their giants, pages, morris-dancers, and pageants: then followed a large body of demilancers in bright armour, on stately horses; and after them a body of carabineers in white fustian coats, with the city arms upon their backs and breasts; a division of archers, with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their side; a party of pikemen in crosslets and helmets; a body of halberdiers in crosslets and helmets also; and a great party of billmen with helmets and aprons of mail, brought up the rear. The whole consisting of about 2000 men, in several divisions, with musicians, drums, standards, and ensigns, ranked and answering each other in proper places; who marched from the conduit at the west end of Cheapside, through Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill, and Leadenhall Street, to Aldgate; and back again through Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and so back to the conduit from whence it first set out; illuminated with 940 cressets or large lanthorns, fixt at the ends of poles, and carried on men's shoulders; of which 200 were provided at the expense of the city, 500 at the expense of the incorporated companies, and 240 at the expense of the city constables. And besides these, the streets were well lighted with a great number of lamps hung against the houses on each side, decorated with garlands of flowers and greens."

Cheapside is also remarkable in the romantic annals of London, as the place where the disturbances broke out on the 1st of May, 1517, which have given to that day the name of "Evil May-day." There is a ballad on the subject reprinted by the Percy Society, in a collection of songs and ballads relating to the London apprentices and trades. It does not, however, give a correct account of this singular passage in London story; but the introduction to the ballad details it truly:—

"The 1st of May, 1517, is a remarkable day in the annals of London, and has been called 'Evil May-day,' on account of the calamities which it occasioned. For some time previous there had existed a growing jealousy in the city towards the foreigners and non-freemen who were permitted to exercise their craft within the walls, to the detriment of the freemen, whose profits were in consequence much reduced. One John Lincoln, a broker, was loud in his complaints, and made himself very conspicuous in his enmity to the foreign artisans. He had influence enough with a popular preacher, named Bell, to induce

him to make allusions in his sermons to the injustice of suffering these foreigners to take the bread out of the mouths of native-born Englishmen. The preacher entered into the cause with so much zeal, and expatiated with so much eloquence on the hardships of the oppressed freemen, that the whole city was in a ferment. This was about the middle of April; and day after day it was whispered abroad among the people, that on May-day some dreadful event would take place. It was impossible to trace this dark and menacing rumour to its source—nobody knew what was to happen, but every one was prepared for something extraordinary.

“While the popular mind was in this state of excitement, the young men of the city insulted and abused every foreigner they passed. Three young men, named Studley, Stevenson, and Betts, made themselves particularly conspicuous; and having, on the 28th of April, met five or six foreign traders in Cheapside, they abused and beat them in so shameful a manner, that the lord mayor deemed it necessary to interfere, and sent out a strong party of the city watch to capture the offenders, who were immediately conveyed, bound hand and foot, to the Compter.

“The indignation of the people against the foreigners now began to assume a more threatening complexion, and the vague rumours of the preceding fortnight hourly acquired a fearful consistency; and it was openly asserted, that on May-day evening every foreigner in London would be put to the sword. This rumour having reached the ears of Cardinal Wolsey, he sent in all haste for the lord mayor, the sheriffs, and the principal aldermen, and told them what he had heard, and that he should hold them responsible for the tranquillity of the city. This was on the 30th of April, or May-day eve; and as soon as the lord mayor was dismissed from the presence of the cardinal, he returned to the city, and immediately summoned a common-hall, to adopt such measures as should appear advisable for the preservation of the peace. The Guildhall was in less than an hour crowded by the aldermen and common councilmen, all filled with the most intense anxiety as to the fearful rumours that were abroad.

“After a long debate, it was agreed that orders should be immediately issued to every householder in the city, calling upon him to shut up his house, and keep his children, apprentices, and servants strictly within doors, from nine o’clock that night until nine on the following morning. It was nearly eight



o'clock before they agreed to this resolution, and it was necessary that they should acquaint Cardinal Wolsey of what they had resolved, as they could do nothing without his approbation. The recorder was, in consequence, charged to proceed with the utmost haste to Westminster, and inform the cardinal. The latter signified his approval of this precautionary measure, and the recorder rode back again into the city, where he arrived at half-past eight. There now remained but the short space of half an hour to proclaim this order in every part of the city; the consequence was, that the clock struck nine before the proclamation had been read in more than two or three places.

"An unfortunate, and certainly unpremeditated, circumstance, rendered all the precautions vain, and let loose the flood of angry passions. Alderman Sir John Mundie, having just left the common-hall, was passing through the Cheap, on his way home, when he saw two apprentices playing at buckler in the middle of the street. It was a few minutes past nine o'clock; and, without staying to inquire whether the order had yet been published in that quarter, he threatened to send the two young men to the Compter. The over-zealous alderman met with an insolent answer from the youths, who had no idea of leaving off their sport; and this having roused his ire, he seized hold of one of them, with the intention of dragging him off to prison. This unfortunate act was the signal for the commencement of the riot. Several other apprentices, who were looking on, no sooner saw this act of violence offered to their companion, than they raised the customary cry of 'Prentices! prentices!—Clubs! clubs!' In less than a minute the cry was responded to by a boisterous crowd of the young men of the city, armed with clubs, bills, staves, and weapons of every description. They rescued the apprentice from the grasp of the alderman, who had great difficulty in escaping with his life from the hands of his enraged assailants.

"The riot had now begun in earnest, and the apprentices were joined by upwards of seven hundred watermen, porters, and idle fellows, from all parts of the city. Another mob, with a similar purpose, collected about the same time in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the two having effected a junction, and being increased every minute by fresh bands of riotous apprentices from all parts of the town, commenced the work of destruction. Their first object was the release of Stevenson, Studley, and Betts, who had been committed to Newgate two days before, and they proceeded in that direction, bearing down all opposition,

till they arrived at the gates of the prison. The gaolers were summoned to deliver up their captives; and this being refused, the mob instantly broke open the doors, and brought them out in triumph.

"Their next feat was to force open the Compter, set all the prisoners loose, and then plunder the building, of which they left nothing but the bare walls standing. Having thus recruited their ranks by the addition of men who were not likely to be very scrupulous as to what they attempted, they rushed on, hallooing and shouting, to Leadenhall Street, where several of the foreigners resided, pillaging a house in St. Martin's-le-Grand in their way, because somebody from a window had cried out, 'Down with the 'prentices! down with the rioters!' The strangers, who had heard, in common with every other inhabitant of the city, the dark and sinister rumours of the preceding week, had taken care of their own safety, and transported themselves and their families to places of security, without the walls, —to Islington, Hackney, and other villages. The mob, thus balked of their victims, vented their rage upon their dwellings, and pillaged every house where foreign traders or artisans, non-freemen, were known to reside, levelling to the ground such of them as were not strong enough to resist their furious onset. This scene of plunder and confusion continued without intermission until three o'clock in the morning, when the rioters, exhausted with their own violence, separated gradually, and returned to their homes.

"In the meantime the government had not been idle, and Cardinal Wolsey, on the first intimation of the real state of affairs in the city, had despatched a message, with orders to the lieutenant of the Tower to commence a discharge of artillery upon the city. Several shots were fired, but as they only damaged the houses, without producing the slightest effect upon the mob, the assault upon this quarter was discontinued, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey were ordered to enter the city at the head of a strong body of troops. They did not, however, effect an entrance until the rioters had begun to disperse of their own accord, when they aided the lord mayor in capturing nearly three hundred of the most violent, including some women, who had excited the rest.

"Next morning one of the aldermen recalled to mind the seditious sermons of Dr. Bell, and orders were immediately given for his apprehension, and that of John Lincoln, the broker, who had originally prevailed upon him to preach to the

people as he had done. They were both sent to the Tower, and the following day was fixed for their trial, along with the other rioters. The trial, owing to the great number of prisoners, was afterwards fixed for the 4th of May, when the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey were sent, on the part of the king, to aid the lord mayor. The former entered the city with a force of upwards of one thousand men, under whose escort the whole of the prisoners were led at once through the streets from Newgate to Guildhall. The court was set, and John Lincoln, Betts, Studley, and ten others, were found guilty, and ordered to be taken next day to the place of execution, and to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. The remaining rioters, whose trial had not been proceeded with, were remanded to prison until a future day.

“The king’s commissioners were determined on this occasion to strike terror, and orders were given that ten gallows should be erected during the night in different parts of the city. One was placed before Newgate, another at the Compter, and the remaining eight at Aldgate, Bishopsgate, St. Martin’s-le-Grand, Mark Lane, Leadenhall Street, Gracechurch Street, Aldersgate Street, and Smithfield. Early in the morning the thirteen unfortunate men were brought to the place of execution; and John Lincoln, in the presence of a large body of soldiers to keep the crowd in awe, was first hanged.

“The spectators were remarkably silent, and looked upon each other with lowering eyes, to think of the undue severity which was about to deprive so many men of life—for a rumour was spread abroad that every one of the three hundred would surely be hanged. The luckless companions of Lincoln, having been forced to behold his death-struggles for a time, were then led off to other quarters of the city, with the ropes about their necks, followed by the array of the soldiery and the immense but silent mob. They had just arrived at the next gallows when a horseman, covered with dust, rode rapidly through the mass, which opened for him as he came. Every eye was turned towards him—a fearful stillness reigned, and the multitude almost held its breath, in anxiety to discover the message of the hard-riding horseman. Wiping the perspiration from his forehead with one hand, he presented a document to the sheriffs with the other. It was a reprieve for the remaining culprits. An overpowering shout of ‘God save the king!’ resounded through the air, as soon as the multitude were made acquainted with it, and the prisoners were then led back to Newgate.

"This act of grace was not a pardon, but only a reprieve till the king's pleasure should be known, and the lord mayor and aldermen, who had heard that the king was highly incensed with them, resolved to wait upon Henry, who was then at Greenwich, and exculpate themselves from all blame. The king did not receive them so graciously as they had expected; but told them, in angry terms, that such men as they ought not to be entrusted with the government of a great city; that they had been guilty of gross negligence at the very least, and, for all that he yet knew to the contrary, might have connived at the riot, for their own dishonest purposes. With this he dismissed them, adding; that if he had anything further to communicate to them upon the matter, they should hear it from the mouth of the Lord Chancellor Wolsey.

"The lord mayor and his fellows left the royal presence in no enviable frame of mind, and remained for two days in a state of anxiety as to the ultimate intentions of the king. At the end of that time a note was received from Cardinal Wolsey, to the effect that they should present themselves with befitting humility, and with the whole of their prisoners, before the king, at Westminster Hall, on the 22nd of May. Accordingly, the lord mayor, the recorder, the sheriffs, and many of the aldermen and members of the common council, appeared before the king. They were all dressed in mourning robes, in token of contrition for their negligence. The king sat on the throne at the upper end of Westminster Hall, surrounded by Cardinal Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earls of Surrey, Shrewsbury, and Essex, and others of the principal officers of state. After the lord mayor and the other city functionaries had made their obeisance to the king, orders were issued for the introduction of the prisoners, who, to the number of two hundred and seventy-eight, including eleven women, were marched into the hall, tied together in couples, dressed only in their long shirts, and with halters about their necks.

"The Lord Chancellor Wolsey then addressed the magistrates in the king's name, and rebuked them in severe terms for their negligence in not taking proper precautions to preserve the peace of the city, and the lives and property of strangers who had taken up their abode within their walls, in the fullest reliance that they would be protected by the right feeling of the magistracy, as well as by the law. The lord mayor and his company bowed their heads in submission, and made no reply. Cardinal Wolsey then turned from them to the long array of



unfortunate prisoners, and asked them what they could plead in extenuation of their offence, and wherefore they should not one and all be sentenced to death? The degraded and miserable trim of the culprits, and the sobs and cries for mercy by which alone they answered the interrogatory of the chancellor, somewhat softened the heart of Henry; some of the nobility present even shed tears, and implored the king to pardon the unhappy culprits. After a little solicitation, Henry allowed himself to be persuaded, and having listened to a severe admonition from the cardinal as to their future conduct, they were ordered to be discharged. The same night the ten gallows', the shame and dread of the city, were removed amid the general rejoicings of the inhabitants, upon whose mind the clemency of the king produced a more salutary effect than all the rigour he could have employed."

Of Bow Church, the most prominent object in the street, we shall speak hereafter, but at present must devote some space and attention to those remarkable buildings, associated with the name of Cheapside, which are, however, no longer in existence, and these are, the Standard, the Conduit, and the Cross. Of the Standard we have already made incidental notice, as the place where various sanguinary deeds were perpetrated. It stood nearly opposite to Honey Lane. The time of its foundation is unknown. In the reign of Henry IV., the executors of John Wells, who had been lord mayor, had license to rebuild the Standard, then in a ruinous state, of stone, together with a conduit in the same, for the commodity and honour of the city, with the goods of the said testator. "In 1439, Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, walked bare-foot from the Standard to St. Paul's, with a sheet over her and a taper in her hand, to do penance for the crime of witchcraft, with which she was charged." The reader will remember the introduction of this lady by Shakspeare, in the second of his series of plays on the life and times of Henry VI. Margaret Jourdain, known as the "Witch of Eye," was hanged in Smithfield, for the same charge of conspiring the death of Henry VI. The duchess appears to have been so far guilty of witchcraft that she was a believer in it, and sought its aid to accomplish the death of her sovereign. If there had been any virtue in her pretended charms and incantations, she would have been, in fact, as she was in thought, a murderess, and so she was deservedly punished. She pleaded guilty to several of the charges, and was condemned to do penance three times in the streets of London, and then to be imprisoned for life in the castle of Chester. "On

Monday, the 13th of November," says Stow, "she came from Westminster by water, and landed at the Temple Bridge, from whence, with a taper of wax of two pounds in her hand, she went through Fleet Street, hoodless (save a kerchief), to Paul's, where she offered her taper at the high altar. On the Wednesday next she landed at the Swan in Thames Street, and thus went through Bridge Street, Gracechurch Street, straight to Leadenhall, and so to Christ Church by Aldgate. On Friday she landed at Queenhithe, and so went through Cheapside to St. Michael's in Cornhill, in form aforesaid, at all which times the mayor, sheriffs, and crafts of London received her and accompanied her."

The Conduit in Cheapside was begun between the years 1281 and 1284. The city had been long supplied with water from the various little brooks, Walbrook, the Fleet, the river of Wells, and others that traversed it. But these being insufficient, the city obtained a grant from Gilbert de Sandford, lord of the manor of Tyburn, of certain springs in his estates in the vicinity of St. Mary's Bourn, the present Marylebone, whence water was to be conveyed into the city to the conduits or reservoirs, in leaden pipes of six inches in diameter. The conduits were leaden cisterns cased with stone, and the principal of them was this at Cheapside, which took forty-eight years to build and complete, and was long considered a masterpiece of workmanship. Stow has preserved a list of the various conduits. Besides this principal one were the Tun in Cornhill, the conduit at Paul's wharf, a second smaller conduit in Cheapside, and the conduits in Fleet Street, Aldermanbury, Cripplegate, Grass Street, Holborn Cross, Lamb's Conduit at the top of Snow Hill, Stock's Market, Bishopsgate Street, London Wall facing Coleman Street, Aldgate, Lothbury, Dowgate, Old Fish Street, Broken Wharf, and Aldersgate. For upwards of a century, however, the conduit in Cheapside appears to have been the only one in London; and the Tun in Cornhill, the next in eminence to it, was not erected until the year 1401. On the side of the latter was erected a cage, with a pair of stocks over it, for the punishment of night-walkers; and a pillory above all, for the chastisement of thievish millers and cheating bakers. The conduit in Cheapside was rebuilt in 1479, having fallen into decay, by Thomas Ham, one of the sheriffs, and remained until a better supply of water was obtained by the exertions of Sir Hugh Myddleton from the New River. It was for many years considered an obstruction to the thoroughfare, and being burned down in the great fire, was not afterwards rebuilt.

The Cross in Cheapside, which stood near the conduit, nearly opposite Wood Street, was one of the affectionate memorials erected by Edward I., in the year 1290, to the memory of his queen, Eleanor, whom he loved so well. In the year 1441 it had become so ruinous, that John Hatherley, the mayor, procured a licence from Henry VI. to re-edify it in a more beautiful manner. It was ornamented with various images and emblems, such as the resurrection, the Virgin Mary, &c. At every public entry of a sovereign, it was gilt and burnished. After the Reformation the emblems of popery gave great offence, especially the figure of the Virgin Mary, and an image of Diana, which had been found in the Thames, was substituted. The other figures were continually mutilated by the mischievous zeal of the people, until their form and identity were quite destroyed. It was finally demolished in 1643, by order of the parliament, who sent Sir Robert Harlow, a fiery, puritanical captain, into the city for this purpose, attended by a troop of horse and two companies of foot.

We have now to speak of the well-known church of St. Mary-le-Bow, which, next to St. Paul's, is better known in civic story than any other church in London. This church takes its name of Bow from having been one of the first built in England upon bows or arches.

It was built in the reign of King William the Conqueror, and at first named New Mary Church; afterwards they gave it the addition of *de arcubus*, or le-bow, in West-cheaping, or Cheapside. It has always been a church of much consideration among the citizens of London. In 1512 the steeple was, for the first time, finished, with arches and bows thereupon, and five lanterns; one at each corner, and one at the top, in the middle, upon the arches, made of stone imported from Caen in Normandy; which lanterns were intended to have been glazed, and to have lights placed in them every night in the winter, to give light to all that passed by in the street. And when this church and steeple were burnt, in 1666, there fell, with the steeple, a melodious chime of twelve bells.

This church has always been in the gift and under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and is at the head of his peculiars in this city.

The present edifice is brought about forty feet more towards the high street, so as to make it range with the houses. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect; and in digging the foundation for this new ground, he, with surprise, sank about eighteen feet deep

through made ground, under which he found a Roman causeway, four feet thick, of rough stone, close and well rammed, with Roman brick and rubbish at the bottom ; upon which Sir Christopher resolved to lay the foundation of that weighty and lofty tower.

The church was built in 1673. The steeple, its great ornament, which is universally admired, was surveyed in 1819, and found to be in a dangerous state, when it was taken down and rebuilt on the same plan.

In the year 1090, this church, which was then principally of wood, was much damaged by a tempest. The roof was carried completely off by the wind, and the rafters, seventy-six feet long, borne into the swampy unpaved street with such force, that they entered the ground to the depth of twenty-two feet, and could not be removed. The stumps remaining above ground were afterwards cut to the level of the road.

In the year 1195, Bow Church became the sanctuary of William Longbeard, and was set on fire, as we have already detailed in our account of that last of the Saxons. It was rebuilt shortly afterwards, and, in the year 1281, the steeple fell into the street, and killed several persons who were passing.

In 1284, Lawrence Ducket, a goldsmith, having wounded Ralph Crepin, in Cheapside, took sanctuary in Bow Church steeple ; Crepin's friends surprised him in the night, and hanged him so artfully in one of the windows, that the coroner's inquest gave their verdict of self-murder, and ordered the body to be drawn by the feet and buried in a ditch without the city. However, a boy, who lay with Ducket that night, and had concealed himself during that barbarous action, at last gave information against the murderers. Many were apprehended, of whom sixteen were hanged ; and a woman, the contriver of the murder, was burnt alive ; other persons of distinction concerned, were amerced in pecuniary fines : and the disgraced body was taken up and buried decently.

On the north side of the church, towards the street, was the large stone building, called in the records, the Sildam. This is the gallery built for the accommodation of the royal family, after the wood scaffolding gave way with Queen Philippa, during the tournament, of which mention has been made already. It was also called the Crown Sild, and in 1410 was confirmed by Henry IV. to several mercers, by the name of "our new sildam, shed, or building, with all shops, cellars, and edifices thereto belonging."

A romantic incident connected with this church is known to



all the youth of England. The bells of Bow were those that rang the prophecy in the ears of Richard Whittington, when he sat down disconsolate upon the milestone at Highgate, the world and all its troubles before him, and knew not whither to go—

“ Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London,”

said the bells; and he did turn, as all the little boys and girls in Great Britain devoutly believe, and became indeed that high dignitary.

John Lydgate, the poet, makes his moneyless pilgrim thus speak of Cheapside, in his ballad of “London Lackpenny:”—

“ Then to the Chepe I began me drawne,  
Where much people I saw for to stand,  
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,  
Another he taked me by the hand,  
‘ Here is Paris thredde, the finest in the land.  
I never was used to such things indeed,  
And wanting money I might not speed.”

The Poultry is the street extending from the end of Cheapside to the Mansion House. Formerly, when this part was occupied by poulterers’ stalls, there was a place called Scalding Alley, in which was a large house, where fowls were scalded preparatory to their being exposed for sale. This alley has since changed its name for that of St. Mildred’s Court.

St. Mildred’s Church, in the Poultry, is said to have been originally founded by a lady, daughter to Merowald, a Saxon prince. The next church being destroyed by the great fire, the present structure was completed in 1676. A church also, called St. Christopher-le-Stocks, stood on the ground now occupied by the south-west corner of the Bank of England.

Bucklersbury was in Stow’s time inhabited by grocers and apothecaries. It took its name from one Buckle, who had in it a large manor-house of stone. Poor Buckle, it is said, lost his life in a strange way; for, intending to pull down an old tower near his house, built by Edward I., for want of care, a stone fell and crushed him to death. But as it was his intention to replace the same with a handsome wooden house, or, according to the expression of those times, “a goodly frame of timber,” though this was not accomplished by him, it was completed by another person who married his widow.

In Cheapside is the entrance to Mercers’ Hall. On this spot is supposed to have stood the hospital of St. Thomas of Acon, founded by Thomas Fitz-Theobald de Helles and his wife Agnes,

sister to the turbulent Thomas à Becket, who was born in the house of his father, Gilbert. The mother of our meek saint was a fair Saracen, whom his father had married in the Holy Land. This hospital rose about twenty years after the murder of Thomas. It consisted of a master and several brethren, professing the rule of St. Austin. This pile stood till it was burned in the great fire, after which it was handsomely rebuilt by the Mercers' Company. Mercery originally included all sorts of small wares, toys, and haberdashery. Not fewer than sixty-two lord mayors have been of this company, and among them Sir Richard Whittington, Sir Thomas Gresham, &c.

The Old Jewry is a narrow street to the east of Mercers' Hall; it took its name from the great synagogue which stood there till the Jews were expelled the kingdom in 1291. After this, the brothers of the Sack, an order of friars, got possession of this synagogue. But they did not hold it long; the great banner-bearer of the city, Robert Fitzwalter, obtained it from them, because it joined his own house, which stood where Grocers' Hall—a part of their chapel or church—is now. It was occupied in 1439 by Robert Large, lord mayor, and afterwards by Sir Hugh Clapton. At length it became a tavern called the Windmill.

Among the streets leading from Cheapside that are of interest, from the reminiscences attached to them, besides those already mentioned, are Bread Street and Milk Street, King Street, and Queen Street, and all the districts between Cheapside and the Thames, including those two remarkable thoroughfares, Watling Street and Cannon Street.

Bread Street to the south, and Milk Street to the north, of Cheapside, were the birthplaces of two great names in English history and literature—the first of John Milton, and the second of Sir Thomas More. How profitably, and with what beneficial influence upon the minds of every generation as it arose, might a few pounds of the public money be employed in placing a stone tablet in the wall at the corner of each of these streets, with the simple inscription of this fact, and the date of the birth of these great men. It is impossible to say what emulation it might not excite; and what “mute inglorious Miltons” it might encourage to speak out, and bear up against the buffetings of an adverse fate. The house in Bread Street where the great bard was born, and where his father carried on the profession of a scrivener, was burnt down in the fire of 1666. Dr. Knight, in his “Life of Dean Colet,” says, “that before the fire the house was fre-

quently visited out of curiosity by foreigners, by whom he was held in the highest admiration." This homage, however, supposing it were paid, must have been to his polemical and political reputation, and not to his poetry, for "Paradise Lost" was not then given to the world; nor is it very likely that the admiring foreigners spoken of would have contented themselves with visiting an old house in Bread Street, when they might have feasted their eyes upon the living man in Bunhill Fields, where he then resided.

In Bread Street formerly stood Buckingham House,—the town residence of the noble family of Stafford, Earls of Wiltshire and Dukes of Buckingham. Here also was a compter for the imprisonment of disorderly persons.

At the corner of Bread Street and Watling Street is the church of All Hallows. In this church, on the 17th of August, in the 23rd of Henry VIII., two of the priests quarrelled before the altar; from words they came to blows,—and one of them drew blood from the other. For this offence all the services of the church were suspended for a month, the priests were committed to prison, and afterwards enjoined the penance to go before a general procession, barefooted, barelegged, and bareheaded, before the children of the parish, with beads and books in their hands, from St. Paul's through Cheapside, Cornhill, to the easternmost limit of the city.

Basing Lane, Stow thinks, must have been a corruption of Bakehouse, something of this nature being there in the 20th of Richard II.; but he could not say whether this was the king's bakehouse, or whether so named from bakers dwelling there, and making bread to serve the market in Bread Street. He adds, "Sure I am, I have not yet read of any Basing, or Gerard the giant, to have anything there to do." This inn he describes as a great house, built upon arched vaults of stone, and with arched gates, brought from Caen in Normandy. He adds, that "in the high roofed hall of this house stood a large fir-pole, said to have been one of the staves that Gerard used in the wars. There was also a ladder of the same length." After the hall was altered, the pole still remained in a corner, being about thirty-nine feet in length, and fifteen inches thick. This was evidently nothing but a maypole, used when it was the custom of every parish to set up one in the street, generally before the principal house. At Christmas-time these poles were set up in the large halls, decked with holly and ivy. The ladder served to ascend by, to decorate the top of the pole and the roof of the hall.

The upper part of Queen Street was anciently called Sopar

Lane, and was chiefly inhabited by "pepperers," or dealers in spice. The name of Sopar was derived from Allen le Sopar, the lord of some land here in the reign of Edward II. The street was also famous for pastry in the time of Henry VIII. The author of "The Lamentation against the City of London," in 1545, exclaims, "Thou must at Easter receive the God of Anti-Christ, and thou must buy it and pay for it, as men sometimes bought pies in Sopar Lane."

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## CHAPTER XXV.

Southwark Iron Bridge—Watling Street; course of this Roman Way—Sermon Lane, its original name—Labour-in-Vain-Hill—Mansion of Mount Alto of Norfolk—Cordwainers' Hall—Broken Wharf; residence of the Earls of Norfolk, and Mansion of the Abbots of Chertsey—St. Peter the Little; English Liturgy used there in Cromwell's time—Sir Thomas Ladbroke's mansion—Beaumont's Inn, afterwards Huntingdon House—Mosaic pavement discovered—Aneecdote of Sir William Littlebury—Skinners' Hall—Festival of Corpus Christi—Walbrook—The Three Cranes in the Vintry—The Painted Tavern—Sumptuous Entertainment in the Vintry to the French and English Monarchs by the Lord Mayor—Dowgate Hill—The old Roman Wall—The Tower Royal; the Queen's Wardrobe—Queen Joan retired there on Wat Tyler's insurrection—Richard III. there; entertains there the King of Armenia—Queen Hithe, origin of the name—Cannon Street, its original name—The London Stone, incidents connected with.

THE lower part of Queen Street was formerly called Broad Lane. It was formed after the fire of 1666 as a continuation of Sopar Lane, and a more direct passage from the Guildhall to the Thames. There was a public stairs at the end, at which the lord mayor and sheriffs usually embarked, when they went in their state barges to be sworn into office at Westminster Hall. Blackfriars stairs were afterwards used for this purpose. At the extremity of this street is Southwark Iron Bridge, a beautiful structure, erected in 1818, from the designs of Mr. Rennie. It consists of three grand arches of cast iron, the centre one of which is 240 feet in span, and the side ones 210 feet each. This is one of the narrowest portions of the Thames in London. The view of London from the middle arch is very striking, although scarcely equal to that from Waterloo Bridge, of which we have already spoken.

Watling Street, which intersects Queen Street, is part of the ancient Roman way that traversed England from Dover to Cardigan. The name has been derived from Adeling, a nobleman,



from whence Watheling and Watling; but this does not seem very clear. The course of this road or street is thus represented by antiquaries:—It commenced at Dubris or Dover, and then continued over Barham Downs through Canterbury; it then crossed Harbledown, and passed by Broughton, Judde Hill, Stowe, Beacon Hill, Bapchild, and Sittingbourne, to the Roman station of Durolevum, the exact position of which has not been satisfactorily ascertained; thence up Chatham Hill to Durocolrivum or Rochester, where there was a ferry over the Medway; thence through Cobham Park, and on to the Roman station of Noviomagus, supposed to have been near Crayford, and over Bexley Heath, Shooter's Hill, and the borders of Blackheath, towards Lewisham, to Kent Street, Southwark. Here there was a ferry from Dowgate Wharf, and the road continued by the street of which we are now speaking, by Aldersgate Street to Islington, and across the country to Cardigan, by St. Alban's and Dunstable.

A little below Watling Street is Little Carter Lane, and beyond it Sermon Lane, a corruption of Sheremoniers' Lane, from a place appointed for preparing, cutting, and rounding the silver for the coiners in the Old Change; this building was called the Black Loft, and had four shops adjoining to it.

At the south-west angle of the Old Change we meet with the parish church of Old Fish Street, a place so called from being one of the resorts of fishmongers, and where two of their halls were situated. Labour-in-Vain Hill was formerly called Old Fish Street Hill, but received its new name from its steep ascent, and a court bearing that name. On the west side of this hill stood the ancient mansion of Mount Alto of Norfolk. In 1234, Ralph be Maydenstone, Bishop of Hereford, purchased it of that family for his residence. The last Bishop of Hereford that lived in it repaired it in 1517, after which it was neglected and fell to ruin, the offices being converted into small tenements, and the principal apartments used for a sugar-house. The great fire levelled the whole, and the name is only preserved in the parish church of St. Mary Monthaw, built upon the site of the old chapel. William of Wickham, Bishop of Winchester, lived in this parish in the reign of Richard II.

Cordwainers' Hall is situated at the top of Distar, corruptly called Distaff, and Maiden Lane. In the way to Basing Lane was the church of St. Margaret Moses, burnt down in 1666, and never rebuilt. Sir Robert Dobbs was buried here, who had so much praise from Bishop Ridley for moving Edward VI. to the foundation of the city hospitals.

Passing Five Foot Lane, we come to Broken Wharf, so called from a great part of it having fallen into the Thames, and remaining unrepaired. Here was the residence of the ancient Earls of Norfolk. Hugh Bygod, in the forty-third of Henry III., was constable of the Tower; Lord Mowbray lived here, till at length, being deserted by its noble owners, the mansion was converted into the city brewhouse. The ancient hall was standing in Stow's time, and was still capacious enough for the occupation of Thomas Sutton, Esq., founder of the Charter House Hospital. Opposite Broken Wharf is the parish church of St. Mary Somers Hithe, corruptly called Somerset. The first name it took from Somers Hythe or Wharf, belonging to a person named Somers. Near to Fig Lane is Boss Alley, from a boss, or water-course, similar to that at Billingsgate, erected by the executors of Sir Richard Whittington. Here also stood the city mansion of the abbots of Chertsey, afterwards inhabited by Lord Sandys.

Lambert Hill, adjacent, contains a handsome structure, formerly used as the 'Blacksmiths' Hall, St. Peter the Little, or St. Peter's, Paul Wharf, a small church which was remarkable for its persisting in the use of the liturgy of the church of England during Cromwell's time. For the accommodation of the bettermost sort of people at that time, we are told "the galleries were richly hung with Turkey carpets," &c. There are six almshouses on St. Peter's Hill, called Embroiderer's Almshouses, founded by David Smith, embroiderer to Queen Elizabeth; after the fire of London they were rebuilt by Sir Thomas Fitch, knight and baronet, and formerly a bricklayer.

Opposite the north end of St. Peter's is the handsome house, built for the town residence of Sir Robert Ladbroke, father of the city from 1758 to 1773, and a member in several parliaments. In Thames Street, opposite this hill, stood Beaumont's Inn, belonging to the noble family of that name in the reign of Edward IV. This mansion afterwards came to the family of Lord Hastings, and hence, being the inheritance of the noble family of Huntingdon, it was called Huntingdon House. The abbots of St. Mary at York lived on the east side of St. Peter's Lane; their house afterwards came into the possession of Sir Michael Hicks, knight, secretary to the lord treasurer Burleigh, under Queen Elizabeth.

During the repair of the sewers in 1839, the workmen found, about the middle of Queen Street, at a depth of nineteen feet below the surface, the remains of an elegant mosaic pavement, which belonged to a Roman dwelling-house. The position of this pavement showed that the earth had accumulated over the

original surface to a height exceeding fifteen feet. On the east side of Queen Street, passing to College Hill, was anciently called Kerion's Lane, of one Kerion, its owner. Richard Chaucer, the father of the poet, citizen and vintner, gave to the church of St. Mary Aldermary, Bow Lane, his tenement and tavern, the corner of Kerion Lane. It is not certain that the father of English poetry was born here: some claim the honour of his birthplace for Oxfordshire, and some for Berkshire. Camden says he was born in London; and if so, most probably at the corner of this lane, in the house just mentioned.

Sir William Littlebury, *alias* Horn, so named by Edward IV. on account of his excellent blowing of the horn, was an inhabitant of this quarter, and distinguished himself by his legacies to the church of St. Thomas the Apostle, and several other places, which, Stow observes, were not performed, though his executors were charged with the same, as they should answer before God. This Sir William was the son of Thomas Horn, of Snaylewell, in Cambridgeshire, who was knighted on Bosworth Field by Henry VII.

Dowgate, Queenhithe, and the neighbourhood, were important places in old London, and claim some notice, as well as Cannon Street, in the same quarter.

The hall of the Skinners' Company is on Dowgate Hill. The company was incorporated in the year 1327, and is of great note in the annals of London. A full and interesting account of them may be found in Mr. Herbert's "History of the Twelve Companies." It was customary for the Skinners to march in procession through the streets of London on Corpus Christi day, every year, bearing, says Stow, "more than one hundred torches of wax, costly garnished, burning light; and above two hundred clerks and priests in surplices and copes, singing; after which came the sheriffs' servants, the clerks of the compters, chaplains for the sheriffs, the mayor's serjeants, the lord mayor and the aldermen in their robes of state, and the Skinners in their best liveries."

Near Dowgate, runs concealed into the Thames the ancient Wal-brook, or river of Wells, mentioned in a charter of the Conqueror to the college of St. Martin-le-Grand. It rises to the north of Moorfields, and passed through London Wall, between Bishopsgate and Moorgate, and ran through the city; for a long time it was quite exposed, and had over it several bridges, which were maintained by the priors of certain religious houses, and others. Between two and three centuries ago it was vaulted over with brick, the top paved, and formed into the street

called Wal-brook, and, for a long time past, known only by name.

The Three Cranes, in the Vintry, was the next wharf, which, in old times, by royal order, was allotted for the landing of wines, as the name imports. The cranes were the three machines used for the landing of the wines.

In the adjacent lane was the Painted Tavern, famous as early as the time of Richard II. In this neighbourhood was the great house, called the Vintrie, with vast winevaults beneath. Here, in 1314, resided Sir John Gisors, lord mayor, and constable of the Tower. But the memorable feasting of another owner, Sir Henry Picard, vintner, lord mayor in 1356, must not be forgotten, who, "in one day did sumptuously feast Edward, King of England, John, King of France, the King of Cipres (then arrived in England), David, King of Scots, Edward, prince of Wales, with many noblemen and others; and after, the sayd Henry Picard kept his hall against all commers whosoever, that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner the Lady Margaret, his wife, did also keepe her chamber to the same intent."

In the 13th volume of Chaucer, page 159, in Bell's edition of "The British Poets," is a poem in praise of Chaucer, written by one Henry Scogan, entitled "a Moral Ballad to the Prince, to the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Gloucester, the king's son, by Henry Scogan, at a supper among the merchants, in the Vintry of London, in the house of Lewis John."

Dowgate Hill is at present occupied on each side with warehouses. Here it is said the *obit* or annual donation of John Brickles of bread and cheese, to the poor, is still distributed with the ceremony enjoined; for instance, the person who gives it away stands on the hearth of the apartment. The pious memory of the donor and his wife is drunk in a cup of sack, and a Latin grace is pronounced on the occasion.

The excavations in progress in the city for improvements in the sewerage and for other public works, are continually affording new matters of interest to the antiquary. In June, 1839, the labourers engaged in deepening a sewer in Thames Street, opposite Vintners' Hall, in the middle of the street, at a depth of ten feet from the surface, discovered the perfect remains of an old Roman wall, running parallel with the line of the river. The wall was formed of alternate layers of flint, chalk, and flat tiles, and offered considerable obstructions to the workmen, from the firmness with which the materials were fixed together.

Close by Dowgate was a place called the Tower Royal, sup-



posed to have been founded by Henry I., and inhabited, according to Stow, by King Stephen. It does not appear to have been called royal until the reign of Henry III., who occasionally lodged in it. It had been given to the college of St. Stephen, Westminster; but having again reverted to the crown in the time of Richard II., it was called the Queen's Wardrobe. It must have been a place of great strength; for when the rebels, under Wat Tyler, had made themselves master of the Tower, and forced from thence the Archbishop of Canterbury and every other victim to their barbarity, this place remained secure. Hither the Princess Joan, the royal mother, retired during the time the rebels were committing every excess in all parts of the town; and here the youthful monarch found her, after he had, by his wonderful calmness and prudence, put an end to this pestilential insurrection.

In this tower Richard, in 1386, lodged, when his royal guest, Leon III., King of Armenia, who had been expelled his kingdom by the Turks, took refuge in England. Richard treated him with the utmost munificence, loaded him with gifts, and settled on the unfortunate prince a thousand pounds a-year for life. After two months' stay, he returned into France, where he also met with a reception suitable to his rank; and dying at Paris, in 1393, was interred in the Celestins, where his tomb is still to be seen.

Such was the insignificance to which this once famous place was at length reduced, that long before the great fire of London, its remains had been converted into warehouses and stables. The fire, however, swept away every vestige above ground, though since that period the remains of arches, foundations, &c., are to be seen in several cellars in that neighbourhood.

The original name of Queen Hithe was Edred's Hithe. This was one of the places for large boats and even ships to discharge their lading, as there was a drawbridge on one part of London Bridge occasionally pulled up to admit the passage of large vessels. This hithe or wharf had been in King Stephen's hands, who gave it to William de Ypres; he transferred it to the Convent of the Holy Trinity without Aldgate; however, in Henry III. it came again to the crown, and obtained its name of Queen's Hithe. That monarch compelled the ships of the Cinque Ports to bring their corn here, and to no other place. This, Pennant thinks, was part of her majesty's pin-money.

Cannon Street is a corruption of Canwick or Candlewick Street, as taking its name from being the residence of candle-makers. In this street, also, many weavers of woollen-cloth

were settled in business, having been brought from Flanders by Edward III., and their meetings were held in the churchyard of St. Lawrence Poultney. Those of Brabant met in St. Mary Somerset's churchyard in Thames Street. There were then in Cannon Street, says Stow, "weavers of drapery, tapery, and napery."

Lydgate, in his ballad of "London Lackpenny," has the following allusion to this street:—

"Then went I forth by London Stone,  
Throughout all Canwicke Street;  
Drapers much cloth offered me anone,  
Then comes me one, cried 'hot sheepes feete.'  
One cried 'mackrel,' 'ryster grene,' another gan grete;  
One bad me buy a hood to cover my head,  
But for want of money I might not speed."

The London Stone mentioned in these verses is still to be seen in the wall of St. Swithin's church. The stone is supposed to have been a Roman milliarium in the line of the great road of Watling Street. It has been, and still continues to be, preserved with great care. It is now cased with another stone, cut hollow; so that the ancient one may be open to the inspection of the curious without being exposed to injury.

In Parquill and Marfarius, in 1589, we read: "Set up this bill at London Stone. Let it be doone sollemnly, with drom and trumpet, and looke you advance my cullour, on the top of the steeple right over against it." Also, "If it please them these dark winter nights, to sticke uppe their papers uppon London Stone." Hence it is presumed it was customary to affix papers against this stone, as an official place for public reading.

The most remarkable incident connected with it is that Jack Cade, on his triumphal march from his inn in Southwark through London, struck his sword upon the stone, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer Lord of London," and then sat down upon it, as if taking possession. Shakspeare relates the event in the 2nd part of "Henry VI.," act 4, scene 6. Jack Cade enters and strikes his *staff*, not his *sword*, as the old chroniclers say, and exclaims, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that of the city's cost, the priory conduit run nothing but claret wine, this first year of our reign; and now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer." We have already seen that it was customary on great occasions for the conduits to run with red wine at the cost of the city, and hence Jack's allusion.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Injustice of historians to Jack Cade; passport granted by him; progress of his insurrection—St. Alban, Wood Street—Company of Parish Clerks; their privileges—Silver Street, formerly the resort of silversmiths—Guildhall, money subscribed for building this edifice—The late improvements in it—Courts held here—Seat of the Municipal Government of London—The Lord Mayor, his duties, &c.—The Aldermen, Governors of the Wards—The Common Council—Common Hall—The Sheriffs—Office of Recorder—The Chamberlain—The Common Serjeant, and other officers—London Companies—Gog and Magog—Cenotaphs in Guildhall—Royal visits to the city—Banquet to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814—Statue in Stock's Market—Some Account of the Mansion House—St. Stephen's Walbrook—Lombard Street; Sir Thomas Gresham resided there—Pope born there—Roman Antiquities found there—Birchin Lane; mansion there of William de la Pole—The King's Merchant—Royal jewels pawned—Quaker Meeting—John Moore, compounder of the Worm-powder—Fortingon Inn—Residences of Empson and Dudley—Their Trial and Execution—Roman Antiquities discovered—St. Michael's, Crooked Lane; panic during a Sermon there—The Boar's Head, reminiscences of this celebrated Tavern.

SHAKSPEARE, however, has done injustice to the character of Jack Cade, and historians have followed in the wake of the poet, exaggerating the ignorance and the faults, and suppressing the virtues of that popular leader. In an unhappy time, when the fields of England were strewed with dead, in the quarrels of contending factions, when the people had scarcely the shadow of a right, and were never thought of by the ruler of the land, except when they wanted fools to fight their battles, or when they wanted money, that could by any possibility be wrung or squeezed out of the population; this man, the despised Jack Cade, stood forward, to plead for the cause of the million. He made himself the voice of the people; he understood their grievances, and made a bold effort to redress them; and if that effort were a violent one, it was the fault of the age, and not of him. A list of the grievances complained of by Cade is preserved in Stow's "Annals" and gives a high opinion of his shrewdness and moderation, and makes him appear anything but the ignorant man it has been the fashion to represent him. The city of London was long in his favour; and its merchants supplied him without murmur, with sufficient rations for his large army encamped on Blackheath. Stow has preserved the following form of a passport, granted to the citizens of London to have free access to his presence:—

"The safeguard and sign-manual of the Captain of Kent sent

to Thomas Cook, draper of London, by the Captain of the great assembly in Kent.

“ By this our writing ensealed, we grant and will permit truly, that Thomas Cook, of London, draper, shall come in good surety and in safeguard to our presence without any hurt of his person, and so avoid from us again at his pleasure, with all other persons assigned to his denomination with him coming in likewise.”

On Cade's entrance in the city, he made proclamations in the king's name, that no man, on pain of death, should rob or take anything without paying for it. One of his men, named Paris, disobeyed these orders, and having been found plundering, was tried by a jury of his fellows, and sentenced to be beheaded. The sentence was carried into execution on Blackheath; but Cade found that with all his energy he could not repress the violence of the people. He stemmed the torrent long and bravely; but it carried him away at last, and the insurrection became a lawless and bloody one, and all was lost. The Londoners drew back; the supplies they had formerly granted were withheld, and the cause fell to ruin, because each man wished to act for himself, and would not listen to the moderate counsels of him who had been the directing mind of the enterprise. The story of his hanging the clerk of Chatham, merely because he could read and write, is a calumny. Cade was not so ignorant or so brutal; and his own list of grievances and representations to the government, which are drawn up in a style of homely eloquence, show that though he could not write himself (and no shame to him, when the first people of the land were in the same ignorance,) that he could appreciate those gifts, and employ them too.

On the other side of Cheapside, to which we must now return, are Wood Street, King Street, and the Guildhall of London, each claiming some notice. Wood Street and Whitecross Street, says a MS. note of Mr. J. T. Smith, found among his papers, were the last streets from which the signs were taken down, about the year 1773.

Before the rebuilding of London, after the fire in 1666, there was no King nor Queen Street; Queen Street, as we have already mentioned, was called Sopar Lane.

The church of St. Alban, Wood Street, is one of the most ancient foundations in London. Stow says, that the first church that stood here was at least as ancient as King Adlestan the Saxon, who began his reign about 924; and as tradition says, had his house at the east end thereof, with a door into Adel Street, to



which it gave the name; and which in all ancient evidences is written King Adell Street.

Wood Street is celebrated for the hall of the ancient Company of Parish Clerks. This company were incorporated in the 17th of Hen. III., anno. 1232. They formerly published the bills of mortality, a yearly bill at Christmas; and presented an account of all the christenings, diseases, casualties, &c. weekly and yearly, to the king. Their ancient hall was at the sign of the Angel in Bishopsgate Street, and here they had seven almshouses for widows. "Unto this fraternity men and women of the first quality, ecclesiastics and others, joined themselves." Among their chartered privileges are these: "to be exempt from all parish offices in the parish where they officiated; to have a printing press and a printer in their common hall; to administer an oath to their members on their admission; to be observant of, and obedient to all such wholesome rules, made or to be made, conducive to the common profit and benefit of the company or fellowship." Before this oath can be administered, a parish clerk, newly chosen, must produce a licence under the seal of the Bishop of London; he may then be sworn on the following court day, and received as a brother. Sometimes a certificate under the hands of the minister and churchwarden of the parish, may be admitted, in case a licence has not been obtained. Formerly clerks attended great funerals, walking before the hearse and singing with their surplices hanging on their arms, till they arrived at the church. They had also public festivals, celebrated with music and singing. When they met, till 1560, in Guildhall chapel, they had an even-song, and next a communion, whence they proceeded to dinner in Carpenters' Hall. In 1562 they dined in their own hall, after keeping communion in Guildhall chapel, and receiving seven persons into the brotherhood: after which they attended a "goodly play of the children of Westminster, with waits, regals, and singing."

Silver Street is so called on account of silversmiths residing here formerly; it also contained the church of St. Olave, the site of which, the church not having been rebuilt after the fire of London, remains now as a burial place. In ancient records, this church is called St. Olave de Mucwell, on account of its proximity to Mucwell or Monkwell Street. One of the first objects of attention in this street was the meeting-house in Windsor Court. Dr. James Fordyce, author of the "Sermons to Young Men and Women," preached here many years.

The present Guildhall for the transaction of the business of

the city, and for the celebration of the great corporation feasts, was begun about the year 1411. The original city hall appears, from Stow and other topographers, to have been in Aldermanbury, but this being found small and inconvenient, a new site was chosen in the year mentioned. Most of the city companies subscribed towards the expense of its erection, and the executors of the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington gave £35 towards paving the hall with Parbeck stone. Various bequests were made at different times, and some addition or improvement was continually being made to it, until the beginning of the sixteenth century. In the fire of 1666, the Guildhall was greatly damaged; the out-offices were burned down, but the solidity of the wall of the principal building preserved it from total destruction, and it was substantially repaired within three years, at an expense of about £3000 only. The building was further repaired in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and again in 1789 and 1790; "when," says Mr. Brayley ("Londiniana," vol. i. page 92), "the ancient, venerable aspect of the hall was metamorphosed into the truly Gothic *façade* which now presents itself, and in which all order and propriety of architecture is set at defiance." The following account of the latest improvements in the Guildhall is from that valuable little work, "The Mirror."

"On the 14th of December, 1837, the Committee of City Lands, in a report, recommended that the east end of the Guildhall should be made to correspond with the west end, as regards the architecture, by forming Gothic panelling, at an expense of £230; and in a second report, 15th March, 1838, the committee add, 'The clerk of the city works having since reported that the three statues, formerly in front of the chapel in Guildhall Yard, were in possession of the corporation, and might, in his opinion, be put into a state of repair at an expense of £60, and be introduced at the east end of the hall in niches;' and then the report goes on to say, that a proposal having been made 'by Messrs. Robson and Estall for the execution of the said works, amounting to £452 6s., exclusive of the expense of the restoration of the said figures, the committee was of opinion that the introduction of the said statues would add much to the effect and general character of the building; and recommended, therefore, that they should be authorized to execute the said works, and to draw on the chamber for the payment of the expense thereof.' This last recommendation was confirmed on the 30th of March following,

when the works proceeded; and they were finished by the end of the following month of October, from the drawings, and under the direction of Mr. Montague, the city architect, and his son. They are erected on the hustings at the east end of the Guildhall, consisting of four arched compartments of graceful proportions, with projecting rich-pointed cornice. The splendid statue of Queen Elizabeth is placed in the centre niche, with Charles I. on the south side, and Edward VI. on the north; the whole forming a very appropriate and imposing termination to that end of the hall."

In Guildhall are kept the nine courts of the city: viz., 1. The Court of Common Council. 2. The Court of the Lord Mayor, and his brethren the Aldermen. 3. The Court of Hustings. 4. The Court of Orphans. 5. The two Courts of the Sheriffs. 6. The Court of the Wardmote. 7. The Court of Hallmote. 8. The Court of Requests, commonly called the "Court of Conscience." 9. The Chamberlain's Court for binding apprentices, and making them free.

As the Guildhall is the seat of the municipal government of London, it may not be amiss to give in this place a short account of the corporation and its various offices. The city is divided into twenty-six wards, viz., Aldgate, Portsoken, Cornhill, Cheap, Bassishaw, Cripplegate, Vintry, Bread Street, Tower, Billingsgate, Farringdon without, Bridge Ward, Aldersgate, Coleman Street, Broad Street, Farringdon within, Castle Baynard, Queenhithe, Dowgate, Walbrook, Langbourn, Lime Street, Candlewick, Cordwainer, Bishopsgate, and Bridge Ward without.

The mayor, or lord mayor, is the supreme magistrate of London, chosen annually by the citizens, pursuant to charter. The liverymen of the several companies assemble in Guildhall annually on Michaelmas-day, according to an act of common council, A.D. 1476, and nominate two aldermen below the chair, who have served the office of sheriff, to be returned to the Court of Aldermen, who may choose either of the two, but who generally declare the senior of the two, so returned, to be the lord mayor elect.

The election being over, the lord mayor elect, accompanied by the recorder and divers aldermen, is soon after presented to the lord chancellor (as his majesty's representative in the city of London) for his approbation; and on the 9th of November following, is sworn into the office of mayor, at Guildhall, and on the day after, before the Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster. In the morning of that day the aldermen and sheriffs

repair to the lord mayor's residence ; from whence they attend him to Guildhall in procession, to Blackfriars Bridge, where the lord mayor, aldermen, recorder, and sheriffs, go on board the state barge of the city, attended by the several guilds in their barges, and so proceed to the Court of Exchequer to take the oath. In the evening the lord mayor's feast is given in the Guildhall.

The lord mayor, upon all public occasions, is clothed, according to the season, either in scarlet or purple robes, richly furred, with a velvet hood and golden chain, or collar of S.S., with a rich jewel appendant ; and, when abroad, he is attended by a great number of his officers, before and on each side ; and when on foot his train is supported by a page, and the city sword and mace carried before him, attended by the sheriffs.

The officers belonging to the lord mayor, for the support of his dignity, are—the sword-bearer, who, for the expense of his table, has a very considerable annual allowance ; the common hunt, common crier, and water-bailiff, who have all great salaries or perquisites, with each the title of esquire ; the three serjeant-carvers ; three serjeants of the chamber ; a serjeant of the channel ; two yeomen of the chamber ; four yeomen of the water-side ; a yeoman of the channel ; an under water-bailiff ; four young men waiters ; three meal-weighers ; two yeomen of the wood-wharf ; and the foreign taker.

The lord mayor is admiral of the port of London, clerk of the markets, gauge of the city, and *ex-officio* chairman of all the committees of the corporation. On the accession of a new monarch, he is summoned to attend the privy council ; and at the coronation he officiates as chief butler, and receives a golden cup as his fee. He is also *ex-officio* a trustee for preserving St. Paul's cathedral.

The lord mayor sits every morning at the Mansion House, or place where he keeps his mayoralty, to determine any differences that may happen among the citizens, and to do other business incident to the office of a chief magistrate. Once a month he attends, assisted by one or more of the judges of the superior courts of Westminster, at the Sessions-House, Old Bailey, now called the Central Criminal Court, for the trial of prisoners in Newgate. The lord mayor is also conservator of the river Thames, and holds occasional courts for the removal of obstructions in the river, and for the destruction of illegal nets, and the punishment of offenders.

The aldermen are the governors of the respective wards for



which they are chosen, and formerly were elected annually. They now hold their office for life, or during good behaviour. The Court of Aldermen is in its official capacity the bench of magistrates for London. It decides on the validity of the election of certain functionaries of the city; grants freedoms in particular cases; admits and swears in certain officers and brokers; and receives the presentments of the inquests of the wards. In its executive capacity it has a power to order payments out of the city funds; it superintends the prisons and the police, and orders prosecutions.

The title of the Court of Common Council is "the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled." A great part of the business of this court is managed by its six standing committees, viz., the committee of city lands; the bridge house committee; the Thames navigation committee; the committee of control over corn and coal meters; the finance committee; and the committee for general purposes. The members of the common council have power in their corporate capacity to make and to repeal by-laws; and the citizens are bound to obey or submit to those laws. When they meet in their corporate capacity, they wear deep-blue silk gowns; and their assemblies are called the Court of Common Council, and their ordinances, acts of common council. No act can be performed in the name of the city of London without their concurrence. But they cannot assemble without a summons from the lord mayor; who, nevertheless, is obliged to call a common council whenever it shall be demanded, upon extraordinary occasions, by six reputable citizens and members of that court.

The Common Hall is a court consisting of the liverymen of London, including the lord mayor, aldermen, and common councilmen, and the members of the various guilds. This court, besides having the power of electing certain officers of the corporation already named, has the right of addressing the sovereign or parliament on public affairs, and the sheriffs have the entry to the House of Commons to present their petitions.

There are two sheriffs of London, who are besides considered the *one* sheriff of the county of Middlesex. The sheriffs are chartered officers, to perform certain suits and services in the king's name, within the city of London and the county of Middlesex, chosen by the liverymen of the several companies, on Midsummer-day. Their office is to gather into the exchequer all fines belonging to the crown; to serve the king's writs of process;

to attend the judges, and execute their orders ; to empanel juries ; to compel headstrong and obstinate men by the *posse comitatus* to submit to the decisions of the law ; to take care that all condemned criminals be duly punished and executed. In particular, in London, they are to execute the orders of the Court of Common Council, when they have resolved to address his majesty, or to petition parliament.

The sheriffs, by virtue of their office, hold a court at Guildhall every Wednesday and Friday, for actions entered at Wood Street Compter ; and on Thursdays and Saturdays for those entered at the Poultry Compter ; of which the sheriffs being judges, each has his assistant or deputy, who are called the judges of those courts, before whom are tried actions of debt, trespass, covenant, &c., and where the testimony of any absent witness in writing is allowed to be good evidence.

The first authentic mention of a recorder of London appears to be in 1304. He is chosen by the lord mayor and aldermen only ; and takes place in all courts, and in the common council, before any one that hath not been mayor. Of whom we have the following description in one of the books in the chamber : “ He shall be, and is wont to be, one of the most skilful and virtuous apprentices of the law of the whole kingdom ; whose office is always to sit on the right hand of the mayor, in recording pleas, and passing judgments ; and by whom records and processes, had before the lord mayor and aldermen at Great St. Martin’s, ought to be recorded by word of mouth before the judges assigned there to correct errors. The mayor and aldermen have therefore used commonly to set forth all other businesses, touching the city, before the king and the council, as also in certain of the king’s courts, by Mr. Recorder, as a chief man, endued with wisdom, and eminent for eloquence.”

The Chamberlain of London, though chosen annually, as a matter of form, generally holds office for life. He has the keeping of the monies, lands, and goods of the city orphans, or takes good security for the payment thereof when the parties become of age. Before him apprentices are sworn in and duly admonished.

The other officers under the lord mayor are : 1. The common-serjeant : he is to attend the lord mayor and court of aldermen on court-days, and to be in council with them on all occasions, within or without the precincts or liberties of the city. He is to take care of orphans’ estates, either by taking account of them, or to sign their indentures, before their passing the lord mayor

and court of aldermen. And likewise he is to let, set, and manage the orphans' estates, according to his judgment, to their best advantage.

2. The town clerk: who keeps the original charters of the city, the books, rolls, and other records, wherein are registered the acts and proceedings of the city—so that he may not be improperly termed the city registrar. He is to attend the lord mayor and aldermen at their courts, and signs all public instruments.

3. The city remembrancer: who is to attend the lord mayor on certain days, his business being to put his lordship in mind of the select days he is to go abroad with the aldermen, &c. He is to attend daily at the parliament house during the sessions, and to report to the lord mayor their transactions.

4. The sword-bearer: who is to attend the lord mayor at his going abroad, and to carry the sword before him, being the emblem of justice. This is an ancient and honourable office, representing the state and princely office of the king's most excellent majesty, in his representative the lord mayor; and according to the rule of armoury, "he must carry the sword upright, the hilts being holden under his bulk, and the blade directly up the midst of his breast, and so forth between the sword-bearer's brows."

5. The common-hunt: whose business is to take care of the pack of hounds belonging to the lord mayor and citizens, and to attend them in hunting in those grounds, to which they are authorized by charter.

6. The common-crier: it belongs to him and the serjeant-at-arms to summon all executors and administrators of freemen to appear, and to bring in inventories of the personal estates of freemen, within two months after their decease; and he is to have notice of the appraisements. He is also to attend the lord mayor on set days, and at the courts held weekly by the mayor and aldermen.

7. The water-bailiff: whose office is to look after the preservation of the river Thames, against all encroachments, and to look after the fishermen for the preservation of the young fry, to prevent the destroying them by unlawful nets. For that end there are juries for each county; that hath any part of it lying on the sides or shores of the said river; which juries, summoned by the water-bailiff at certain times, do make inquiry of all offences relating to the river and the fish; and make their pre-

sentments accordingly. He is also bound to attend the lord mayor on set days in the week.

The guilds or companies of London are eighty-nine in number.

In the Guildhall every visitor will remember the two grotesque wooden figures which go by the name of Gog and Magog. They are supposed to have been originally intended to represent an ancient Briton and Saxon. They are part and parcel of the city dignity; the corporation would be no corporation without Gog and Magog; and when they fall, says the old prophecy attributed to Mother Shipton, London will fall also. These figures are fourteen feet six inches in height, and frown most majestically from their eminence. They were made, says Dr. Hughson, vol. iii., p. 249, by Captain Richard Saunders, an eminent carver in King Street, Cheapside, and put up about the year 1708, in the room of two old wicker-work giants formerly carried in processions.

In the hall are cenotaphs to the memory of Lord Nelson, with an inscription by Sheridan; to William Beckford, Esq., twice lord mayor; the Earl of Chatham, and the Right Honourable William Pitt. The monument to Nelson was erected in 1811, and was the work of Mr. J. Smith, the sculptor. The cost to the city was £4,442 7s. 4d. Beckford's monument is considered a fine likeness of that celebrated magistrate. It represents him standing in the attitude in which he addressed the king when he presented his memorable remonstrance in 1770. Underneath, as the most fitting inscription to his memory, are the words of the remonstrance.

The monument to the Earl of Chatham represents the earl in the garb of a Roman senator, surrounded by several figures emblematic of the city of London, Commerce and Justice. The sculptor was J. Bacon, and the monument was erected in 1782. The cenotaph to Pitt has an inscription by Mr. Canning. It was the work of Mr. J. G. Bubb, and was erected at a cost to the city of £4,078 17s. 3d.

Guildhall is in length 153 feet, breadth 48, and altitude within 55 feet. It is used by the city for the session of these several courts of judicature; for feasting our kings, queens, and other potentates, foreign ministers, &c.; and, lastly, for choosing the lord-mayors, sheriffs, members of parliament, &c., it being capacious enough to contain 7,000 persons.

Adjoining the hall are apartments for the superior judges of



the Exchequer, Queen's Bench, or Common Pleas, when they sit in London.

It is customary for the sovereigns of England, in the first year of their accession, to dine with the lord mayor and corporation of London. This ceremony was dispensed with in the case of his late majesty William IV., on account of the alarming symptoms of insurrection in London at the time, caused by the recent French revolution and the unpopularity of the Wellington administration. Her present majesty dined with the citizens on the 9th of November, 1837.

Perhaps the most celebrated feast ever given in the Guildhall was that to the Allied Sovereigns, on the 18th of June, 1814. They were entertained on the previous day by the City merchants, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, with great magnificence; but on this occasion, the Prince Regent, to give additional splendour to the invitation, went in the state that monarchs use on the first city festival after their coronation. Eight thousand troops lined the streets of the city, not to keep the people quiet, but as a portion of the splendour of the day. The Prince Regent sat at the head of the table, the Emperor of Russia sitting on his right hand, and the King of Prussia on his left. On the 9th of July following, an entertainment, almost as magnificent, was given by the corporation to the Duke of Wellington.

The corporation of London have, within the last few years, established a good library in the Guildhall, containing, besides a collection of general and historical literature, a considerable number of works, many of them rare or unique, relating to the antiquities of London and the manners of the citizens. Admission to this library, for the purpose of study, can be procured on the order of any member of the corporation. The present librarian is Mr. Herbert, the author of the "History of the Twelve City Companies."

Continuing our course down Cheapside and the Poultry, we come in sight of the Mansion House, the official residence of the lord mayor, and where he daily holds a minor court of justice for the hearing of complaints. The site of this building was formerly a market, called Stocks' Market, from a pair of stocks erected there so early as 1281. It was a market for fish and flesh, and belonged for some time to the keepers of London Bridge, the revenues being appropriated to the support and repair of that structure.

The foundation stone of the Mansion House was laid on the 25th of October, 1739, but the building was not completed till

1752, in consequence of the numerous springs running into the Walbrook that abound on this spot, and caused considerable difficulty in laying the foundation. It was found necessary at last to erect the house upon piles. The whole expense (including the sum of £3,900 paid for purchasing houses to be pulled down) amounted to £42,638 18s. 8d. The portico is composed of six lofty fluted pillars of the Corinthian order, in the front; and the same order is continued in pilasters both under the pediment and on each side. The basement story is very massy, built in rustic. And in the centre of this story is the door that leads to the kitchen and other offices. Upon the ground, on each side, rises a flight of steps of very considerable extent, leading up to the portico, and to the door which leads to the apartments and offices where the lord mayor resides and business is transacted. A stone balustrade encloses the stairs, and is continued along the front of the portico; and the columns support a large angular pediment, adorned with a very noble piece in bas relief, representing the dignity and opulence of the city of London. In the centre stands a woman, crowned with turrets, to represent the City, and with her left foot upon the figure of Envy: in her right hand she holds a wand, and rests her left arm upon the city arms, in a large shield, all in alto relievo. She seems to step forward; her head and right arm project from the back ground, and her wand extends beyond the cornice of the pediment. Near her, on the right, is a Cupid holding the cap of liberty on a short staff, like a mace, over his shoulder; and beyond is a river god, to represent the Thames, reclined and pouring out a stream of water from a large vase; and near him is an anchor fastened to its cable, with shells lying on the shore. On the left hand of London, Plenty is kneeling and holding out her hand in a supplicating posture, beseeching the city to accept of the fruits of her cornucopia; and behind her are two naked boys with bales of goods, to denote Commerce. Beneath this portico are two series of windows, extending along the whole front; and above these is an attic story, with square windows, crowned with a balustrade.

This building is an oblong. The depth is the long side. There is an area in the middle, at the south end of which is an Egyptian Hall, the length of the whole front, very high, and designed for public entertainments.

The site for the new Mansion House was for some time in dispute, opinions varying from Stocks' Market to Leadenhall, as the most appropriate.

The earliest account of St. Stephen's Walbrook is given in Dugdale's "Monasticon," where it is recorded, that Eude, steward of the household to Henry I., gave the church of St. Stephen-super-Walbrook to the newly-founded monastery of St. John of Colchester. In 1428, Sir Robert Chichely, lord mayor in 1421, gave to the parish a plot of ground to erect a new church, the old one, then in the presentation of the Duke of Bedford, uncle of Henry VI., having fallen to decay. The new church was finished in 1439. Sir Robert Whittingham purchased the patronage from the Duke of Bedford, and from him it came in 1460 to Sir Richard Lee, lord mayor for that year. It continued in this gentleman's family for forty-two years, when it was given by Mr. Richard Lee to the Grocers' Company. It shared the fate of the other city churches in the fire of 1666, when it was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren; and the adjoining parish of St. Benet Sherehog, containing only thirty-two houses, was united to it by act of parliament.

The first stone of St. Stephen's was laid on the 16th of October, 1672, in the presence of the lord mayor (Sir George Waterman), several assistants of the Grocers' Company, and the surveyor-general himself (Dr. Wren), as appears by an old parish vestry-book, in which there is likewise the following entry:—"August 24th, 1679, ordered that a present of twenty guineas be made to the lady of Sir Christopher Wren, as a testimony of the regard the parish has for the great care and skill that Sir Christopher Wren showed in the rebuilding of our church."

Sir Christopher appears to have lavished all his taste and skill upon this church, which was that of his own parish. He lived for many years in the house, No. 5, Walbrook.

Lombard Street, so named from the money-dealers who came from Lombardy, and first established the trade of money-lending in England, and who took up their abode in this street, and chiefly inhabited it for more than a century,—is still one of the chief streets in London for bankers. In Lombard Street resided the princely merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange; and in Lombard Street was born Alexander Pope, our English Horace. Messrs. Martin and Stone, the bankers, are said to inhabit the house of Sir Thomas Gresham, or the house that stands upon the site of it—for the original must have been burnt down in 1666. The same firm are said to possess the identical grasshopper, which was the sign of Sir Thomas Gresham's shop; and in remembrance of which a grasshopper of gigantic dimensions has long surmounted the Royal Exchange.

The birthplace of Pope is said, in Spence's "Anecdotes of Books and Men," to have been in Lombard Street, "at the house which is now Mr. Morgan's, an apothecary." It has been to the editor of this work a matter of no small difficulty to discover the exact house; the name of Mr. Morgan, the apothecary, has long since been forgotten, and there was no clue by which the house might be discovered. The poet's biographers are not precise upon the subject: some mention merely that he was born in London; others say in Lombard Street; and others again, that he was born in the Strand, where his father kept a linendraper's shop.

Various Roman antiquities have been found in Lombard Street. In the autumn of 1785, during the excavation of the ground for the formation of a new sewer, there were found a great quantity of coins, fragments of earthenware, tessellated and other pavements, urns, bottles, keys, &c.; a full description of which is to be found in the eighth volume of the "Archæologia." The coins were of various descriptions—gold, silver, and brass. Among them were beautiful gold coins of Galba, a Nero, and an Antoninus Pius, and a silver one of Alexander Severus. The others were brass ones of Claudius Vespasian, Diocletian, Gallienus, Antonia, Constantinus, and Tetricus; nearly 300 coins of the two last emperors, of very rude workmanship, were found together on one spot at the end of St. Nicholas Lane. The coins were all found at a depth of from nine to sixteen feet. In the more recent depositions of soils above them, some Nuremberg counters, coins of Elizabeth, and other later monies, were found; but nothing that seemed to belong to the Saxon period, either with these or the Roman remains.

In this street towards Birchin Lane, as we learn from Stow's "Survey," was the house of William de la Pole, the founder of that great but unfortunate family. He lived in the reign of Edward III., and held the office of king's merchant; the same that was afterwards held by Whittington, and similar to that of queen's factor, held by Sir Thomas Gresham. "This office," says Pennant, "seems to have given the lucrative privilege of supplying the king with various sorts of merchandize, and also with money." Merchants did not lend money to kings without taking great interest, one way or another, either in privileges or in cash, and very often in both, and never without security. Jewels—even the crown itself—were sometimes pawned to the monied men of Lombard Street by our early monarchs.

All Hallow's Church, Lombard Street, contains nothing re-



markable. Opposite to it is White Hart Court, in which there is one of the most celebrated of the Quaker meeting-houses in London, and which acquires additional interest from the fact, that the great Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, used to frequent it, and there deliver his religious sentiments.

Leaving Lombard Street, together with the Bank, Cornhill, the ruins of the Royal Exchange, and all this district of London to the left, we follow the course of the handsome new approach to the bridge, called King William Street. King William Street is formed of part of Lombard Street, and cuts through several of the little lanes and narrow alleys of that ancient thoroughfare; among others, Abchurch Lane, St. Swithin's Lane, and Crooked Lane. Abchurch Lane is mentioned by Pope as the residence of a noted quack of his day—John Moore, compounder of the worm-powder.

In St. Swithin's Lane stood Fortington Inn, the house of the prior of Fortington, in Suffolk. It was the house of the Veres, Earls of Oxford, in 1598, and was called Oxford Place. "Adjacent to the garden," says Stow, "stood two faire houses,"—the one inhabited formerly by the notorious Empson, the other by the as notorious Dudley, the instruments of the grinding rapacity of Henry VII., and whose trial and execution were among the first acts of Henry VIII. after his accession. These neighbours and comrogues had a door of communication from one garden to the other, where they often met in private conference. Dudley was tried in the Guildhall of London, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Empson was tried at Northampton, but afterwards brought to the Tower, where Dudley lay, to await his execution. The sentence was carried into effect on them both, on Tower Hill. About the same time great numbers of common informers, or common questmongers, as they were called, who had been the instruments of Empson and Dudley, were apprehended. "Some were imprisoned, and others," says Stow, "rode about the city with their faces to their horses' tails and papers on their heads, and were set on the pillory on Cornhill, and after brought again to Newgate, where they died for very shame. Baptist Grimald, the most cruel wretch of them all," adds our author, "went to Westminster, and there registered himself a sanctuary man."

Crooked Lane has been almost demolished for the approaches to the new bridge, and Eastcheap—world-renowned Eastcheap—has also been entrenched upon. A correspondent of the "Year Book," who writes under date of June 20th, 1831, gives an

account of several Roman coins that were found while the alterations were in progress. "On the site of Crooked Lane," he says, "about ten yards south-east of the spot on which the parsonage-house stood, was found a quantity of Roman pavement of the rudest description; about seven yards south of the east end of St. Michael's church, a large brass coin of Nerva (sestertius), very much corroded; under the east end of the church, two coins in sound brass, one of Nero, the other of Vespasian, and both in tolerable preservation. On the site of the houses just pulled down, on the north side of Eastcheap, were found two large brass coins much corroded. One of these bore the head of Domitian, but the legend was obliterated; the impression of the other was totally destroyed. On the south side of Eastcheap were found a small Roman lamp of earthenware, a copper ring of rude workmanship, and a dish of grey earth. Two small lachrymatories were also dug up on the side of Crooked Lane, with numerous fragments of Roman pottery and glass, especially of the fine Samian ware, but only two or three specimens of the latter were found entire."

The church of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, was demolished to make room for the new street. On Sunday, the 20th March, 1831, the congregation assembled in the church to hear divine service for the last time, when an alarming scene occurred. A sermon was to have been preached for the benefit of Bridge, Candlewick, and Dowgate ward schools. The church was crowded to excess; and the children to the number of some hundreds were present. At the conclusion of the reading of the second lesson, part of the mortar in the cornice of the ceiling over the altar, where the rector, the Rev. Dr. Dakin, was stationed, fell down. The congregation were fearful that the whole edifice was crumbling about their ears, and for several minutes the screams, the shouts, the groans, and the confusion of so many persons thronging to the door, and pressing upon each other to escape, were appalling. The rector endeavoured to allay the alarm; he assured them that no danger was to be apprehended, and going into the reading-desk, intreated them to remain in their seats, as many might be crushed to death by the pressure at the doors. He then directed them to join in singing the 93rd Psalm. This had partly proceeded, and the congregation was gradually re-assembling, when a second and larger fall of mortar from the same spot renewed the panic;—the crowd rushed to the door with screams of terror from the women, in a few minutes the sacred edifice was empty, happily

without the fatal consequences that have often resulted from similar panics. The sermon in aid of the schools was preached on the following Sunday in St. Magnus' church, when the preacher alluded to the circumstances of the preceding Sunday in affecting terms. He also spoke of the necessity for the demolition of the sacred edifice—a handsome church erected by Sir Christopher Wren—a necessity which had arisen for the accomplishment of a grand and noble design; and added, that it had been acted on with a due regard to the requirements of justice and dignity, towards private as well as public interests—with tender respect for amiable, kind, and christian affections, and with a view, at the same time, to provide for religious obligations as well as temporal purposes.

Of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, how shall we presume to speak, after the eloquent remarks of those delightful essayists, Goldsmith and Washington Irving? Visions of Falstaff and Shakspeare, and Dame Quickly and Bardolph, and the "mad Prince" and Poins, and other real or imaginary persons, start up before the mental eye, at the mere mention of that famous tavern. The site is now covered with houses of the last century; but in the front of one is still preserved the memory of the sign; the Boar's Head cut in stone. In the wall of another house hard by, is a swan cut in stone, probably in old times the sign of another tavern.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

London Bridge—Some account of the New Bridge—The ancient bridge—Houses built on—Tradition connected with it—Gates at each end—Dreadful calamity there—Inconvenience of the ancient bridge—Grand Tournament on it—Grand displays on it in the olden time—Battle on it between Jack Cade's rioters and the citizens—Attacked by ruffians—Attack on it by the Bastard of Falconbridge—Heads of great victims exhibited there—Hall's account of the exhibition of Bishop Fisher's head—Hentzner's account of the number of these heads—Romantic story—Hans Holbein, a resident here—Fishmongers' Hall described—The old Hall—Short account of this Company.

LEAVING these reminiscences of the past, we go through the crowded thoroughfare to speak of the present; of the new bridge, so great a convenience, and so splendid an ornament

to the city of London. The old bridge being in a miserable condition, and an impediment, moreover, to the navigation of the river, a select committee of the House of Commons strongly advised the construction of a new bridge, without delay. The corporation of London, awakened to the urgent necessity of the undertaking, offered, about the middle of the following year, premiums of £250, £150, and £100, for the three best designs for the new bridge. About a hundred plans were sent in, and the premiums adjudged; but neither of them being considered suitable, a plan of the late Sir John Rennie was ultimately adopted. The act for the erection of the bridge, and the construction of proper approaches on both sides of the river, received the royal assent on the 4th of July, 1823, and the site of the new bridge was fixed about thirty-four yards westward of the old one, which latter was to remain open until the completion of its successor. The first pile of the coffer-dam, for laying the foundation of the first pier, was driven on the Southwark side, on the 15th March, 1824; and the first stone was laid with great ceremony on the 15th of June, 1825, by Alderman Garrett, the lord mayor, in the presence of the Duke of York and a vast assemblage of noble and distinguished persons. The House of Commons voted, in 1823, the sum of £150,000, and also an extra tax of sixpence per ton on all coals entering the port of London, which, with the revenues of the Bridge House estates, amounting in 1820 to upwards of £25,000, would, it was thought, be sufficient for the purpose. In about six years the bridge was completed, and was opened in state on the 1st of August, 1831, by King William IV.

It does not appear that there was any bridge over the Thames at London in the time of the Romans; nor is it exactly known when a bridge was first erected. Mention is made of one as existing at the time of the invasion by Sweyn, the father of Canute, and after this period, notices of a bridge between London and Southwark are continually occurring. There is a legend that the bridge was built by Mary Overy, the daughter of the ferryman who plied at this passage in the East Saxon times; and that she also erected the church of St. Mary Overy, which was named after her. There is mention of this legend by Stow and other writers. There is also a scarce tract of thirty pages, entitled "The True History of the Life and Sudden Death of old John Overy, the Rich Ferryman of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness; and of his daughter Mary, who caused the church of St. Mary



Overy, in Southwark, to be built, and of the building of London Bridge."

At first the bridge was built entirely of wood, and may be supposed to have been but a rude and crazy structure, for foot passengers only. In the year 1091, a violent flood carried it away entirely; and at the same time 600 houses were blown down by a hurricane. Rufus, the then king, undertook sometime afterwards to restore it at his own cost, without burdening the citizens, who were suffering severely from other casualties,—a fire having broken out in the year succeeding the floods, which had destroyed 700 houses. Rufus at first endeavoured to raise money from the clergy; but failing in his purpose, he was compelled at last to lay a tax upon the citizens. The bridge thus erected was not much more substantial or handsome than its predecessor. It was nearly destroyed by fire about forty years afterwards; but although repaired at considerable cost, it was found, in 1163, to be in so ruinous a condition as to render its removal necessary. In that year, says Stow, it was not only repaired, but *new made* of timber as afore, by Peter of Colechurch, priest and chaplain.

In a few years this also was found to be unsafe; and the citizens, wearied out with continually rebuilding or repairing an unsubstantial structure, determined to erect a bridge of stone, strong enough to bid defiance to the elements, and to last for generations. The undertaking was entrusted to Peter of Colechurch, the most celebrated architect of the day; and the foundations were laid about the year 1176, a little to the westward of the old wooden bridge, which appears to have been suffered to remain until the completion of the new one.

The manner of laying the foundation of this stone bridge has also been variously represented. Stow, in his "Survey," gives it as his opinion, that on this occasion the river, in this part, was left entirely dry, by turning the current of the Thames, in a channel cut from Rotherhithe to Battersea. This, however, is mere conjecture, and appears improbable, from the great difficulty and immense expense of such an undertaking.

The king is said to have assisted in this great work, and to have levied a tax upon wool for the purpose, whence arose the popular saying, which was long believed literally, that "London Bridge was built upon woolpacks." Peter of Colechurch spent twenty-nine years of his life in this work, and died at last four years before its completion, and was buried within the centre pier, in the crypt of a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas. Cardinal

de Petraleone, the Pope's legate, and Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, severally contributed a thousand marks to the work, and other influential persons also aided it with their purse, and the bridge was completed in 1209.

The city, after the death of Peter Colechurch, committed the care of the work to Serle Mercer, William Almaine, and Benedict Botewrite, merchants of London, to get it completed; and, it is probable, they employed one Isenbert, the builder of the bridges at Xainctes and Rochelle, by the recommendation of King John himself, with a scheme to build houses on London Bridge, to be appropriated to repair, maintain, and uphold the same; which recommendation is recorded in the Tower of London.

It is probable that the city did not honour this recommendation in the manner that the master Isenbert expected, or agreeable to his majesty's desires, for we find no mention of this architect in the city or bridge records; and the king, in the seventh year of his reign (three years before the finishing of the stone bridge), took the custody of London Bridge from the mayor, and granted it to one friar West, and obliged the city to appoint certain void spaces within their walls for buildings to be applied for its support.

Gates appear to have been erected at each end, and a row of wooden houses on each side, besides the chapel of stone in the midst, already mentioned. The tenants of the houses had scarcely taken possession, however, when a dreadful calamity occurred, which is said to have occasioned the death of three thousand people. We borrow Stow's account of the catastrophe:—

“In the yeer of 1212, on the 10th of July, at night, the borough of Southwark, upon the south side of the river of Thames, as also the church of our Lady of the Canons (St. Mary Overy's) there being on fire, and an exceeding great multitude of people passing the bridge, either to extinguish or quench it, or else to gaze and behold it; suddenly the north part by blowing of the south wind was also set on fire, and the people, which were even now passing the bridge, perceiving the same, would have returned, but were stopped by the fire; and it came to pass, that as they stayed or protracted the time, the other end of the bridge also, namely, the south end, was fired, so that the people thronging themselves between the two fires did nothing else but expect present death. There came to their aid many ships and vessels, into which the multitude so unadvisedly rushed, that the ships

were thereby sunk and they all perished. It was said that, through the fire and shipwreck, there were destroyed about three thousand persons whose bodies were found in part or half burned, besides those that were wholly burnt to ashes and could not be found."

The bridge itself, though substantially built of stone, appears to have suffered greatly from this calamity, and to have been inefficiently repaired.

In 1218, in the letters-patent of Edward I., it is stated that, unless some speedy remedy be applied, "not only the sudden fall of the bridge, but also the destruction of innumerable people dwelling upon it may be feared." In the winter of the following year, nothing having been done in the meantime, five of the arches were carried away by the ice, and the bridge was so decayed, that, as Stow says, "people were afraid to pass thereon." Its state was now such that the citizens were obliged to apply to the king for relief and aid to repair it: and his majesty, by letters-patent, empowered the bridge-keeper to ask and receive the charity of his well-disposed subjects, throughout the kingdom.

These were followed by other letters from his majesty to the clergy of all degrees, recommending their contributions to this work; and commanding them to exhort the people thereto. And finding that this was ineffectual to raise the sums required for so expensive a work, his majesty empowered the city to take a certain toll for three years, to be applied to the repairs of the said bridge; viz., "For every man on foot, bringing merchandize, or other things saleable, and passing over the said bridge, and he taking himself to other parts, one farthing; of every horseman passing that bridge, and he taking himself to other parts, as aforesaid, with merchandize, or other saleable things, one penny; of every saleable pack, carried and passing over the bridge, one half-penny."

The matter was now undertaken in earnest, and the bridge put into such a complete state of repair, that we hear no more of it for nearly one hundred and fifty years. On the 14th of January, 1437, it is recorded by Stow, "that the great stone gate, and tower standing upon it, next to Southwark, fell suddenly down into the river, carrying with it two of the fairest arches of the bridge." This damage was repaired; and the bridge, although various casualties occurred at different times—though the houses upon it were burnt down—and though the arches now and then gave way, lasted until the year 1831, when the new bridge

having been finished, the demolition of the old one was completed. It was 915 feet long, 43 feet high, and contained originally twenty unequal arches, afterwards reduced to nineteen by the throwing of two of the smallest of them into one. It was for centuries the only thoroughfare across the Thames, and prior to the erection of Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, a scene of much greater bustle and traffic than any of the metropolitan bridges are now. A very aged barber of Bishopsgate, to whom the author was in the habit of going to be shaved, that he might glean information relative to the state of old London Bridge, and who remembered it in 1750, informed him that at that time, "people were sometimes an hour before they could get over the bridge, in consequence of the narrowness of the street, and the carts and coaches being so thick in the middle of the day."

And now having said so much of the outward and visible structure of the old bridge, let us say a few words on its more secret and intimate history. "I consider London Bridge," says Mr. Smith, "to have been, from its earliest period, the greatest of all thoroughfares; and, in this opinion, the readers of good old Stow may probably coincide with me, when they recollect the frequent notices his invaluable book affords of the splendid, as well as various processions made over this venerable bridge into the city, and the many high characters who were escorted from the metropolis over it into the Borough, when on their way to Dover for foreign parts."

The reader of those authors who have more particularly dwelt upon the amusements of Queen Elizabeth and King James I., can easily imagine the tribes of pedestrians who must have passed over that fabric, in order to witness the cruel sports of the bear-garden, or enjoy the rational amusement afforded them by Shakspeare at the Globe Theatre. We would think of it as it was after Peter of Colechurch had erected a wider and more commodious structure, and before houses on each side had narrowed the pathway. On St. George's day, 1390, there was a grand tournament upon it, the combatants being a knight of Scotland and one of England—Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and John de Wells. Richard II. was present on the bridge to witness the sports, with a splendid retinue of his nobility. In the reign of the same king, so great a crowd assembled on the bridge to hail him and his young bride, Isabel of France, on their triumphal entry from Southwark, that nine persons were crushed to death. After the battle of Agincourt, Henry V. was met by



the citizens on Blackheath, and conducted in triumph into London; and on this occasion the bridge was the scene of a splendid pageant. There was a large figure of a giant at the gate, "full grim of might, to teach the penal men curtesye," says Lydgate; at the drawbridge two towers were erected, with figures of antelopes and lions, and St. George, surrounded by crowds of angels. On the return of the young king, Henry VI., after his coronation at Paris, he was met at Blackheath in a similar manner. When the cavalcade arrived at the middle of the bridge, there was also a giant, "a mighty giant," says Stow, "standing with a sword drawn in his hand, having written certain speeches in metre of great rejoicing and welcoming of the king to the city." On the marriage of the same prince with Margaret of Anjou, in 1445, there were similar displays on the bridge. At the Southwark side there was "a pageant of peace and plenty," and an imitation of Noah's ark in the middle of the bridge, ballad-singers being stationed at each, to chaunt certain verses of welcome in Latin and English. On the bridge, in the same reign, was a serious conflict between Jack Cade's men and the citizens under the command of Matthew Gough, which lasted the whole night from the setting to the rising of the sun, and in which several persons were killed on both sides, including the brave Gough himself, and one of the aldermen named Lutton. In 1468 an attack was made on the bridge by one Sir Geoffrey Gates, who had been driven out of the city for plundering the houses of the foreign merchants in Mark Lane, or, as it was then called, Blanch Appleton, at the head of a gang of ruffians. Gates was repulsed by the citizens, who defended the bridge valiantly against him; and in revenge he pillaged Southwark, Bermondsey, and all the villages on the Thames, to the south and east of London. Some of his gang were afterwards captured and hanged in Smithfield; but Gates himself escaped. A still more serious attack was made on the bridge, three years afterwards, by Thomas Nevil, better known as the Bastard of Falconbridge. His object was to release Henry VI., then a captive in the Tower; and he marched for that purpose into Southwark, at the head of 17,000 men. The citizens, however, who were devoted to the house of York, made head against him, and fortified the bridge. After a desperate battle, the assailant was repulsed with great loss; and being afterwards apprehended, with nine of his followers, they were all executed, and their heads were stuck upon the bridge upon pikes, where they rotted in the sun till they crumbled to pieces.

The same sort of attack was made by Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the interest of Lady Jane Grey, and with a similar result.

London Bridge, during these unhappy ages, offered a melancholy spectacle. For two centuries the eyes of the passengers were constantly offended by the sight of human heads upon poles, black, and rotting to the weather. The head of the great Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, was one of the earliest exposed from this fearful place. Lord Saye's; Jack Cade's, and those of about a dozen of his followers; Falconbridge and his men's, already noticed; the head of Sir Thomas More; and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, may also be mentioned among the number. Fisher was executed on the morning of the 22nd of June, and, according to his biographer, Hall, his head would have been set up on the traitors' tower that same night, but that it was kept to be first shown to the queen, Anne Boleyn. The next day, however, continues Hall, "the head, being parboiled, was prickt upon a pole, and set on high upon London Bridge, among the rest of the holy Carthusians' heads that suffered death lately before him. And here I cannot omit to declare unto you the miraculous sight of this head, which, after it had stood up for the space of fourteen days upon the bridge, could not be perceived to waste nor consume, neither for the weather, which was then very hot, neither for the parboiling in hot water, but grew daily fresher and fresher, so that in his lifetime he never looked so well; for his cheeks being beautified with a comely red, the face looked as though it had beholden the people passing by, and would have spoken to them. \*

\* \* Wherefore, the people coming daily to see this strange sight, the passage over the bridge was so stopped with their going and coming, that almost neither cart nor horse could pass; and, therefore, at the end of fourteen days, the executioner was commanded to throw down the head in the nighttime into the river of Thames, and in place thereof was set the head of the most blessed and constant martyr, Sir Thomas More, his companion and fellow in all his troubles, who suffered his passion the 6th of July next following."

Sir Thomas More's head remained on the bridge for several months, and was about to be removed and thrown into the Thames, to make room for the head of a new victim, when it was purchased by his pious daughter, Margaret Roper, and buried in the family vault of her husband. The body of the philosopher and statesman was buried in Chelsea church.

Hentzner, the German, who travelled in England in the reign

of Elizabeth, counted no less than thirty of these hideous skulls upon it at one time. The top of the drum on which they were exposed on the Southwark side, is represented as having been like a butcher's shambles. There was a cooking apparatus on it, in which heads and quarters of unhappy wretches were boiled in pitch, that they might be the longer preserved for the delectation of a barbarous government and a brutalized people. The reader who wishes for further information, may find it in Thomson's "*Chronicles of London Bridge*,"—a work so complete in its kind, as to render any attempt to supersede it quite hopeless.

Among the romantic stories related in connection with the bridge, the true love story of Edward Osborn must not be omitted. Osborn, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth, was apprentice to Sir William Hewett, a rich clothworker, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London, who resided on the bridge. Sir William had an only daughter, an infant, and as Osborn was at his work, he saw the child fall from the arms of a servant, who was standing at the window, into the Thames. He instantly sprang out of the window, and brought the child safely to the shore. As she grew up to womanhood she bestowed her love upon the apprentice, and afterwards married him, although the Earl of Shrewsbury was a suitor for her hand. Osborn himself became Lord Mayor of London, and was the founder of the present ducal family of Leeds.

Among other noted residents upon the bridge was Hans Holbein. "The father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford," Walpole relates, "passing over London Bridge, was caught in a shower; and, stepping into a goldsmith's shop for shelter, he found there a picture of Holbein—who had lived in that house—and his family. He offered the goldsmith £100 for it, who consented to let him have it, but desired first to show it to some persons. Immediately after happened the fire of London, and the picture was destroyed."

Peter Monary, another painter, but of less eminence, is related by Walpole to have received the first rudiments of his education and taste for his art, from a sign painter on London Bridge. Dominic Serres, a marine-painter, is also said to have kept a shop on the bridge. The booksellers were for many years the chief denizens of the structure. Many of the old tracts and ballads of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, are printed for traders on the bridge; several of them are mentioned in Thomson's "*Chronicles*."

To the right of the new bridge is the magnificent new hall of the Fishmongers' Company. This building occupies one of the finest situations in the city, standing at the south-west angle of the north approach to the new London Bridge, towards which it presents an elevation of 160 feet in length.

Owing to the great height of the bridge roadway above Thames Street, a substructure of more than 30 feet was necessary, which is cased with Haytor granite, and harmonizes with the architecture of the bridge. An arcade supporting a spacious terrace, being formed towards the river, conceals the principal entrance to the fireproof warehouses, which extend under the whole of the building, and yield a considerable rental.

On this granite platform is raised an edifice of the Grecian Ionic order—simple in its character, and adapted to the peculiarities of the situation, amongst which it may be remarked that the water-steps and the gigantic piers at the commencement of the bridge, so far interfere with the eastern front of the building, as to have rendered impracticable a central entrance approachable for carriages; this difficulty, however, has been met without any perceptible sacrifice of uniformity, although the entrance is unavoidably placed out of the centre of the building. The south front, above the terrace, presents an attached hexastyle supporting a pediment. The east front is enriched with pilasters and columns in the centre, having an attic above, in the front of which are placed the arms of the company; and two emblematical bassi-relievi of sea-horses are introduced on each side. The north front has simply a continuation of the same entablature, which is carried round the other front of the building, supported by pilasters.

The principal entrance is from Adelaide Place, through a spacious hall (in connection with which are the business offices of the company) communicating with a corridor of considerable extent, separated from the great staircase, by a screen of columns of polished Aberdeen granite, the peculiar beauty and appropriateness of which are very striking. A mirror of large dimensions, set in a marble architrave, is so placed as to reflect three columns and the central flight of stairs, at the head of which stands a finely-executed statue of a celebrated member of the company, Sir William Walworth, represented in the act of striking with his dagger the rebel Wat Tyler, which is commemorated by the following lines placed on the pedestal:—



“ Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Maior yt slew  
Rebellious Tyler in his alarmes,  
The King therefore did give in lieu  
The dagger to the Citye’s arms.

In the 4th year of Richard II., anno domini 1381.”

The upper part of the staircase is enriched with Sienna scagliola columns and pilasters, and lighted by stained glass windows. From the centre of the spacious landing is the principal entrance to the great banqueting-hall, and at each extremity a door leads to other of the principal apartments. That to the right opens into an ante-room with a highly-enriched domical ceiling; thence the court dining-room is entered, which faces the river, and is a finely proportioned room, forty-five feet long, thirty feet broad, and twenty feet high.

The ceiling is of a bold and simple character, surrounded by a cove springing from behind a range of antifixæ, with which the cornice is surmounted. The walls are framed into panels with enriched mouldings; in those over the door, bassi-relievi are introduced. Above the chimney-piece, at each end of the room, is placed a mirror of large dimensions, reflecting almost interminably a splendid silver chandelier, suspended in the centre of the room.

The adjoining apartment is the court dining-room, which has a highly-decorated ceiling, with a Corinthian entablature supported on each side of the fireplace by scagliola pilasters, with mirrors between them. The furniture of this room is of green damask silk and rosewood, with richly carved and gilt cornices to the curtains and frames for the mirrors. We must notice the remarkably fine view from the windows of this room, embracing the river for a considerable extent, with the bridge and the distant hills of Kent and Surrey.

The principal apartment remains yet to be described: this is the great banqueting-hall, which occupies the centre of the east front of the building, and is seventy-three feet in length, thirty-eight feet in width, and thirty-three feet in height. The ceiling is an elliptic cone with sunk panels springing from a highly-enriched entablature, supported by Sienna scagliola pilasters of the Corinthian order, forming compartments round the room, in the upper part of which are suspended the armorial bearings of the benefactors, and past prime wardens of the company; whilst at one end of the hall is introduced, in stained glass, the royal arms, and those of the company at the opposite end. The arms of the city and of the twelve principal companies are emblazoned

on the front of the music gallery. The introduction of heraldic insignia into a Grecian hall is novel; but by the arrangement adopted, its material interference with the architecture is avoided, and a striking effect produced, especially when lighted up by eight chandeliers of remarkably chaste design, so contrived that the introduction of the light is instantaneous.

The livery drawing-room communicates with the great hall, and completes the suite of apartments devoted to festive purposes.

The architect of this handsome building was Mr. Henry Roberts.

The old hall of the Fishmongers stood about 150 yards west of the old bridge, facing the Thames. It was a capacious edifice of brick and stone, and had two handsome fronts. The grand or fore-front entrance was from Thames Street, by a handsome passage, leading into a large square court paved with flat stones, and encompassed by the great hall, the court-room for the assistants, and other grand apartments, with galleries. These were of handsome construction, and supported by Ionic columns, with an arcade. The back-front, or that next the Thames, had a grand double-flight of stone-steps, leading to the first apartments from the wharf. The door was adorned with Ionic columns, and these supported an open pediment, in which was a shield, with the arms of the company. The windows were ornamented with stone cases, and the quoins of the building were wrought with a handsome rustic. Within was the statue of Sir William Walworth, knight, fishmonger. There was also a screen, with a golden bust under the pediment. The chandelier in the hall was accounted the most elegant piece of furniture of its kind.

The Fishmongers' Company is the fourth upon the list of the city corporations, and have, at all times that there is mention of guilds of fraternities in London, been remarkable for their hospitality and magnificence. They were originally two bodies, viz., stock-fishmongers and salt-fishmongers; and both of them had no less than six halls: two in Thames Street, two in New Fish Street, and two in Old Fish Street; and were in such reputation for valuable members, that six lord mayors were chosen out of them in twenty-four years. But they were detected in such frauds in their dealings, that the parliament, in 1382, enacted, that no fishmonger should for the future be admitted mayor of the city. However, this prohibition was taken off in the next year. But, in 1384, these, as well as all others concerned in furnishing the city with provisions, were put under the immediate direction of the lord mayor and aldermen, by another act of parliament.

The salt-fishmongers were incorporated A.D. 1343; the stock-fishmongers not till 1509. But this separation proving prejudicial to both, they united, and obtained a charter from King Henry VIII., in 1536, by which they were incorporated by the name of "the wardens and commonalty of the mystery of Fishmongers of the city of London." At present it is a livery company, and very rich. They have had near fifty of them lord mayors; and are governed by a prime and five other wardens, and a court of assistants.

Descending by the steps of the bridge, we pass under one of the dry arches that crosses Thames Street, and proceed to the ancient highway which was the approach to the old structure. St. Magnus Church is the first object that claims attention. It was rebuilt after the fire, by Sir Christopher Wren. It was formerly in the patronage of the abbots and convents of Westminster and Bermondsey, who alternately presented to the living; but at the dissolution was transferred to the Bishop of London and his successors, who still continue to hold it. The present edifice was begun in 1676, but the steeple was not completed till 1705.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Monument described—Account of the Fire of London—Plans for rebuilding—Origin of the Fire—Suicides committed from the Monument—Billingsgate and its neighbourhood, formerly the chief place for eating-houses—A harbour for vessels—The first Custom House—The New Custom House—The Tower; some account of the ancient fortress—Fatal result of the attempted escape of the son of the Prince of Wales—Escape of Roger Mortimer—Execution there of Sir John Mortimer—Sir William Wallace a prisoner here; his execution—Brutal excesses of the Wat Tyler rioters; murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Saye murdered—Gallant defence of this fortress by Lord Sciles; Henry VI. a prisoner here—Duke of Clarence and Lord Hastings imprisoned here: their deaths—Murder of the young Princes—Execution of Sir William Stanley, and other partizans of Perkin Warbeck—Melancholy fate of the Earl of Warwick—Execution of Empson and Dudley—Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, his trial and execution.

PROCEEDING northwards, we come to the Monument, one of the most remarkable of the public buildings of London—remarkable

in itself, and still more remarkable for the melancholy event it was erected to commemorate. It was begun by Sir Christopher Wren in 1671, and finished in 1677. It is a handsome pillar of the Doric order, 202 feet in height from the pavement. The diameter of the shaft or body of the column is 15 feet; the ground plinth, or lowest part of the pedestal, is 28 feet square; and the pedestal in height is 40 feet. Over the capital is an iron balcony, encompassing a cone 32 feet high, supporting a blazing urn of gilt brass. Within is a large staircase of black marble, containing 345 steps, each ten inches and a half broad, and six inches thick. The west side of the pedestal is adorned with a curious emblem in alt relief, denoting the destruction and restoration of the city. The first female figure represents the city of London, sitting in ruins in a languishing posture, with her head dejected, hair dishevelled, and her hand carelessly lying on her sword. Behind is Time, gradually raising her up; at her side a woman gently touching her with one hand, whilst a winged sceptre in the other directs her to regard the goddesses in the clouds, one with a cornucopia denoting Plenty, the other with a palm-branch, the emblem of Peace. At her feet is a bee-hive, showing that by industry and application the greatest misfortunes are to be overcome. Behind Time, are citizens exulting at his endeavours to restore her; and beneath, in the midst of the ruins, is a dragon, who, as supporter of the city arms, with his paw endeavours to preserve the same. Opposite the City, on an elevated pavement, stands Charles II. in a Roman habit, with a laurel on his head and a truncheon in his hand; and, approaching her, commands three of his attendants to descend to her relief. The first represents the Sciences, with a winged head and circle of naked boys dancing thereon, and holding Nature in her hand, with her numerous breasts, ready to give assistance to all; the second is Architecture, with a plan in one hand, and a square and pair of compasses in the other; and the third is Liberty, waving a hat in the air, showing her joy at the prospect of the City's speedy recovery. Behind the king, stands his brother the Duke of York, with a garland in one hand to crown the rising city, and a sword in the other for her defence. And the two figures behind are Justice and Fortitude; the former with a coronet, and the latter with a reined lion: and under the royal pavement, in a vault, lieth Envy, gnawing a heart, and incessantly emitting pestiferous fumes from her envenomed mouth. And in the upper part of the plinth,



the reconstruction of the city is represented by builders and labourers at work upon houses.

The extent of damage on that fearful occasion is correctly stated on the Monument; but the dry detail conveys no true idea of the horrors of the scene. The fire broke out in the house of a man named Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane, close to the spot where the monument now stands; and the adjoining houses, being chiefly of lath and plaster, and London being full of narrow thoroughfares, in which the houses were principally constructed of the same materials, the flames spread with the most extraordinary rapidity. There was no supply of water: the weather had for months previously been remarkably dry, and a strong easterly wind was blowing; so that every circumstance combined to render the calamity as extensive as it was dreadful, and impressed the people with the belief that the fire was no accidental visitation, but the visible manifestation of the wrath of an offended Deity. The fire began after twelve o'clock on the night of the 2nd of September, 1666.

Both Evelyn and Pepys refer to the utter helplessness of the people in this calamity. Another eye-witness, in a letter preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, also observes, that they made little or no effort to arrest the progress of the fire. The writer accompanied the Duke of York, day by day, through the district included between Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and the Thames, and complains that their exertions to check the increase of the flames were impeded at every step by the superstition of the people. They believed in a prophecy of Mother Shipton, which said that London should be destroyed by fire, and therefore took no means to stay a calamity which they considered inevitable. In the popular editions of "Mother Shipton," printed after the event, the prophecy runs thus:—

"When fate to England shall restore,  
A king to reign as heretofore;  
Great death in England shall be though  
And many houses be laid low."

Here, then, events are predicted—after they had occurred—viz., the restoration of Charles II., and the great plague and great fire of London. A son of Sir Kenelm Digby, who was a pretender to the gift of prophecy, persuaded the people that it was written in the great book of fate, that London must be destroyed; and hundreds who might have rendered valuable assistance and saved whole parishes from devastation, folded their arms and looked on. In the "*Vrayes Cent' unes et Pro-*

*pheties de Maistre Michel Nostradamus*," published at Amsterdam in 1668 (two years after the fire), there is a prophecy of the same event; and the frontispiece of the volume represents a large city in flames, which is ascertained to be London, by the bridge, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Saviour's Southwark, and other buildings.

After all danger was over, the two first things done by the government were to think of some plan for the rebuilding of the city, and to institute an inquiry into the origin of the fire. Sir Christopher Wren and John Evelyn were both ready with plans within a few days. Both of them have been published by the Society of Antiquaries, and it may be considered a loss, even to the present day, that Wren's was not adopted. Besides several large and wide streets which he would have laid out on the site of numerous narrow courts and alleys, his plan comprehended a line of quays or public walks on the banks of the Thames—a vast improvement to so populous a city as London, and the necessity for which is just now beginning to be felt. There wants but this to make London the finest city in the world.

Wren was appointed surveyor-general and architect for repairing the whole city. "He took to assist him," says the "*Parentalia*," "Mr. Robert Hook, professor of geometry in Gresham College, to whom he assigned the business of measuring, adjusting, and setting out the ground of the private street houses to the several proprietors, reserving all the public works to his own peculiar care and direction. Immediately after the fire, he took an exact survey of the whole area and confines of the burning, having traced over, with great trouble and hazard, the great plain of ashes and ruins, and designed a plan or model of a new city, in which the deformity and inconveniences of the old town were remedied; enlarging the streets and lanes, and carrying them as near parallel to one another as might be, avoiding, if compatible with greater conveniences, all acute angles, by seating all the parochial churches conspicuous and insular; by forming the most public places into large piazzas, the centre of six or eight ways; by uniting the halls of the twelve chief companies into one regular square annexed to Guildhall; by making a quay on the whole bank of the river, from Blackfriars to the Tower. The practicability of the scheme, without loss to any man, or infringement of any property, was at that time demonstrated, and all material objections fully weighed and answered. The only, and as it happened,

insurmountable difficulty remaining, was the "obstinate averseness of great part of the citizens to alter their old properties, and to recede from building their houses again on the old ground and foundations, as also the distrust in many, and unwillingness to give up their properties, though for a time only, into the hands of public trustees or commissioners, till they might be dispensed to them again with more advantage to themselves than was otherwise possible to be effected." Neither Wren nor Evelyn's plan was, therefore, carried into effect, "and the opportunity was lost," says the "Parentalia," "of making the new city the most magnificent as well as commodious for health and trade of any upon earth." Nevertheless, although a great advantage was thrown away, the new city that arose was far superior to the old—streets were widened, brick houses erected instead of wooden ones, and, greatest benefit of all, London freed from the plague. Good thus resulted from evil; and London, which up to that time had been the very nest of pestilence, was burnt into wholesomeness, and has since had no return of the fearful scourge that used so frequently to visit it. Whilst the city was in course of being rebuilt, various temporary offices were raised for the public accommodation, both with respect to divine worship and to general business. Gresham College, which had escaped the flames, was converted into an Exchange and Guildhall, and the Royal Society removed its sittings to Arundel House. The affairs of the Custom-House were transacted in Mark Lane; the business of the Excise Office was carried on in Southampton Fields, near Bedford House (the present Southampton Row, Russell Square); the General Post Office was removed to Bridges Street, Covent Garden; the offices of Doctors' Commons were held at Exeter House, in the Strand; and the King's Wardrobe was consigned from Puddle Wharf to York Buildings.

An act was passed for constituting a court of judicature to settle all differences that might arise between landlords and tenants, in respect of premises destroyed, the court consisting of the judges of the King's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer; and another act for regulating the building and expediting the works. By the latter it was enacted, that there should be four kind of houses, raised of dimensions corresponding with a table which was annexed; that all the new buildings should be of stone or brick, with party walls, and erected within three years; that the prices of materials and labour should be regulated by the judges of the King's Bench in case of attempted imposition;

that all workmen employed should be free of the city for seven years, and, provided they wrought in the rebuilding during that entire period, should afterwards have the freedom for life ; that the corporation should have full power to widen streets, passages, and other thoroughfares, and to make new ones ; that an anniversary fast should be kept in perpetual memory of the conflagration, which should also be commemorated by a column of brass or stone ; that a spacious wharf, forty feet in breadth, should extend by the river side from Tower Wharf to the Temple Stairs ; and that to enable the city to accomplish the work mentioned in the act, one shilling duty should be paid on every chaldron of coals brought into the port of London. We have seen that one of the provisions of the act, and one most important to the health and beauty of the city, was never carried into effect.

The inquiry into the origin of the fire proceeded rapidly. Nothing could eradicate the belief from the popular mind that it was the work of French and Papist incendiaries ; and various circumstances were elicited during the inquiry which tended to confirm that opinion. Farryner, the baker, in whose house it began, stated on his examination, that it was utterly impossible that the fire in his house could have been the result of accident ; that he had, as was his usual custom, gone through every part of his house after twelve o'clock that night, and found no fire but in one chimney, where the room was paved with bricks, and which fire he diligently raked up in embers. The committee of the House of Commons who examined Farryner and other witnesses, made their report to the House on the 22nd of January after the fire, in which several curious circumstances are stated. A letter from Alanson (Alençon), written on the 23rd of August, ten days before the fire, from one Duval to Monsieur Herault in London, says, " They acquaint me with the truth of certain news which is common in this country, that a fire from heaven is fallen upon a city called Belke, situated on the side of the river of Thames, where a world of people have been killed and burned, and houses also consumed." The word Belke was thought to be a " word of cabal," by which those who were in the secret knew that London was meant. One Elizabeth Styles, who seems to have turned a cold ear to the love speeches of a Frenchman in the service of Sir Vere Fane, reported to the committee that this Frenchman had said to her in the April before the fire, " You English maids will like the Frenchmen better when there is not a house left between Temple Bar



and London Bridge;" to which she replied, "I hope your eyes will never see that." He rejoined, "this will come to pass between June and October." The committee reported other conversations of a similar kind; but the chief evidence was the confession of Robert Hubert, a watchmaker of Rouen, in Normandy, who acknowledged that he set fire to the house of Mr. Farryner, by putting a fireball at the end of a pole, and lighting it with a piece of match, which he put in at the window. He did this he said at the instigation of one Stephen Piedloe, who came out of France with him, and had three and twenty accomplices, of whom Piedloe was the chief. They were all instigated, he said, by some persons at Paris, whom he did not know, and the only reward he ever received was one pistole, and the promise of two more. Several people swore that they saw men throwing fireballs into the houses. Daniel Weymanset Ery "saw a man apprehended near the Temple with his pockets stuffed with some combustible matter." Dr. John Parker "saw some combustible matter thrown into a shop in the Old Bailey, whereupon he saw a great smoke and felt a smell of brimstone." Three witnesses agreed that they saw a man fling something into a house near St. Antholin's Church, where there was a fire before, and that immediately the house was in flames. Mr. Richard Harwood being near the Feathers Tavern, by St. Paul's, on the 4th of September, "saw something through a grate in a cellar, which by the sparkling and spitting of it, he could judge to be no other than wildfire, whereupon he gave notice to some soldiers, who were near him, who caused it to be quenched." All these circumstances were held to be conclusive of the guilt of some persons, and every one thought they could be no other than papists. The "fireballs" and "wildfire" admit of easy explanation. Pepys, in the passage of his "Diary" we have already quoted, remarks, that the fireflakes or embers from the burning houses were carried by the high wind to different and distant parts of the city, and there set fire in quarters which had hitherto escaped. The wildfire seen by Mr. Harwood, appears to have been of this description. So inconclusive did the evidence appear, that the committee confined themselves to a mere report of what had been elicited from the witnesses, and offered no opinion of their own. "As for Hubert's confession, the whole examination," says Lord Clarendon, "was so senseless, and he said many such unreasonable things, that nobody present credited anything he said. However, they durst not slight the evidence, but put

him to a particular, in which he so fully confirmed all that he had said before, that they were all surprised with wonder, and knew not afterwards what to say or think. They asked him if he knew the place where he first put fire? He answered that he knew it very well, and would show it to any body. Upon this the chief justice and many aldermen who sat with him, sent a guard of substantial citizens with the prisoner, that he might show them the house, and they first led him to a place at some distance from it, and asked him if that were it, to which he answered presently, 'No, it was lower, nearer to the Thames.' The house and all which were near it were so covered and buried in ruins, that the owners themselves, without some infallible mark, could very hardly have said where their own houses had stood; but this man led them directly to the place, described how it stood, the shape of the little yard, the fashion of the door and windows, and where he first put the fire, and all this with such exactness, that they who had dwelt long near it could not so perfectly have described all particulars." Notwithstanding this, Lord Clarendon was of opinion that the man was a maniac, weary of his life, and had nothing whatever to do with the fire, and adds, "that there was never any probable evidence, this poor creature's only excepted, that there was any other cause of that woeful fire than the displeasure of God Almighty." The whole case is involved in mystery—a mystery which is however lessened, and Lord Clarendon's opinions confirmed, if any reliance can be placed upon the assertion of the captain of the ship which brought Hubert to England, who swore positively that he did not land until two days after the fire. What the papists expected to gain by such wickedness has never been explained; and in the very height of the conflagration, when it might be supposed, that if they had any designs upon the government, or upon revolutionizing the country, they would have made their attempt, it does not appear that they made the slightest effort to create disturbance. Hubert, however, paid the penalty, and was hanged upon his own confession, there not being the slightest evidence of any other person to implicate him in the transaction.

Several extraordinary suicides have been committed from the top of the Monument. The first occurrence of this kind was on the 25th of June, 1750, when a weaver either fell or threw himself off. He struck the pedestal, pitched on a post in the Monument Yard, and was dashed to pieces.

The second instance occurred in 1788, when one Thomas Craddock, a baker, of Shoreditch, threw himself from the top. He was killed on the spot, though he cleared the pedestal and the iron rails.

The third instance occurred in January, 1810, when a Mr. Lyon Levi, a jeweller by profession, and about fifty years of age, chose to precipitate himself from the top, in which, striking against the pedestal, he was in a manner dashed in pieces; his ribs were forced through his waistcoat, and he was otherwise much disfigured. In the fall he is said to have turned over and over twice or thrice.

Two other more recent cases have occurred, one shortly after the other, in the summer of 1839.

After these events, it was in contemplation to close the Monument altogether from public inspection; but the motion to this effect was strenuously resisted in the Court of Common Council. It was also proposed that a sort of net-work should be made at the top, to prevent persons who felt disposed for suicide from availing themselves of this mode; and this plan was shortly afterwards adopted. Well will the view from the lofty summit repay the adventurous climber of the 365 steps that lead to it.

“Heavens! what a goodly prospect lies around!”

a wilderness of houses—a forest of spires—and the blue river, spanned with its magnificent bridges, stealing through and beautifying the whole—the one work of God, amid the congregation of the small works of man. It is a grand sight—the queen of the nations is at our feet—the eternal city lies beneath us—the city before whose triumphs and whose glories those of old Rome and Babylon sink into insignificance. That immense, dark-coloured, smoke-enveloped mass of bricks and stone is the mistress of civilization—the heart of humanity—the arbitress of the fate of the world. Commerce, and her offspring of art, science, literature, and refinement, here sit enthroned, and from here despatch their emissaries over the whole earth, aiding civilization where it has already taken root, and spreading it abroad to remotest isles and wildest nooks of the world, where it had never before penetrated. Many an hour in our young days have we passed upon this airy summit, at sunrise or sunset, or at noon; and often have we attempted, but in vain, to bribe with scanty shillings the fidelity of the guardian of the pillar, to allow us to ascend when the city was asleep, and see the

moonlight from that spot. The thing was not to be accomplished ; but in the day we were free, and hour after hour we lingered, the wind blowing sometimes with a freshness that made us hold to the iron railings for support, lest we should have been lifted off our feet, and whirled to the awful pavement beneath.

Retracing our footsteps towards the river, we proceed through Thames Street to Billingsgate, the Custom-House, and the Tower. This part of Thames Street was, in the reign of Henry II., as we learn from Fitzstephen's "Account of London," the chief place in the city for eating-houses. "Here, according to the season," says that old author, in the faithful translation of Dr. Pegge, "might be found victuals of all kinds, roasted, baked, fried, or boiled. Fish, large and small, with coarser viands, for the poorer sort, and more delicate ones for the rich, such as venison, fowls, and small birds. In case a friend arrived at a citizen's house, much wearied after a long journey, and chooses not to wait, hungered as he is, for the buying and cooking of meat, recourse is immediately had to the Thames bank above-mentioned, where everything desirable is instantly procured. No number so great of knights and strangers can either enter the city at any hour of the day or night, or leave it, but may be all supplied with provisions ; so that those have no occasion to fast too long, nor those to depart the city without their dinner. To this place, if they are so disposed, they resort, and there they regale themselves according to their abilities."

As regards some of the dainty things mentioned in the old monk's enumeration, this part of London still maintains its high character ; for here is the greatest fishmarket of London—the renowned Billingsgate, where "no number of knights and strangers can enter the city at any hour of the day or night without being supplied" with any species of fish that is in season, and of the choicest quality. The language of this spot is not so choice as its fish : all the world knows the peculiar pith and energy of the phraseology that is fashionable here : even the distant Americans sometimes condemn their too quarrelsome and abusive neighbours for using too much "Billingsgate" in their arguments. Billingsgate is an ancient place. The ward in which it is situated, and to which it gives name, is one of the oldest in the city. The chroniclers Grafton, Fabian, and others, maintain it to have been built by, and named after, a British king, called Belyn, who reigned more than 300 years before the Christian era. According to



tradition, there was a pinnacle over the gate, surmounted by a globular vessel of shining brass, in which were enclosed the ashes of that potent monarch—scarcely less potent and renowned in his day than the celebrated Lud, who is supposed by some to have given name to London itself. The place appears to have been known as a fishmarket so early as the reign of Ethelred, in 1016, who promulgated some laws for the regulation of the price of fish.

Billingsgate is also a harbour for vessels which arrive with salt, oranges, lemons, onions, and other commodities; and in summer the influx of cherries from Kent, &c., is astonishing. Here, too, the Gravesend passage-boats and Margate hoys, before the introduction of steam, used to ply for passengers: the first of these were obliged to depart, under a penalty, upon the ringing of a bell at high water. The church of St. Botolph, which stood opposite Botolph Lane in Thames Street, according to Stow, had existed ever since the time of Edward the Confessor. After it was burnt, Sir Josiah Child rented the ground where the chancel stood. In 1693 he formed out of it the passage to Botolph's Wharf.

In Stow's time this neighbourhood was mostly inhabited by Netherlanders, who paid very high rents. "The nearer," said he, "they dwell to the waterside, the more they give for houses;" a circumstance which Stow notes as remarkable, though if he had known anything of the canals of Holland, and the long lines of streets upon their banks, he would not have wondered at it.

Adjoining Billingsgate is the Custom House, a long handsome building, with a terrace-walk in the front. The first custom-house erected in London was built in 1385, by John Churchman, one of the sheriffs of London, who is said, in consequence of the general complaints of the merchants, to have erected a convenient building on the water side. Before this time there appears to have been an office for the purpose in the city. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, who was for many years "comptroller of the customs for the port of London," had resigned the office before the time that John Churchman undertook his building, and transacted his business sometimes at one place and sometimes at another; for the merchant vessels discharged their cargoes almost wherever they pleased, to the great inconvenience of the officers of the customs, and the loss of the revenue. In the year after Chaucer's appointment, great peculation was discovered in some branches of the customs, and many of the offenders were discovered and prosecuted; but not a word was ever breathed by his bitterest foe against the integrity of Geoffrey Chaucer. The

articles chiefly under the supervision of the poet were wool and hides, and there was a proviso in his deed of appointment, that he should personally execute the office, and keep the account of it with his own hands.

In the year 1559, in consequence of the merchant vessels discharging their cargoes at various places down the river, an act was passed which compelled them to proceed with their goods to the new custom-house. This edifice was destroyed in the great fire, and another was erected shortly afterwards, at an expense of £10,000. This building met the same fate as its predecessor, having been burned down in January, 1714, along with 120 adjoining houses in Thames Street. It was again rebuilt at the expense of government, and lasted just a century, when it was for the third time destroyed by a fire, which broke out on the 12th of February, 1814. Property to an immense amount was consumed; ten houses opposite were burned down, and three persons unfortunately lost their lives. A large and more commodious edifice was completed in 1817. The site was partly taken from the bed of the river, and great expense was incurred in making a sure foundation. The builder contracted for £176,000, and £12,000 additional for the piles; but when completed, the charge amounted to £346,000, and £24,000 for the piles. Notwithstanding the expense incurred, the foundation was not secure; and in January, 1825, the long room gave way, and considerable damage was done.

And now, proceeding down by the river bank, we arrive at the Tower, the most remarkable and the most ancient of all the edifices of London. According to tradition, the Tower was built by Julius Cæsar.

It seems probable that Cæsar erected a fort on this place; but the White Tower, the most ancient part of the present building, is generally allowed to have been built by William the Conqueror. Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, was the architect he employed on this occasion; and his first foundation was that which is now called the White Tower. It is situated in the centre of this fortress, and is a large square irregular building, with four watch-towers, one of which is used as an observatory.

The Tower was first enclosed by William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, the chancellor and governor of England during the first months after the absence of Richard I. on his crusading expedition. This prelate surrounded the Tower with embattled walls, and made on the outside a vast ditch, into which, in after

times, the water from the Thames was introduced. Different princes added other works. The present contents, within the walls, are twelve acres and five rods; the circuit, on the outside of the ditch, one thousand and fifty-two feet.

It was again enclosed with a mud wall by Henry III. This was placed at a distance from the ditch, and occasioned the taking down part of the city wall, which was resented by the citizens, who, pulling down this precinct of mud, were punished by the king with a fine of a thousand marks. Edward IV. built the Lions' Tower. It was originally called the Bulwark, but received the former name from its use.

In 1663, by order of Charles II., the ditch was completely cleansed, the wharfing rebuilt with brick and stone, and the sluices erected for admitting and retaining the water of the Thames. The grand storehouse was begun by James II., and finished by King William, who built the whole of the small armoury. This edifice was and is the state prison of England; and a peculiar interest attaches to the names of its hapless captives,—including so many who have left a never-dying fame. We propose to give a list of them from the earliest times.

In the reign of Henry III., when the Tower first began to assume importance, the outer walls fell down—it is supposed by an earthquake; “for the which chance,” say the old historians, “the citizens of London were nothing sorry.” Griffin, the son of Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, imprisoned in the fortress by order of this monarch, made an unfortunate attempt to escape. He formed a rope of his bedclothes and body-linen, and having eluded the vigilance of his guards, let himself down from a high tower on the northern side. Being a very heavy man, the rope gave way, and he fell and was dashed to pieces. Roger Mortimer, of Wigmore, was more successful in the reign of Edward II. The monarchs of England, with all their court, resided at that time in the Tower. Mortimer succeeded in reaching the Thames, where he took ship and sailed for France.

Sir John Mortimer, a descendant of this Roger Mortimer, was also imprisoned in the Tower, and endeavoured to make his escape. He was not so fortunate as his predecessor, but was taken on the Tower Wharf, brought to trial for high treason, condemned, and executed at Tyburn.

Perhaps the most noble prisoner ever immured within the Tower was the brave Sir William Wallace. After a short confinement he was beheaded on Tower Hill, and his head, as

we have already mentioned, affixed to a pike on London Bridge. For this deed Edward I. stands accursed by every true son of North Britain.

The rebels under Wat Tyler made brutal sport in the Tower. When the king was parleying with one party of them at Mile End, the other entered the Tower. Desperate with rage and drink, they laid hands upon Simon Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom they found in the oratory upon his knees, and having dragged him to Tower Hill, cut off his head in the most cruel manner.

Cade, who, in a succeeding age, not only imitated, but surpassed the deeds of Tyler, also allowed his followers to wreak their vengeance upon the Tower. To conciliate this strong insurgent, the weak government had committed Lord Saye to prison, but Cade was no sooner master of London than he made a sacrifice of the obnoxious nobleman. Lord Saye was taken from the Tower—underwent a mock trial at Guildhall, and was then beheaded in Cheapside. His naked and headless body was afterwards tied to a horse's tail, and dragged through the mire all the way to Southwark. His head was carried with the body that Cade might see it, and it was then affixed on London Bridge.

The next great event in connexion with the Tower was the assault made upon it in the year 1460 by the citizens, to drive out Lord Scales, who held that fortress for the Lancastrians. Lord Scales defended himself courageously, but was at length compelled to surrender. Fearful, however, that he might fall a prey to the revenge of the Londoners, he attempted to escape in disguise, and was entering a boat at the Tower stairs, when a waterman recognised him, and smote him dead upon the spot.

The most illustrious prisoner in the Tower in the succeeding reign was Henry VI. himself, who, after remaining concealed for a year after his escape from the victorious army of his rival, was seized and thrown into prison by enemies who had at that time too much contempt for him to take away his life.

After a captivity of nine years, he was destined once more to wield the sceptre. He was replaced on the throne by the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence; a mere puppet in the hands of more powerful and designing men. But his rival, though cast down, was not subdued, and in a few short months, Edward IV. was again King of England, and Henry VI.



again a prisoner in that Tower from whence his living body was never more to issue. The circumstances of his death have never been correctly ascertained; but popular belief at the time, and long afterwards, laid the guilt of his murder upon the Duke of Gloucester.

The next victim was the Duke of Clarence, whose sad story is also enshrined in the immortal pages of Shakspeare. Obnoxious to two bad brothers, he was accused of various offences, found guilty, and thrown into the Tower, where he was shortly afterwards murdered,—in what manner is uncertain. The old historians say that he was drowned in a butt of malmsey.

During the Protectorate of the Duke of Gloucester, murders were rife in the Tower. The popular Lord Hastings was accused, imprisoned, and executed within an hour; and Edward V., the young semblance of a king, and the Duke of York. Their bodies were accidentally discovered nearly two centuries afterwards, in the reign of Charles II., by whom they were interred under a marble monument with befitting ceremonies.

During the remainder of the reign of Richard, the Tower witnessed no execution of any illustrious personages. Buckingham, the chief victim, met his fate at Salisbury. There was, however, one prisoner in the Tower who was brought to the block for a rhyme. William Collingbourne, formerly high sheriff of Wilts, was found guilty of writing the libellous distich—

“ The rat, the cat, and Lovel, that dog,  
Rule all England under a hog,”

and was executed on Tower Hill in a manner peculiarly barbarous.

When Perkin Warbeck had thrown the realm into so much alarm by his pretensions, and Henry VII. was jealous of many of his nobles, he removed the court to the Tower, not for security—for the danger was not sufficiently great—but from policy, that when any noblemen were accused to him they might be invited to the Tower without raising suspicion of any evil, and there imprisoned. The first victim thus entrapped was Sir William Stanley, who was accused by Clifford, a spy deep in the confidence of the conspirators, of having afforded aid and countenance to the impostor. He was seized in the king's presence, and confined in the square tower until his

trial. He was found guilty, and was executed on Tower Hill, and his death struck great terror among the adherents of Perkin.

Three citizens of London, named Scott, Hethe, and Kenington, were the next victims. They were dragged from the sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand, cast into the Tower, tried for being concerned in the conspiracy of Perkin, and executed the next day.

Perkin himself came next. After his defeat at Exeter he took refuge in the sanctuary of Beaulieu, from whence he was persuaded to emerge, on a promise of pardon from the king. He was led in mock triumph through the streets of London, and then committed to prison. He escaped after a short detention, but being recaptured, was set in the pillory, and finally committed to the Tower. Still restless, he endeavoured to corrupt the four keepers set over him by the Lieutenant of the Tower, and drew the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, his fellow-prisoner, into an attempt to escape. Their plan was discovered, and Perkin was executed at Tyburn, along with one John à Waters, the Mayor of Cork. He died patiently and humbly, entreating the king's forgiveness for the long imposition of which he had been guilty.

The fate of the poor Earl of Warwick excited more sympathy. He was the son of the unfortunate Duke of Clarence, drowned in the Tower by King Richard, and had been immured a close prisoner in that gloomy fortress for fifteen years. He was only in his twenty-fourth year, and was still, in mind and manners, as much a child as when first imprisoned. He was the last male of the royal line of Plantagenet, and the greatest inhumanity had been exercised towards him, to shorten his life by a gradual blight of all his faculties, both mental and bodily, that at no future time he might become dangerous to the occupier of the throne of England. He was accused of forming a design against the government. The poor youth, imbecile from harshness and total seclusion from kindly faces and the light of heaven, confessed all that was laid to his charge, and was executed on Tower Hill.

This was a reign of blood, and it was not long before the Tower sent forth more victims. Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, related to the royal family of Plantagenet, rendered himself suspected of the king, and fled into Flanders.

Though Henry obtained possession of the person of the Earl of Suffolk, he did not dare to bring him to trial, and the earl

remained in the Tower a close prisoner till the death of the king. These were hard times, not only for the high in rank, but for the wealthy. The aldermen and wealthy citizens of London were often forced to pay large sums to the rapacious king, or rot in the dungeons of the Tower. Empson and Dudley, his still more rapacious instruments, delighted in fleecing an alderman. Sir William Capel was fined £2000 for some slight dereliction of duty when he was Lord Mayor of London, eleven years previously, and because he murmured at the sentence, was committed to the Tower. Alderman Harris was also singled out as a victim, and died of a broken heart in consequence. Sir Lawrence Aylmer, and the two gentlemen who had served the office of sheriff during his mayoralty, were fined in large sums for some imaginary stretch of authority many years before, and kept in close confinement in the Tower for their refusal to pay it. Most of them ultimately paid the fine, but Sir William Capel and Sir Lawrence Aylmer were resolute, and preferred the dungeons to submission to such injustice. They remained in prison till the death of Henry.

The first prisoners committed to the Tower in the reign of Henry VIII. were two men odious in the sight of the people. Henry VIII. saw how much popularity he might gain by sacrificing Empson and Dudley, and accordingly he sacrificed them.

The first of a long line of illustrious victims to Henry's fears, passions, and prejudices, was Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, thrown into the Tower and beheaded in 1521. The Lords Abergavenny and Montague were imprisoned at the time, but escaped the axe of the executioner. The Duke of Buckingham conducted himself bravely during his trial. The Duke of Norfolk, whose son had married Buckingham's daughter, was created Lord Steward, to preside at the inquisition, and upon him devolved the duty of passing sentence. He wept piteously as he uttered the words. He was led into a barge at Westminster, and landed at the Temple Stairs, and so on through the streets of London to the Tower, where on the following day he was beheaded.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Trial and death of Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn—Imprisonment of two noble lovers—Severities towards those engaged in the "Pilgrimage of Grace"—Trial and execution of the Marquis of Exeter and others—Trial and execution of Sir Nicholas Carew of Beddington—Cruel fate of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury—Trial and execution of Cromwell, Earl of Essex—Heretics tried and executed by order of Henry VIII.—Trial and acquittal of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet—Trial and execution of Queen Catherine Howard—Sir Arthur Plantagenet's death there—Queen Catherine Parr—Trial and execution of the Earl of Surrey—Execution of Lord Seymour, of Dudley—Imprisonment there of Bishop Gardiner—Fatal accident at the execution of the Protector, Somerset—Execution of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland—Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion—Execution of Lady Jane Grey—Wholesale butchery in suppression of that rebellion—Trial and acquittal of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton—Illustrious Martyrs imprisoned in the Tower—Imprisonment of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk—Horrible tortures used there, and public indignation at—The Rack—Declaration put forth by the Government—Imprisonment of Secretary Davison—Cruel fate of Sir John Perrot—Imprisonment of Lady Arabella Stuart—Trial and execution of adherents to her cause—The Conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot—The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—Trial and execution of the base instruments in this atrocity—Execution of the Earl of Somerset—Other principal prisoners during King James's reign—Warm altercation between Lord Arundel and Lord Spencer in the House of Lords—Imprisonment of Lord Arundel in Charles I.'s reign—Early asserters of the liberty of England imprisoned there by him—Sir John Hotham and his son executed—Other illustrious prisoners and victims—The Regicides—Imprisonment there of the Bishops by James II.—Judge Jeffreys imprisoned there—Lord Mohun, the Stuart rebels of 1715, Earl Ferrers, John Wilkes, &c.—The bulwarks of the Tower.

WHEN Henry next thirsted for blood, his victims were great, and innocent, and distinguished. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, was thrown into the Tower, in his extreme old age, for refusing an oath which it went against his conscience to take, and for concealing the treasonable fooleries of Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent. He remained in his dungeon for more than a twelvemonth, without a covering to keep him from the cold on the winter nights, and scarcely a rag to cover his nakedness. He was a man eminent for his learning, his piety, and his many amiable qualities. Cromwell, the secretary, relieved his necessities in secret, at the risk of his own head; but still the aged prelate remained in a pitiable state, until the knife of the executioner sent him to a better world.



Sir Thomas More, as good a man, and more celebrated, was brought to the scaffold for the very same offence. His original sentence was perpetual imprisonment, but his death was needful to the tyrant, as a warning to men of lesser note. He was brought to trial, and condemned at last for an unguarded speech to a man who had been sent as a spy upon him. He died as he had lived—serene and cheerful.

Hitherto no woman had suffered a long imprisonment within its walls, with the exception of Margaret, queen of Henry VI., ransomed by the King of France. Poor Anne Boleyn, with beauty for her dower and for her curse, was the first illustrious lady consigned to its dark dungeons—only to be brought forth to die the death of a felon.

The next prisoners of importance that the Tower received were two lovers, Lord Thomas Howard and Lady Margaret Douglas, the king's niece, and daughter of the Queen of Scots. The lady was beautiful and kind, and the lord was of a tender heart; and he plucked up courage and demanded her in marriage of the king. Henry was so indignant that he sent them both to the Tower. Lord Thomas paid a dear penalty for his love and ambition. He was shut out for life from the light of day, and died a prisoner two years afterwards. The Lady Margaret was released after her lover's death, when it was thought she had suffered sufficient punishment.

The popular discontent, excited by the priests after the suppression of the monasteries, now broke out in several parts of England. The rebels were defeated in Lincolnshire, Westmorland, and Yorkshire, and their leaders put to death by martial law, or thrown into prison. Thirteen of the most influential were, however, consigned to the dungeons of the Tower, including the Lord Darcy, Robert Aske, Sir Robert Constable, Sir John and Lady Bulmer, Sir Thomas Percy, Sir Stephen Hamilton, Sir Francis Bigod, Nicholas Tempest, and William Lumley, besides two ecclesiastics. They were not allowed to remain long in prison. Lord Darcy was beheaded on Tower Hill, Robert Aske was hanged at York, Sir Robert Constable hanged in chains at Beverley Gate, Hull, Lady Bulmer was burned as a witch in Smithfield, and the remainder hanged at Tyburn.

In the following year the unfortunate Marquis of Exeter, with Lord Montague and Sir Edward Nevil, were accused by Sir Geoffrey Pole, the brother of the cardinal and of Lord Montague, with treasonable practices. They were sent to the Tower with

their accuser and accomplice and three other persons, Holland, a sailor, and Crofts and Collins, ecclesiastics. After a short imprisonment they were brought to trial, and, on the evidence of Pole, found guilty of conspiracy, with the cardinal, against the throne and peace of England. Sir Geoffrey was pardoned; the noble traitors were beheaded on Tower Hill, and the plebeians hanged at Tyburn.

At the same time there was in the Tower another prisoner for high treason, Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, master of the king's horse. He was arraigned and found guilty, but suffered to remain for eight months in the prison, before his sentence was carried into execution. He was beheaded in March, 1537, "making," says Grafton's Chronicle, "a goodly confession, and thanking God that ever he came into the prison of the Tower, where he first savoured the life and sweetness of God's most holy word, meaning the Bible in English, which there he read by the means of one Thomas Philips, the keeper of that prison." The parliament which met in April, 1538, impeached several persons of high treason, and sent them to the Tower. Amongst them was Margaret, the hapless Countess of Salisbury, to whose family the Tower had been fatal indeed. Her father was the Duke of Clarence, put to death by order of Richard III.; her brother was the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, shut up in its dungeons from his infancy, and then beheaded by Henry VII.; and she was mother of the Lord Montague executed on the testimony of his own brother, a year previously. This unhappy lady was kept a prisoner for three years, when she shared the fate of so many of her nearest and dearest relatives upon the block. Her son, the Cardinal Pole, was impeached at the same time, but was safe from the king's vengeance beyond the seas. The other persons implicated were Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, wife of the nobleman who suffered with Lord Montague, Sir Adrian Foskew, and one Thomas Dingley. The two latter were beheaded on Tower Hill. The Marchioness of Exeter remained for some time in the Tower, but what her fate was the old historians have neglected to mention.

Next there came a solitary victim, Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the faithful and attached servant of Wolsey, and the zealous servitor of Henry VIII., so zealous, indeed, as to have forgotten the dying words of his great master, and served his king better than his God. By the intrigues of the Duke of Norfolk, uncle of the new beauty on whom the king, disgusted with the heavy and obese charms of Anne of Cleves, had fixed his lustful eyes,

Cromwell was arrested as he sat at the council table, and committed to the Tower, on a charge of high treason and heresy. His trial was immediately proceeded with; and although there was no evidence against him worthy of the name, he was condemned to death. It is said that the letter he wrote to Henry drew tears from the eyes of that monarch.

Two days afterwards the portals of the Tower were thrown open to let forth another batch of victims. Dr. Barnes, with five other persons, named Jerome, Gerrard, Powell, Featherstone and Abel, were without trial condemned as heretics, and drawn on hurdles to Smithfield and there burned. The three first mentioned were burned, and the three latter hanged.

The next victim was the Countess of Salisbury. A few days after her execution, Lord Leonard Grey, on a charge of treason in Ireland, was beheaded.

Among many prisoners at that time in the Tower, who lingered unknown and died unlamented within its walls, was Sir Thomas Wyatt, who, by a rare chance, recovered his liberty, and died at peace in his own bed.

The next prisoners of any consequence were the guilty Queen Catherine Howard, and her slanderous friend, Lady Rochford, who had lied away the life of one queen, Anne Boleyn, and who was now to die on the scaffold with another. Culpeper and Diram, the queen's paramours, were hanged at Tyburn on the 10th December, and on the 13th February following, the queen and Lady Rochford were beheaded on the Green within the Tower, dying repentant and confessing their crimes. The Duchess of Norfolk, the queen's grandmother, her uncle, Lord William Howard and his lady, the Countess of Bridgewater, her aunt, and nine other persons, were at the same time committed to the Tower for misprision of treason, in being aware of the dissolute life of the queen before her marriage and afterwards, and not revealing it. They were all sentenced to perpetual imprisonment and confiscation of their property; but those of the family of Norfolk, after some months' confinement, were pardoned and set at liberty. Many of the inferior prisoners died in the Tower.

Fifteen days after the queen's execution, Sir Arthur Plantagenet, illegitimate son of King Edward IV., died in the dungeons of the Tower. The Tower, it was expected at one time, would have received another queen for its prisoner, but Catherine Parr cleverly escaped the danger, and survived her husband.

The family of Norfolk, that had played such conspicuous parts

during this reign, lost all their power after the discovery of the guilt of Queen Catherine Howard. The Duke of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey, the brave soldier, the mirror of chivalry, and the elegant poet, were sent to the Tower on various charges of high treason. Surrey had been before this imprisoned at Windsor, but his imprisonment this time was of more serious consequence, and only ended with his life.

The trial of the Duke of Norfolk by the peers was not quite so expeditious as that of Surrey, a commoner, before an ordinary jury. The king was evidently dying before the proceedings concluded, and he sent a message to the Lords, urging them to make haste. When found guilty, the royal assent was given by commission to the warrant for his execution, on the 29th of January, 1547. The lieutenant of the Tower prepared to obey, but news arriving on the previous night that the king had just expired, the lieutenant wisely deferred the execution till he received further orders from the new government. The duke was retained in prison during all the reign of Edward VI., but was released by Queen Mary, and restored to all his honours.

The first important captive of the new reign sent within its walls was Lord Seymour of Sudely, brother of the Protector Somerset, and King Edward's uncle. The Tower and the block were the usual rewards of too ambitious or too powerful men in that age. They became the reward of Lord Seymour, and very shortly afterwards that of his more powerful brother. The next prisoner to be noticed was Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. He had been previously committed to the Fleet, and declining to give full satisfaction on the then knotty point, whether the king's council, during a minority, was to be considered supreme head of the church, he was sent to the Tower. He recovered his liberty, but was again imprisoned for neglecting to inculcate from the pulpit, at the command of the government, the duty of obedience to a king, although that king were an infant. After various examinations, he was deprived of his bishopric, and recommitted to the Tower to a still harder captivity, in which he remained, till set at liberty two years afterwards by order of Queen Mary. Bishops Bonner and Tonsal were prisoners at the same time, and were likewise released by Mary.

But the greatest prisoner of this reign was the Protector Somerset. The events of his career are too well known to need repetition. Hume has preserved but a short account of his execution; but Stow and Grafton, who were eye-witnesses, mention that an extraordinary panic arose among the people



on the occasion, the Protector being very popular. Many of the people rushed forward immediately, and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, to preserve them as sacred relics.

His duchess was also imprisoned in the Tower, but she was soon set at liberty. Sir Miles Partridge, Sir Ralph Vane, Sir Michael Stanhope, and Sir Thomas Arundel, were shortly after brought from the Tower, and beheaded for their alleged participation in Somerset's treason.

The guilty ambition of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, son of the Dudley executed by Henry VIII., at the commencement of his reign, was the means of sending to the Tower, almost immediately on the death of Edward VI., an array of victims whose numbers it is now all but impossible to ascertain. Among them stands pre-eminent one who is represented by all historians as beautiful, learned, gentle, wise, and worthy of a better fate. It was customary, at that age, for the sovereigns of England to spend the first few days after their accession in the Tower, and thither, in imitation of the rest, repaired Lady Jane Grey in regal state; dreading, perchance, what soon happened, that the Tower would change from a palace to a prison, and the collar of gold upon her neck to the sharp edge of the axe.

After a few days of trouble and sorrow, her rival was victorious, and Lady Jane and her slender court escaped from the Tower. The Duke of Northumberland was immediately arrested, and with him his four sons, the Earl of Warwick, and Lords Henry, Robert, and Ambrose Dudley; Sir Andrew Dudley, his brother; the Marquis of Northampton; the Earl of Huntingdon; Sir Thomas Palmer; and Sir John Gates. The Duke of Northumberland, with Gates and Palmer, were the first who suffered.

These executions took place on the 22nd of August. On the 2nd of September, Queen Mary, coming to the Tower, caused many prisoners to be released. Among others, the Duke of Norfolk, and Courtney, son of the Marquis of Exeter, who had been imprisoned during the whole of the last reign, with Gardiner, Tonstal, Bonner, and other prelates; altogether, about fifteen persons were set at liberty. But the Tower was none the less crowded with captives; as soon as one was released, another supplied his place. Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, and others, were confined, brought to trial, and condemned to die; but as Mary was anxious, at the beginning of her reign, not to shed more blood than she could avoid, they

were reconsigned to prison, with no immediate intention of taking their lives.

In the meantime broke out the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, which filled the dungeons of the Tower to overflowing, and hastened the last melancholy scene in the short life of Lady Jane. After an obstinate skirmish near Charing Cross, Wyatt and his confederates were overpowered. Sir Thomas Wyatt, with Cobham, Knevet, Mantel, Bret, and others were, after their capture, brought to the Tower by water. The next day, twelve more prisoners were brought in; and the lieutenant of the Tower, who seems to have been a very violent man, took the opportunity of using insulting and opprobrious language to them all.

On the 11th, Sir Henry Foley; Rampton, secretary to the Duke of Suffolk; and two other persons, were also lodged in the Tower, for participation in the same rebellion. On the 12th, Lord Guildford Dudley and his wife, the Lady Jane, were led forth to die. Lord Guildford suffered first, on the Tower Hill; but the government, dreading that the spectacle of so young and loving a couple dying together, in sight of all the people, might perhaps work upon the feelings of the multitude and goad them to insurrection, gave orders that Lady Jane should suffer on the green inside the Tower, on the same spot where Anne Boleyn, Queen Catherine Howard, and other prisoners of the most exalted rank, had yielded up their lives. Her firmness on that awful occasion is well known. She was all meekness and resignation; and almost her last words were a prayer that God and posterity would do her cause justice.

Every day prisoners were huddled into the Tower; and not only into that, but into all the prisons in London. On the 14th and 15th no less than fifty were hanged in different parts of the city; twenty pairs of gallows being required for the purpose. On the 23rd, the Duke of Suffolk was beheaded on Tower Hill; and on the 11th of April, Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Early in the following week, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was led from the Tower to the Guildhall of London, and there tried for being concerned in the same treason. He made an able and eloquent defence; the jury (rare circumstance in those days) were independent and conscientious men, and he was triumphantly acquitted.

These in their way were victims for conscience sake, but the Tower, during this reign, received more illustrious martyrs in the same cause. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, those patriarchs

of the Protestant faith, with many of less note, were long confined within its gloomy walls, preparatory to their removal to Oxford, where the stake was blazing for them. During Mary's time it was actually gorged with captives; some few guilty, and deserving of no mercy, some guilty in a minor degree, and worthy of all pity and pardon; but by far the greater number guiltless of everything.

In the long reign of Elizabeth the Tower was crammed with captives—some, it is true, most guilty, but very many most innocent and most unfortunate. What can be said of the cruelty shown towards the luckless Lady Catherine Grey, and her husband Lord Hertford?

Among the other prisoners whom love or ambition, or both combined, led to the Tower in the reign of Elizabeth, we have already mentioned the sad story of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and son of the celebrated Earl of Surrey. Various persons, implicated in his project of espousing Mary Queen of Scots, were sent with him to the Tower, amongst whom were the Scottish ambassador, Lesley, Bishop of Ross, the Earls of Arundel and Southampton, Lord Lumley, Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Stanley, Sir Thomas Gerrard, and three or four others. The Bishop of Ross claimed his privileges as an ambassador. These pleas so far weighed with Elizabeth, that she durst not bring him to trial as if he had been one of her own subjects. After an imprisonment of two years he was released and banished.

The list would be too long, were we to enumerate the names and fate of all the Jesuits and seminary priests who were committed to the Tower for conspiracies to take away the queen's life.

Among the most memorable offenders of this class, besides Campion and Bryant, were John Somerville, of Elstow; Edward Arden; Francis Throckmorton; the Earls of Arundel and Northumberland; Dr. William Parry; and Anthony Babington, in whose conspiracy fourteen persons were implicated, and suffered execution; and Lopez, who undertook to kill the queen, by poisoning the pommel of her saddle.

The story of Mr. Secretary Davison, another prisoner, is well known. He was the luckless scapegoat of his royal mistress, and became the victim, that she might appear unblemished before the world. But history has done them both justice.

The case of Sir John Perrot was still harder. Valiant, chivalrous, generous, but hot-tempered, he should have lived two

hundred years after his time, and then his fate would have been a happier one; his enemies would not have so far prevailed against him, as to have brought him to the shame of a public trial for disrespectful words of his sovereign, spoken in the heat of passion, and without treasonable meaning. He was condemned to be beheaded, drawn, and quartered.

Of the unhappy Earl of Essex, the most noted prisoner the Tower received at this period, we have already spoken in our account of his house in the Strand.

In the reign of James, the Tower was not suffered to remain tenantless. One of his first acts was to release the Earl of Southampton (Shakspeare's friend); but the vacancy thus created was soon supplied, and prisoners came pouring in with unhappy rapidity. The Lady Arabella Stuart, who, like Lady Catherine Grey, was in unfortunate proximity to the throne, became the innocent means of the imprisonment of many illustrious individuals. The true history of this lady is shrouded in mystery. The Lady Arabella was young at the time of her imprisonment, and appears to have been beautiful.

It was not, however, until nearly eight years after the accession of James, that she herself was committed to the Tower; but the imprisonment of Cobham, Grey, Raleigh, and others, who were charged with plotting to place her on the throne, occurred in the very first year of the reign of that monarch. We have already spoken of Sir Walter Raleigh, and dwelt upon the closing scene of his life, in our account of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Old Palace Yard. The persons implicated with him in the charge of an attempt to re-establish popery, and raise Arabella Stuart to the throne, were Lord Cobham and George Brook, his brother; Thomas Lord Grey, of Wilton; Sir Griffin Markham; Anthony Copley; and two Roman Catholic priests, named Watson and Clarke. These, with Raleigh, were committed to the Tower in July, 1603; and thence, in the November following, were conveyed to Winchester for trial, the term being kept in that city, in consequence of the plague that then ravaged the capital. The whole of them were found guilty; the two priests were hanged, drawn and quartered, and Lord Cobham's brother, George Brook, was beheaded. The remainder were reprieved, after they had been led forth to execution, and led back to the Tower, there to remain during the king's pleasure. The gallant Lord Grey remained in captivity for twelve years, pining away a life that might have done honour and service to his country. Cobham and Raleigh



were also imprisoned for more than twelve years, when they were released—Cobham to lead a life of poverty and wretchedness, and Raleigh to be employed in the service of the state, and then to be thrown back to his dungeon, and ultimately executed on his original sentence!

Soon after the committal of Raleigh and his companions, the Tower received an accession of inmates, in the persons of the conspirators of the famous Gunpowder Plot. The names of the prisoners were Thomas Winter, of Hoodington, in the county of Warwick, gentleman; Guy Fawkes and Robert Keyes, of London, gentlemen; and Thomas Bates, of London, yeoman. Robert Winter, Esq.; John Grant, late of Northbrook, in the county of Warwick, Esq.; Ambrose Rookwood, late of Haningfield, in the county of Sussex, Esq.; and Sir Everard Digby, late of Gotherst, in the county of Buckingham, knight, were after apprehension kept in close confinement in the dungeons of the Tower until the day of trial. On the Thursday after their trial, Digby, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates, were drawn on hurdles to the space at the west end of St. Paul's Cathedral, where they were hanged, drawn, and quartered. On the Friday, Thomas Winter, Rookwood, Keyes, and Guy Fawkes, were drawn in the same manner to the Old Palace Yard, Westminster, and suffered the same fate. They were all cut down before they were dead; their bowels taken out and burnt before their eyes; they were then beheaded and quartered; their heads placed on the awful gate of London Bridge, at Southwark, and their quarters boiled in pitch, and exposed from the other gates of the city.

The Earl of Northumberland, for being concerned in or privy to the conspiracy, was fined £30,000, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, or during the king's pleasure. Lord Mordaunt and Lord Stourton were condemned to the same imprisonment, with a fine, the first of £10,000, and the second of 5,000 marks. Besides these, were three celebrated fathers of the Jesuits, and a whole host of inferior prisoners. The Jesuits Garnet, Oldcorn, and Gerrard were several times put to the utmost extremity of torture, before they were condemned to death. Gerrard escaped from the Tower and died peaceably at Rome; but Garnet and Oldcorn underwent the terrible and disgusting punishment of the other conspirators; the former at St. Paul's, and the latter at Worcester.

The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, confined in the Tower because he would not accept of an embassy when the king requested it, is a remarkable incident in the annals of the Tower

in this reign. The cause of all his misfortunes was the Countess of Essex, who first procured his imprisonment, and afterwards his death. Overbury had dared to persuade his patron, the infamous Carr, Earl of Somerset, against marrying a woman of loose life, as she was; and she forthwith resolved to be revenged upon him. By her means an embassy was offered him, which it was known he would refuse, and he was thrown into the Tower. When here, he was subjected to a course of systematic murder in which a great number of persons were implicated, including Sir Gervase Elwes, the Lieutenant of the Tower, the Earl of Northampton, Sir Thomas Monson, and the inferior agents, Dr. Simon Forman the conjurer; and a woman who was skilled in poisoning and fortune-telling, named Turner.

This tragedy is one of the greatest blots in the character of James I. The trial of the Earl and Countess is full of mystery, and James's dreadful fears are only to be explained by a supposition that blasts his character for ever. The Earl and Countess were also condemned to death, but the threats conveyed by Rochester, that he could "tell a tale," made James afraid to sign his death-warrant. The lives of both were spared; but though James banished them from court, he restored their forfeited estates, and they lived together for many years, hating each other as much as they had formerly loved, and often passing months under the same roof, without exchanging a word.

The other principal prisoners in the Tower during the reign of James were Lord Clifton, Sir Thomas and Lady Lake, the Earl and Countess of Suffolk, Sir Francis Mitchell, Lord Arundel, Lord Bacon, and Sir Edward Coke. Lord Clifton was imprisoned for threatening the life of the Lord Keeper, and after having been more than a year in the Tower, he put a period to his own existence. Sir Thomas and Lady Lake, with their daughter, Lady Roos, were sent to the Tower for having falsely accused the Countess of Exeter of witchcraft, and of incest with her brother, Lord Roos. The Earl of Suffolk, head treasurer of the household, was imprisoned for bribery and corruption in his office, in which his lady was concerned. Their imprisonment was but short, and they were afterwards restored to their former favour at court. Sir Francis Mitchell was imprisoned for extortion upon the public innkeepers and vendors of beer and ale, deprived of his honours, fined £1,000, and kept for some years in the Tower. Lord Arundel was committed for a quarrel with Lord Spencer in the House

of Lords. The two nobles had been disputing on some events in which both their ancestors had been concerned, when Lord Arundel, nettled at some remark, said, "My lord, when these things you speak of were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep." "When my ancestors, as you say, my lord, were keeping sheep," replied Lord Spencer, "yours were plotting treason." The dispute now became so fierce and unparliamentary, that the house interfered; Lord Arundel was commanded to apologize to Lord Spencer, which he refused to do, and was thereupon committed to the Tower.

The imprisonment of the great Bacon, and the causes that led to it, are but too well known. Coke's, equally well known, reflects more credit upon his character; but it is unnecessary to dwell upon either.

During the reign of Charles I. the Tower was again the prison of the Earl of Arundel, on account of his son's marriage with the sister of the Duke of Lennox; but the Lords, who had before kept him in durance, interfered this time for his release, on the ground that his imprisonment was an infringement of the privileges of the peerage and the constitution of the realm. Charles was much irritated at their interference, but after some time thought it the wisest policy to order his liberation. Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, was a prisoner in the Tower in 1628; and in the same year, Hollis, Selden, Hobart, Elliot, Valentine, and other members of the House of Commons, were committed for their violent conduct on the debate on the question of tonnage and poundage. The infamous Lord Audley was also confined here in 1631, previous to his execution for his crimes.

Besides the illustrious prisoners Strafford and Laud, whose sad story is so prominent among the events of that unhappy reign, the Tower numbered among its inmates, Loudon, lord chancellor of Scotland, the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Mowbray, and the twelve bishops committed in 1641, by the House of Commons. Several members of their own body were also committed for various real or merely alleged offences, of which the list would be too long for our pages. These, however, underwent but short periods of imprisonment; but the royalists committed by the same body were released by death only. Among the latter were Sir John Hotham, and his son, Captain Hotham, imprisoned and executed for a design to deliver up the town of Hull to the king; and Sir Alexander Carew, governor of the fort of St. Nicholas, near Plymouth, condemned for a similar offence.

About the same time Colonel Goring, Sir Hugh Cholmley, and Colonel Monk, afterwards the famous Duke of Albemarle, were prisoners. It will be sufficient to the readers of history merely to mention the names of the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Capel, Sir John Owen, the Marquis of Worcester, and the Scotch Earls of Crawford, Lauderdale, Kelly, and Rothes, as among the prisoners in the time of Cromwell. In 1654, the Tower was crowded with prisoners concerned or supposed to be concerned in a plot against the life of the Protector; and every year until his death it received fresh inmates from the same cause. The short period between that event and the Restoration was also a busy one for the gaolers; but the mere list of the prisoners would be uninteresting. From the year 1660 upwards, the original warrants of commitment are preserved in the Tower in nearly an unbroken series, so that it is a matter of comparative facility to ascertain when and wherefore each was committed and when released. The regicides were the most remarkable of those who were sent thither preparatory to execution, in the reign of Charles II.; and if to these we add the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, Lord Stafford, Lord William Russell, and his fellow-patriot, Algernon Sidney, we have the names of the most illustrious victims of this unfortunate reign. Among the first prisoners in the following still more unfortunate reign were the seven prelates,—the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of St. Asaph, Ely, Chichester, Bath and Wells, Peterborough, and Bristol. Among all the stirring scenes that have taken place on the bosom of the Thames, one of the most remarkable was the conveyance of these prelates to the Tower. As they proceeded down the river, the shores and the bridge, and every place that commanded a view, were lined with people, who rent the air with their shouts of approval of their conduct, and admiration of their courage. The bishops were allowed to attend the evening service in the Tower chapel, after their arrival; and it was thought a singular circumstance, and a consolatory one in their situation, that by the course of the church, the lesson was from the 2nd Corinthians, chapter 6, verses 3 and 4: "Giving no offence in any thing, that the ministry be not blamed, but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in strifes, in imprisonments, &c."

Six months afterwards, December 12th, 1688, the infamous Judge Jeffreys was sent here, and here ended his days. In the reign of William and Mary, the Tower was pretty full, but the



prisoners were not particularly remarkable. Among the principal were Richard, Viscount Preston, committed in 1691, for treason in imagining and compassing the death of the king and queen, and John Ashton and Captain Edmond Elliott, on the like charges. Ashton was executed. In 1692, the Earl of Marlborough was committed by the council, for high treason, in aiding and abetting their majesties' enemies. Lord Mohun was sent here about the same time, charged with the death of Mountford the player, the circumstance of which we referred to in our account of Mrs. Bracegirdle's lodgings, near the Strand. In the reign of Queen Anne, the most noted prisoner was Robert Walpole, Esq.; and Harley, Earl of Oxford, shortly afterwards followed to the same place of durance. The rebellion of 1715, in favour of the Pretender, filled the Tower with victims, of whom the Earls of Derwentwater, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, and Lords Kennion, Widrington, and Nairn, were the chief. Two of these, the Earls of Nithsdale and Wintoun, escaped the Tower, and the executioner at the same time. The circumstances of the escape of the first, managed by his beautiful and affectionate wife, form perhaps the most affecting incident of the many connected with this edifice.

The most noted prisoners from 1715 to 1745 were Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, Charles, Earl of Orrery, and William, Lord North and Grey, for high treason; and Thomas, Earl of Macclesfield, for high crimes and misdemeanors. The names of the luckless victims of the second Scottish rebellion are well known, and though not the last captives of the Tower, they are the last who suffered decapitation on Tower Hill. On the 27th of May, 1746, were committed William, Earl of Kilmarnock, George, Earl of Cromartie, and Lord Balmerino, for high treason; on the 17th of June, the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lord McLeod, and William Murray, Esq.; on the 13th of August, Sir John Douglas; the 11th of November, Doctor Barry; and on December, 18th, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and Charles Ratcliffe, the younger brother of the then late Earl of Derwentwater, all adherents of the Stuarts. Four of these, viz., Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Lovat, and Ratcliffe, were all executed on Tower Hill.

As we draw near to the nineteenth century, the number of prisoners in the Tower diminishes yearly. After the extinction of the rebellion of 1745, captives became gradually fewer and fewer: and we find no entries in the Tower records, until 1760, when

Earl Ferrers, claiming his privilege, was committed for the murder of Mr. Johnson, his steward. In 1762, John Wilkes was committed for a libel on the king, in the notorious No. 45 of the "North Briton;" in 1771, Alderman Crosbie and Alderman Oliver, of London, for resisting the king's warrant; in 1775, Stephen Jayne, Esq., for treasonable practices; in 1780, Lord George Gordon, for inciting the people to the disgraceful "No Popery" riots of that year, and the Earl of Pomfret, for sending a challenge to the Duke of Grafton; in 1781, Francis Henry De la Motte, for high treason; in 1794, John Horne Tooke, John Thelwall, Thomas Hardy, the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce, Augustus Bonny, John Richter, and John Lovett, for high treason; in 1795, Robert Thomas Crosfield, charged with a design to assassinate the king, but acquitted; in 1798, Arthur O'Connor, John Alley, John Binns, and James Fivey, alias O'Coigly, for high treason, in maintaining a traitorous correspondence with the French Directory, of which O'Coigly was found guilty, and executed on Penenden Heath; Lord Thanet, for striking a blow in court, at the time of the assizes in Maidstone, for which he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the Tower, and to pay a fine of £1,000; in 1799, the Baron de Jagerhorn Spurila, for treasonable practices; in 1810, Sir Francis Burdett, by order of the House of Commons; and in 1820, the last prisoners this fortress has received, Arthur Thistlewood, James Ings, John Harrison, William Davidson, James Watson, John R. Brunt, Richard Tidd, and John Warrant, for high treason. Thus ends the long list of prisoners in the Tower; and from the number of its inmates at different times, we may in a manner gauge the freedom of the age. We have lingered long over this national edifice, in every respect the most remarkable in London, for its antiquity, for its character, and the events associated with its name.

The Tower is now chiefly famous for its beautiful armoury;\* its jewel-room, containing the regalia of England and Scotland; its Record Office, containing the parliamentary rolls from the reign of King John to that of Richard III., a survey of the manors of England, a register of the ancient tenures of all the lands, a perambulation of forests, a collection of charters granted to colleges and corporations, and various other state papers. It formerly contained a royal menagerie, but the wild beasts have

\* Since burnt down.

been removed to the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. The various bulwarks of this venerable castle are named the Lions' Tower, Middle Tower, Bell Tower, Beauchamp Tower, Dwelling Tower, Flint Tower, Bowyer Tower, Martin Tower, Castle Tower, Broad-Arrow Tower, Salt Tower, Well Tower, Cradle Tower, Lantern Tower, St. Thomas's Tower, Hall Tower, Bloody Tower, and Wakefield Tower.

THE END.





















